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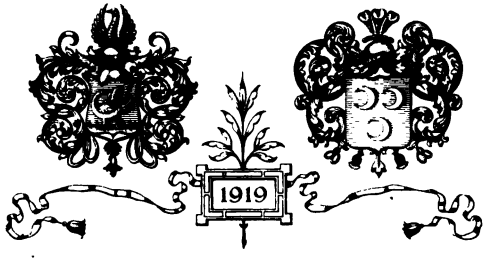

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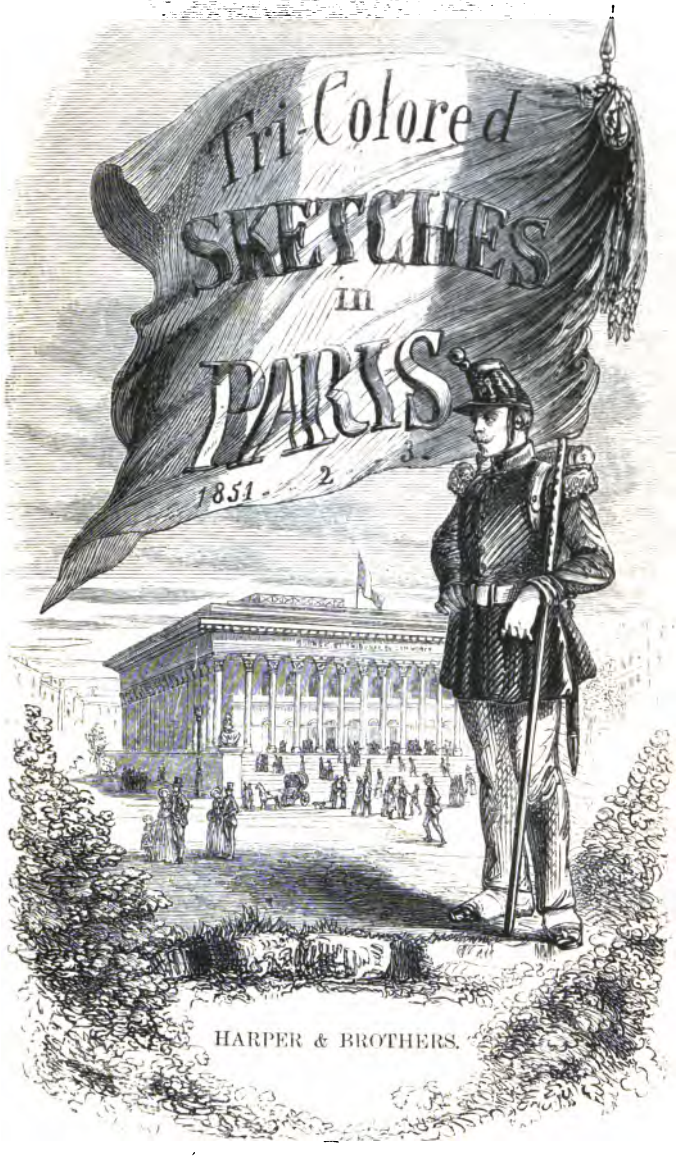
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PREFATORY.

A SET preface to a book of running shots at manners living as they rise, would be as absurd as to charge a flock of quails with a brigade. I only propose, therefore, at this beginning, which is after all but an ending, to make a supplementary sketch, of my sketches.

The title-page sufficiently indicates the general tenor of this book; a glance at the heading of the chapters will tell the rest—that it consists of articles written from Paris, for publication in a New-York daily journal. They were intended only for this transient and fugitive purpose, without any idea of reproduction in another form. But the leading events they record are not only in themselves remarkable, even amid the astonishing annals of modern France, but they have acquired importance from the fact, that, taken together, they constitute the birth, cradling, and consecration of an Empire,

at this moment one of the most imposing in the civilized world.

What was begun, therefore, as a somewhat light and laughing journal of Paris and the Parisians, gradually and unconsciously became a CHRONICLE OF THE THIRD BOOK OF THE NAPOLEONS. So far as it pretends to be historical, it is veritable history; and however they may fall beneath the level of sober chronology, the intercalated lights and shadows may serve in some degree to illustrate the more serious events; inasmuch as the manners, feelings, opinions, and actions of the French people, during the rise and progress of the new Empire, may be very useful, if not essential, to the formation of a just estimate of the Empire itself—its nature, adaptation, tendency, and prospects.

I am quite aware that the views here given, even making all the allowance I could ask for the occasional mockery provoked by events which came under my notice, will jar upon the feelings of many. So far as the French people are concerned, these sketches would certainly do injustice, if I offered them as a complete delineation of national character and manners. What I have said on these points is I think true, bating perhaps the style of badinage in which I have sometimes indulged, and which will mislead no one; but many things which I have not said, because I had no occasion to say them, would be material to a full portrait of a nation which, all things considered, must be regarded as one of the very leaders of modern civilization.

France has made her language the court language of Europe; she has made her literature almost vernacular among other great and civilized nations around her; in science she leads the world; in many arts she excels all others; and in those especially which refine and embellish life, she is everywhere the acknowledged lawgiver. Wherever there is an intellectual and polished circle of society—from St. Petersburg to San Francisco—there you will find French genius and art presiding over the forms, colors, construction, and materials of the furniture and dress, alike in their design and execution; there you will find French manners giving the law even in the salutations, movements, and conversation of every individual present. If indeed there be an exception in any of these respects, it is regarded as a departure from the canons of good society.

It is hardly necessary, in order to establish this position, to advert to the military genius of the people, which at various periods has made this nation the master of Europe in material power, as it is always its master in respect to certain moral and intellectual influences.

If I were pretending to delineate the masses of France, it would be my duty, while admitting their versatility and levity —which cannot be denied—to represent their cheerfulness, their tendency to amiable sensibilities, their aptitude for putting the best face upon all things, their temperance, their industry, their amazing frugality, their forecast and self-control in the administration of their private affairs. Above

all, I should be bound to signalize the admirable manner in which the poorer portions of them—and these are very numerous—generally turn aside misery, and extract sunshine from the clouds and shadows which encompass them.

It is probable that such delineations would be deemed flattering by those who have formed their opinion of France without seeing it. It is quite possible that in sketching—on the other hand—some of the blemishes of French character, I may be regarded as severe by the same class of readers.

But it is rather in regard to the new Empire, and the new Emperor, that I expect to find dissentients from my opinions. Let the reader, however, accept facts, which are undisputed and indisputable, and we shall not, probably, very widely differ as to inferences. It is not to be denied that the course of recent events has caused many persons to forget the contempt and horror they themselves expressed at the *coup d'état*, and some of the subsequent and preceding passages in the career of Louis Napoleon. Nothing could exceed the terrible denunciations of him which broke in broadsides from the London press, and especially its portentous leader, during the events of December, 1852. A new policy has changed this tone, and now Louis Napoleon—the intimate ally of England—the armies of the two nations in the same field, their navies in the same seas, their lords and ladies in the

same festivities—is suddenly converted into the most just, mighty, and magnanimous of princes!

This change of policy, and consequent change of language, cannot, however, alter the substantial facts of history. In America we stand aloof from European policy and its influences. The war now raging here is for the maintenance of the balance of power as between kings and despots. The great mass of the people are not considered or consulted; when these are aroused and take a responsible part in the movement, we shall sympathise with them. Till then, we are spectators, and as such have no urgent desire or temptation, so far as the prominent scenes upon the theatre of European affairs are concerned, beside the discovery of the truth.

As this volume is designed for my countrymen, I have no right and no inducement to blot out, modify, or gloze over what I have said of the leading actor in the drama which I have presented. On the contrary, evidently in proportion as he rises in power, fame, and influence, just in that proportion is it necessary that the American people should estimate him on the basis of truth and reality. When the Eastern war is over; when the allies are crowned with victory, and the true balance of power is happily adjusted, *there may be a question whether what has been so well done in the Eastern hemisphere ought not to be done in the Western.* The American people, who will be interested in that question, cannot be too well informed as to the character of those who may then

propose to take the New World under their kind counsel and paternal guidance.*

This book, therefore, is for them; and even if it be read by others, they will please remember under what inspirations it was penned, and with what views it is now reproduced.

* That such a thing is alike possible and probable, appears by various hints in European journals, and from other sources. This very day I read in a London paper, "*France and England have deliberately resolved to maintain the cause of right against might in the Old World, and they may yet feel bound to assert the same principles in the New.*"

PARIS, MAY 30, 1854.

The writer of these letters is supposed to be connected with the "Legation"

CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.—The Beginning—Politics and Noah's Ark—The Republic, Strawberries, and the Weather—The Assembly—Party Divisions 1

CHAPTER II.—Plots and Counterplots 3

CHAPTER III.—Coming Events—General Cavaignac—A Practical Joke—Post-office Legend—Strawberries and Umbrellas 7

CHAPTER IV.—A Rag-Pickers' Banquet: The Rag-Picking Fraternity Generally 12

CHAPTER V.—Revision again—An Expurgated Constitution—Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds—Louis Philippe's Porcelain 15

CHAPTER VI.—M. De Tocqueville chosen Reporter—Cavaignac and the Stenographer—Girardin 18

CHAPTER VII.—Louis Napoleon agrees to accept religiously the will of the People—French Lightning 21

CHAPTER VIII.—De Tocqueville caricatured—The Government censured—The Mountain refuses to fight—Scraping the Seine—A Court of Justice in a Cellar... 23

CHAPTER IX.—The Debate and the Orator—Victor Hugo stifled—The Vote—The Republic unharmed—Democ. Soc. and Aristo. ... 27

CHAPTER X.—Leon Faucher fingers the Wires—Napoleon's Opinion of the Parisians—Solid Architecture 32

CHAPTER XI.—Parisian Charlatanry—Our Marys—The Star-Spangled Banner a Mile High—Babies and Soldiers Half-price 34

CHAPTER XII.—Statesmanship for Fun—More Charlatanry—Yanke Doole... 37

CHAPTER XIII.—A New Game—A Coup d'Etat proposed—Ten Thousand Cups and Saucers 41

CHAPTER XIV.—Mayors in a bad Way—Legality is killing us!—A riotous Abbé 45

CHAPTER XV.—Portrait of Louis Napoleon—By Hook or by Crook ... 49

PAGE

CHAPTER XVI.—Lamartine chides Gueronnière—The advanced Republic—Dominoes and Demagogues—The Market-women make free with the President 52

CHAPTER XVII.—"Evénement" and "Avénement"—A daring Editorial—A Lump of Gold that had met with strange Adventures 55

CHAPTER XVIII.—One more Editor in Prison—The Censors at work—A Jealous Husband and a Sherry Cobbler 59

CHAPTER XIX.—Leon Faucher makes a Speech—The Abyss of February—The Home Secretary receives a Ribbon 63

CHAPTER XX.—The Ministry dismissed—Leon Faucher reflects—Jacques Bonhomme talks common sense to Girardin—A Libertine Lobster 65

CHAPTER XXI.—The President speaks out—A French Lady eats an ear of Corn; the consequences thereof 71

CHAPTER XXII.—The Mountain selects its Orator—The sixth Editor goes to Prison 74

CHAPTER XXIII.—Three Votes too few—The Assembly wants an Army—A Negotiator of Marriages—Second-hand Teeth ... 76

CHAPTER XXIV.—The President foresees the Coup d'Etat, and makes a Speech at the Circus 82

CHAPTER XXV.—The Coup d'Etat—The Elysée the night before—A Bivouac in the Streets 85

CHAPTER XXVI.—Flimsy Barricades—A scattered Resistance—The Army votes 90

CHAPTER XXVII.—The Massacre on the Boulevard—The Infant Hercules and the Boa Constrictor—The dead Bodies at Montmartre—The Horsemen are plied with Wine 93

CHAPTER XXVIII.—The Editors revive—How the Vote is to be counted—The President and the Pantheon 100

CHAPTER XXIX.—A Ministerial Device—A good Joke for a Parson—Public Sentiment, such as it is—Spies in the Streets—The Guillotine changes its Quarters... 104

CHAPTER XXX.—The President re-elected—Who would not be Transported?—Pasteboard Hall 107

CHAPTER XXXI.—Prospect and Retrospect 109

CHAPTER XXXII.—A long List of Exiles—Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost—Lithographic Blasphemy 114

CHAPTER XXXIII.—The Constitution for one Cent—M. de Morny on Bribery and Corruption—First mention in History of Government Candidates 118

PAGE

CHAPTER XXXIV.—De Morny resigns—The Emperor gives a Ball—A glance at the Newspapers 123

CHAPTER XXXV.—The Bullfinches make love nevertheless—Confiscation and Cayenne—The Bullet is not yet cast 127

CHAPTER XXXVI.—A "certain sensation"—The Reverse of the Picture—The Minister of War gives a Ball 130

CHAPTER XXXVII.—The Moniteur appoints the Fashions—A disappointed Editor—The Charivari—Punch—The President at the Opera 133

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—The Country prepares to vote again—A Law on the Editors—The National Holiday—Our Saviour and the Duke of Reichstadt 136

CHAPTER XXXIX.—The Fusionists take Courage, and ask, Who is Louis Napoleon?—The President decorates Sister Rosalie—The Bear, Martin, a Candidate for a similar Distinction—The House over the Way 139

CHAPTER XL.—247 out of 261—Manufactured Atrocities 142

CHAPTER XLI.—Everybody must swear Fidelity to Louis Napoleon—A glowing Period—The Tribune is suppressed 144

CHAPTER XLII.—Louis Napoleon revives the Year 1302—The Communiqué is invented—The Stamp-duty and the Americans—Gueronnière is elected, and the Charivari caricatures him—Marmalade at Cayenne—Mi-Carême 146

CHAPTER XLIII.—A little mutual Admiration—Louis Napoleon becomes a Millionnaire—A tremendous Session of the Legislature—Congressional Manners 151

CHAPTER XLIV.—The President lets the Insurgents out of the Jails—A Banner Town—Two Gentlemen from Bourbon hear of the Coup d'Etat... 154

CHAPTER XLV.—The President makes a Journey—The Charivari gets a warning—A new style of Portrait—The Market-women have a Carouse 156

CHAPTER XLVI.—Seven hundred thousand People in the Streets—The Fête of the Eagles—A Monster Ball—The Coup d'Etat dances a Quadrille—An Editor emerges from Prison 159

CHAPTER XLVII.—Henry V. issues a Circular—A new Argument—An American Rockaway 165

CHAPTER XLVIII.—The Empire postponed—The Pays knew it would be so—A Ball by Daylight... 167

PAGE

CHAPTER XLIX.—An Editor measures himself with the Government and gets the worst of it—Louis Napoleon commits Burglary ... 169

CHAPTER L.—A Word on the Thermometer—A Sunday-law: what would be its effects 171

CHAPTER LI.—A tumultuous Debate—Who would have thought it?—The same Debate, as the Moniteur reported it 175

CHAPTER LII.—Are the Deputies independent? They pretend they are—A Nine Months' Interregnum—Will any one buy a Palace? ... 177

CHAPTER LIII.—A Gas-pipe Plot—A Steamer cleared for Cayenne—A Vote of Gratitude at Cherbourg—Pentecost at Nanterre... ... 181

CHAPTER LIV.—An Excursion Eastward—Melting Parties—Cheese—Foundlings 183

CHAPTER LV.—The President returns to Paris—A huge Excitement in the Streets—A Petition for the Empire—More Foundlings—Another Fête on a Sunday 185

CHAPTER LVI.—Electoral Indifference—The Petitioning begins in earnest—The Akhbar and Moniteur hold discordant Opinions upon Foundlings 189

CHAPTER LVII.—The Prefects and the Petitioners—The City marries fourteen Couples—The coming Fête—An Engine-driver decorated 191

CHAPTER LVIII.—A Play before the Curtain witnessed from behind it—A Fête spoiled by a Tornado—A Gentleman pulls two hundred Teeth in the Street 193

CHAPTER LIX.—An explicit Document—A profane Prefect—The Times capsizes the Moniteur—Gueronnière the Charlatan—A Winter at Cayenne 199

CHAPTER LX.—An Excursion Southward—Champagne and cold Chicken—Moving-day—An unmarried Lady complains that she has no Children—Pawnbrokers are to be introduced among the Arabs ... 202

CHAPTER LXI.—The Prefects commence their Crusade—A terrible State of Frenzy—The Gas-pipe Plotters brought to Trial 205

CHAPTER LXII.—An adroit Speech at Lyons—The Delirium continues—Spontaneous Combustion among the Imperialists at Valence... 207

CHAPTER LXIII.—Propagandism gone Frantic—An Infernal Machine at last: by which more Enthusiasm is produced 210

CHAPTER LXIV.—All the World's a Stage, and France a Puppet-show 212

CHAPTER LXV.—The Lord's Prayer parodied—An indiscreet Mayor—A Stallion is sent to Algiers, whereat the Moniteur sheds tears of joy 214

PAGE

CHAPTER LXVI.—Delirium in Evergreen—A sham Sham-fight—Turgidity of the Mayor of Sèvres—Watts and Doddridge—Imperial Arithmetic 216

CHAPTER LXVII.—A triumphal Entry—His Imperial Highness the Prince-President receives the Congratulations of the City ... 220

CHAPTER LXVIII.—Abd-el-Kader emerges from Confinement—The President continues taciturn—Beets and Glory—Convent Conviviality—More Frenzy threatened... 225

CHAPTER LXIX.—Abd-el-Kader visits Paris—The mutual Admiration which results from his Presence 229

CHAPTER LXX.—Jerome becomes unruly—Emollients necessary—Delirium on Stone—Special Providences—Drunk, with extenuating circumstances 232

CHAPTER LXXI.—Jerome continues morose—The Bishops distribute Votes—Men, Women, and Bamboos—The President goes Hunting—The Omnipotence of the Government 236

CHAPTER LXXII.—Everybody votes Oui—Wheedle and Frenzy—A Prefect utters a singular Decree 239

CHAPTER LXXIII.—Hocus-pocus on a large Scale—Everybody goes crazy—Imperial Latin—Benevolence overdone 241

CHAPTER LXXIV.—The Empire at last—Going to Sea on the Seine—Henry V. and the Foundlings—The Statue of the Republic is "carted off"—The Theatres change their Names—Effulgent Cotton-duck... 245

CHAPTER LXXV.—The Senatus-consultum and the Crown Property—The Tuileries and the Boston State House—A Prefect leagued with Pedlars—New-year's Presents to be had at a bargain 250

CHAPTER LXXVI.—Louis Napoleon thinks he receives a Petition for pardon—He does not—A terrible Mayor—An adaptation from Rosalind—The Architect of the Louvre takes extraordinary precautions 254

CHAPTER LXXVII.—Jerome is appeased—Some reflections on the probability of his reaching the Throne—French Logic—Two bright Cents to every Soldier, and a Medal for the Princess Mathilde ... 257

CHAPTER LXXVIII.—Mountebanks and Beggars: getting a living in the streets—A great Flageoleftist—The Queen of the Gypsies—The Man-orchestra—The Gentleman who is flesh to his waist and wood to his knees 261

CHAPTER LXXIX.—A Happy New-year—Jerome gets another office—Dominique Boulo's visiting Card—Another Bonaparte 268

PAGE

CHAPTER LXXX.—A chapter on the Claque, and the select company under the Chandelier 271

CHAPTER LXXXI.—Eugenie de Montijo—Paris talks Scandal—The Ministry threatens to retire, but thinks better of it 274

CHAPTER LXXXII.—The Emperor explains to the Senate about his Marriage—Mr. and Mrs. Wagram—A big Pie—A Gentleman apparelled in the New Costume 276

CHAPTER LXXXIII.—Benedict, the Married Man—A grand Ceremony at Notre Dame—A dismal Illumination—Crash-towel Handkerchiefs 279

CHAPTER LXXXIV.—The Honey Week: a crowd of Insurgents pardoned in consequence—The Dramatists of Uncle Tom have a singular idea of American Geography—French notions on velvet, yellow, kissing, and tête-à-têtes 284

CHAPTER LXXXV.—The Frenzy breaks out again, in the form of Addresses of Congratulation—A distinguished Claqueur—A theatrical Prefect 289

CHAPTER LXXXVI.—Holiday Scenes—The Fat Woman and the Nondescript—Playing the Violin under difficulties—Abd-el-Kader and Coal Black Rose—The Character-tube—Harlequin and Spangles 291

CHAPTER LXXXVII.—A Decree about two Sous—The King of Bavaria under an Interdict—A high price for a Senator—Polyglot Priests—A Snow Storm and a Quack Doctor 298

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.—A Prefect made Senator to get rid of him—The Legislature in a precarious position—Sixty Americans presented to their Majesties—Holy Linguists—Stenochoregraphy ... 300

CHAPTER LXXXIX.—The Budget and a Ball—Levelling Opera-glasses at the Emperor the wrong way—Profit and Loss, as viewed by Madame Pompadour—A Dentist in the Street 304

CHAPTER XC.—A President's Message in Paris—Is Marriage a civil or religious Obligation?—The Casino Paganini on Sunday... ... 307

CHAPTER XCI.—The Marriage Polemic settled—A Republican buried in the presence of Police and Cannon—Gueronnière on Peddling 311

CHAPTER XCII.—A Napoleon greater than Napoleon the Great—Theatrical Interdicts—Puppet-shows are improving 313

CHAPTER XCIII.—Model consistency—Utile cum Dulci—Daggers of Honor—A Decree on Sponge-cake—Brandy in Maine and Brandy in Paris 317

PAGE

CHAPTER XCIV.—The Princess Mathilde in her element—Washington a hundred years hence—Amateur Theatricals—The most convenient Letter in the Alphabet 319

CHAPTER XCV.—The eight Colors of the Rainbow—Natural and Artificial Roses—St. Arnaud converted—A Baby confesses its Sins... 323

CHAPTER XCVI.—A Panic at the Bois de Boulogne—The Moniteur denies sundry Calumnies—An Italian Prince and an Italian Saint —Instructions how to present Petitions to his Majesty 326

CHAPTER XCVII.—The Guillotine Bill—Intense Frenchiness of the Italian Prince before-mentioned—A Baree-ourang-outang ... 329

CHAPTER XCVIII.—Ultimatum and Ante-penultimate—A filligree Gown—Tin Statuary—Fact and Fiction—Louis Napoleon and the Fugleman 331

CHAPTER XCIX.—A chance Rencontre—A military Man amid Babies—The end of the Infernal Machine—Instructions to Girls who desire to be married 335

CHAPTER C.—No more Delirium wanted—Jerome and the Aeronaut—A Bonapoleon—Coat of Mail and Kettle-drum 338

CHAPTER CI.—Three frantic Editors—Jasmin at St. Cloud—Grocers and Astronomy—The Telegraph in Algeria 341

CHAPTER CII.—Their Majesties go North—Tubular Fashions—A great Fire in Paris, and the way in which it was put out 344

CHAPTER CIII.—Jerome Bonaparte is unwell—The Emperor goes shooting at Versailles—A river Captain is decorated—Theatricals from Zulu 349

CHAPTER CIV.—All Souls' Day at Père la Chaise—The Emperor's Finger-posts—An American Slave in the streets at midnight ... 352

CHAPTER CV.—An Imperial visit to Ham—The Modern Mecænas—The Fine Arts are converted 355

CHAPTER CVI.—How to be a *Moniteur*—The Avengers of Democracy at Dijon—A frantic Editor writes a Tragedy—Horse-flesh to be eaten at Vienna 357

CHAPTER CVII.—Review: Character and Prospects of the Empire ... 360

SEPARATE ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

FRONTISPIECE—NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

TITLE.

An on-and-off Workman ... ... *to face* 90

The House over the Way 141

Eugénie, Empress of the French 280

Prince Napoleon Bonaparte 313

The Princess Mathilde 319

Corps of Editors of a Daily Journal in Paris. 343

TRICOLORED SKETCHES IN PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING—POLITICS AND NOAH'S ARK—THE REPUBLIC, STRAWBERRIES, AND THE WEATHER—THE ASSEMBLY—PARTY DIVISIONS.

PARIS, May 25th, 1851.

I TAKE advantage of the first moment of leisure since my arrival to enter upon the fulfilment of my promise. In the performance of this, I shall endeavour to give you and your readers, in semi-weekly communications, an idea of what is going on in this focus of European intelligence, movement, and pulsation. My purpose will be, as far as possible, to put you and them in Paris, enabling you to accompany me in my rambles over the city—my glances at the productions of the press—my listenings to the "Dionysian Ear" of the Bourse and the Boulevards, eternally murmuring with the echoes of the myriad-voiced public. I shall deem it better to give facts than fancies—statistics than speculations—figures of arithmetic than figures of rhetoric. I shall not, as the manner of some is, consider Paris only as a frothy and bubbling tide of gay and thoughtless people, to be seen in the Garden of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, at the theatre, the Hippodrome, and the Jardin d'Hiver. I shall remember that here are the finest libraries almost in the world—that here are some of the most celebrated seats of science, and countless repositories of art. Here, also, are grave and studious men, such as Leverrier and Arago, unfolding the wonders of celestial machinery; philosophers such as Cousin, exploring the depths of metaphysical science; artists like Vernet and Winterhalter, who startle by the vigor, or please by the grace, of their conceptions; orators of the pulpit and the tribune; and writers in every department of literature, whose names are known over the world, and whose words vibrate throughout Christendom.

You will, of course, expect me to begin with politics—that bubbling caldron of society, which involves all other interests; for, however government may seem to be only the business of a few professed politi-

cians—if viewed in its length and breadth—it is really the aggregate of all that belongs to the people over whom it is exercised. This may seem a paradox on this side of the water, where a certain set of men are supposed to be born to dominion, the people being their subjects, by the grace of God. Yet with our transatlantic habits of thought, nothing is more natural than to regard government as the very Ark, freighted with the life, fortune, happiness, of the nation. Hence it is that we Americans study this subject with so much interest; like men at sea, whether sailors or passengers, regarding every turn of the rudder, every handling of the ropes, every shifting of the sails, as portentous of good or ill to those on board.

And here in France—as the Republic is in full blast, with a Legislative Assembly of 750 members, and a President, all elected by universal suffrage—it is natural to follow these habits of thought; and therefore I immediately turn my attention to the Chamber of Deputies.

I must not pause, now, to tell of the charming weather, and which the Parisians without magniloquence call *ravissant* I pass sternly by the gush of leaves and flowers peeping over the walls of the gardens, and seeming to beckon to you as you pass along the boulevards. I need say nothing of the redolent heaps of strawberries in the fruit-shops and the pyramids of tempting radishes, carrots, and other esculents in the multitudinous windows of the legumists;—all these reminding me that the European spring is a month earlier than ours. I pass on for the present, and take you at once to the great centre of interest—the Assembly.

A word, however, before we enter. Although the government has existed but a little over two years, we find the legislative body divided into three distinct parties—the MONARCHISTS, the BONAPARTISTS, and the REPUBLICANS. Each of these is subdivided into several sections. The *Monarchists* comprise the Legitimists proper—that is, the supporters of Henri V., the Comte de Chambord, the lineal Bourbon heir to the throne—and the partisans of the house of Orleans. Though all the members of these two sections obtained their seats by means of pledges to support the Republic, they are now using their votes and their voices for the restoration of monarchy. Though bitterly hostile, they still find it convenient sometimes to act together. They are like two armies, keeping apart, yet marching in parallel lines, and in the same direction. The *Bonapartists* may be generally summed up in the supporters of the government, though, on close examination, they would be found to differ as to the course to be pursued by Louis Napoleon on the subject of a re-election. The *Republicans* consist of persons of various shades, from the somewhat hard and Spartan General Cavaignac to the latitudinarian Pierre Leroux. One-third of them, perhaps, are Republicans according to

our ideas; others are Democrats; and others still are Socialists—some entertaining extreme opinions. There is, however, not much greater diversity among these who form the republican party, or *the Mountain*, than may be found with us at home—from Daniel Webster and General Cass, to Wisconsin Walker and Horace Greely—all of whom are found in our Congress, acting together upon fundamental questions of legislation. The great defect, and which may prove a fatal one, in this body of Republicans is, the want of some broad and general platform, upon which, forgetting minor matters, they may maintain and carry forward the vital interests of the cause they espouse.

CHAPTER II.

PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS

THE great question which now agitates this heterogeneous assembly is that of the *Revision of the Constitution*. That instrument prohibits the President from occupying his office a second consecutive term; and as Louis Napoleon is known not to acquiesce in this, the proposed revision looks mainly to the removal of an obstacle to his retention. It involves, therefore, a no less important question than the maintenance of the Republic, or its overthrow to serve the purposes of individual ambition.

On the 28th of this month the Chamber becomes legally competent to entertain this question of revision, as on that day it enters upon its third year; and by the constitution, the Assembly can only discuss revision during the last year of its existence. In preparation for this parliamentary tournament, all parties and all fractions of parties are ranging themselves on one side or the other—for or against revision. The Legitimists have held a formal meeting, and have decided to vote for revision, total and immediate; their motive is openly avowed—to pave the way for another and a better constitution—a constitutional monarchy. All shades of Monarchists take sides with the Legitimists—a most practical sort of fusion, worth a dozen idealities like the scheme of melting the two Bourbon branches into one, proposed some months ago. The Republicans, nettled at this development of the enemy's tactics, entrench themselves in that article of the constitution which requires a three-quarters' vote upon a bill of revision.

Party lines are tightly drawn in the Chamber. Votes have been counted, and the Mountain, numbering considerably more than one-quarter of the House, makes faces and flings taunts at the overwhelming but impotent majority, which is keeping back its retort for a

more favourable period. It will be short, but of deep meaning. "What we cannot do *with* the constitution we will do *without* it." In the mean time, the temper of the Assembly is becoming daily more and more bitter; the debates give a foretaste of the parliamentary storms which are sure soon to succeed; the orators lose sight of the subject in hand in angry, personal recriminations; the press waxes fierce, denunciatory, revolutionary; and the people, the subject of this eloquence and patriotism, are beginning in their turn to catch the current humor of the time. It is pretty clear that France is once more launched on a sea of uncertainty. The future is so doubtful, and the recurrence of this state of perplexity at the second presidential election is so suggestive of difficulty at every succeeding term, that a good many persons are wavering, and many well-wishers to the Republic are hesitating, which of the two to choose. It is certainly a painful situation, an uncomfortable dilemma. With so little experience of the advantages and privileges of republican government, abused and violated as the constitution has been by the Monarchists in power—with so many souvenirs "of the golden days of olden time," of kings that chased the stag at Versailles and Fontainebleau, of emperors that hunted the enemy at Austerlitz and Wagram, of palaces that illumined the Seine and shut out the night from its bridges and parapets, of courts that glittered with epigrams and diamonds, and, above all, kept up a healthy demand for *articles de Paris*—one can hardly be surprised that the radical question of the form of government, when once, by circumstances like the present, it becomes an open one, should be seriously debated, and the merits of the subject closely sifted.

But it seems that the minority is not to be left in quiet possession of the article requiring a three-fourths' vote. One of the by-laws of the Chamber declares that a bill, once lost, shall not again be brought up until after an interval of six months. Thus, a proposition for revision presented to the Assembly, and defeated, as in the present attitude of parties it is sure to be, is a dead letter for six months. This would not do at all. M. Morin, a Bonapartist, has undertaken to get over the difficulty. He proposes to cancel the by-law in question, and substitute another, to apply directly to a revisional proposition—namely, that a bill, though lost, may be again brought forward in thirty days. The motive of this is, to weary the opposition; to bring forward the bill month after month, and throw the Mountain into the odious position of appearing to resist the very plainly expressed will of the country. It is believed that a sufficient number to turn the scales may be brought over in this way. A committee are examining M. Morin's proposition, and may, perhaps, report favourably. Meantime, one hundred and forty Republicans have signed an engagement to oppose all projects of revision. One hundred and eighty to one hundred and eighty-five, firm, unwaver-

ing opponents would render the legal revision of the constitution of 1848 impossible.

The interest that Louis Napoleon has in all this does not appear at first sight. The game seems to be in the hands of the Legitimists, and to the advantage of Henri V. But the President is not the man to lend himself to any scheme involving his own retirement and the succession of any one else. He is evidently elaborating some plan behind the curtain. His extraordinary position in regard to universal suffrage—having always contended, since its mutilation last year, that he did not understand the restrictions placed upon it applicable to the presidential election, while his ministers declared in the tribune two days ago that that electoral law was the flag and watchword of the whole cabinet—his being ardently recommended for the next Presidency by the *Constitutionnel*, which makes a daily onslaught on that electoral law; such a position indicates that there is something not yet visible to the uninitiated.

The President's tactics will probably be the execution of the following simple plan: To wait till the country gets warm on the subject of this restricted suffrage, and then, as if out of respect to the popular will, to dismiss the present cabinet, compose another of universal suffrage elements, propose the abrogation of the invidious law,* carry it, and thus disarm the Mountain of their great gun; by pursuing his interests with the same tact he has so often displayed before, to present himself for re-election, as the only available candidate, and drive every thing before him as he did three years ago. This is almost the only solution possible, in a republican point of view; and something of the kind will be done before long, or it will be certain, from the fact that the President neglects the opportunity of advancing his interest as a candidate for re-election, that he considers his chance of being proclaimed emperor worthy a neck-or-nothing risk.

It is unfortunate for the Republic that its defence and its propagation are so avowedly given up and made over to the Left side of the Assembly. For it is a common belief that a project which the Mountain sustains, a bill which the Democrats support, must naturally savour of Red Republicanism, and have no very remote connexion with the guillotine. It is of equally general credence that propositions which draw forth the opposition of the Left, and convert the Mountain for the time being into a volcano, must be such as tend to strengthen the cause of society, and

* All this Louis Napoleon actually did five months later. On the 14th of October, Leon Faucher was dismissed, and M. de Thorigny made Minister of the Interior in his place; the restoration of universal suffrage was then proposed to the Chamber, but lost by three votes. The *coup d'état* followed six weeks after.

promote the interests of property and religion. Besides being in a decided minority, they have many prejudices to contend against. There are a few fire-eaters among them, upon whom the mantle of Robespierre has fallen; there are several disciples of Louis Blanc, one or two advocates of the equal division of property, half-a-dozen believers in St. Proudhon, and the uselessness of all government. These all vote with the great body of the Left, or the *République avancée;* and on constitutional questions, the *République honnête et modérée*, or the adherents of Cavaignac and Lamartine, lend them their co-operation—or about thirty votes.

The Mountain is often noisy, unparliamentary, and extravagant; but it is continually made to wince under adverse votes and enormous majorities; while it certainly has a sincere conviction that it is defending and sustaining the right. The majority, on the other hand, is tyrannical and overbearing. The president calls a Mountaineer to order; he persists or explains; the censure is called for, put to the vote, and carried by a resistless majority. But a member of the Right is safe from such inflictions. The Left, by whatever name it may be called, whether Mountain, or Red Republic, or sans culottes, has always defended the constitution whenever it has been attacked. It has left its vote on record against every violation of that instrument. It rose, as one man, in opposition to the law of last year that mutilated the electoral franchise, because that law was a direct and palpable violation of the constitution. It brought its whole force to bear against the bill that shackled the liberty of the press, and that condemned every journalist to sign his name to his articles, because there can be no such restrictive construction placed upon the clause of the constitution which guarantees freedom of speech and freedom of print.

If it were not for the Mountain, revision, in a monarchical sense, might be voted to-morrow; but as in a Republic monarchy is inadmissible, it will oppose revision for any such purpose. At present, the Democrats are the conservative party—a position into which they are forced by being in the minority. No doubt, if they held a plurality in the Assembly, we should be glad of some party behind who should check the precipitancy of their movements, and act, in turn, as a drag upon them. But the odium which clings to their skirts is not entirely deserved. They are placed in a false position by never carrying their point, and thus always appearing in the wrong; by the traditions which they have inherited from the Republic of '93; by the leaven of the subversive doctrines of the Ledru Rollins and Pierre Leroux of our own days; and, lastly, by their own violence and intemperate language.

CHAPTER III.

COMING EVENTS—GENERAL CAVAIGNAC—A PRACTICAL JOKE—POST-OFFICE LEGEND—STRAWBERRIES AND UMBRELLAS.

June 9th, 1851.

THE week just elapsed affords a fair instance of how much may be done in seven days, even if the first chapter of Genesis were reckoned among the Apocrypha. On the 1st of June, the President, at a celebration in the mustard-growing town of Dijon, expressed his hopes that a favorable welcome would be extended to the petitions for revision, and on the 7th day of the same month the Assembly, met for the purpose, turned them the coldest of shoulders.

Having voted that all propositions tending to the revision of the constitution should be referred to a special committee, and that the house would debate no such proposition which had not previously undergone the ordeal of this committee's examination, the next step was to elect the members who should compose it. The Assembly, consisting of 750 delegates, is divided into fifteen bureaux of about fifty persons each. These bureaux, after hearing *professions de foi* from their prominent members, and discussing the pros and cons of the subject in hand, have elected, each one, a representative. The fifteen thus chosen, form the special committee. In this there are nine advocates of revision, and six opponents. But those in favour are not perfectly harmonious in their opinions. Out of the nine, there are but three who can be said to be Revisionists in behalf of the election of Napoleon. The others are Legitimists, or Revisionists in behalf of Monarchy. The Republicans, counting six, have a plurality, though not a majority. Cavaignac, the leader of that fraction of the Assembly calling itself *La République honnête et modérée*, and Jules Favre, who, you will remember, during the days of the Constituent, seemed to promise to become the Ajax of the Mountain, stand side by side, and vote hand in hand, in this committee. The advanced and the conservative Republic make common cause when the constitution is assailed. The other four, though not men of such prominence, are equally resolute to resist, by all the means that the constitution allows, any attempt to vitiate or abuse it.

Now, this election of the special committee, though not in itself a victory gained by the Republicans, is a convincing proof that the day will finally be theirs, and that revision, whether for Imperial, Legitimist, or any anti-Republican purpose, is impossible. For the Republicans to have carried off six out of the fifteen seats in the committee, was a

brilliant and unexpected triumph; but besides, it showed that, should the question ever reach the house, it would find its supporters there decimated by division and dissension. The Revisionist party is made up of incongruous elements; and that these would not mingle, was plainly shown by the vote in the bureaux. While the Republicans threw their whole vote, less one or two who were sick, the mighty majority scattered their strength, or abstained from voting, or stayed at home. Cavaignac and Jules Favre were elected by the indifference or purposed connivance of Legitimists. Two hundred members absented themselves entirely from the discussion and vote! This is an unmistakeable evidence of the way the wind is blowing, and that it is not filling Napoleon's sails, is also self-evident.

Suppose the question before the house, and take it for granted that the temper of that body is fairly represented by the votes already taken. The question is, "Shall such or such a proposition, presented by Mr. Such-a-one, examined by the special committee, and by it reported back to the house—calling a Constituent Assembly at such a time to revise such and such articles of the constitution—become a law?" Upon this the vote is taken, and to pass it the majority must have three-fourths of all the members present. That the majority *could* bring such a force to bear it has never claimed; it has always admitted that the minority, shutting itself behind the dead letter of the constitution, could easily poll the 188 votes necessary to prevent it. But they, the majority, fully counted on coming within ten or fifteen votes of the requisite total, and confidently anticipated being able, by this moral preponderance, to wear out the Mountain's opposition, and finally to carry the question by default. Now, if the preliminary passages of arms in the bureaux prove anything, they prove that the majority—as incongruous a melange as the Chourineur's soup—so far from wanting the trifle of ten or a dozen blue balls, will need a hundred at least to win the great ten-strike of the year of grace 1852. The Legitimists, having fully opened their eyes to the fact that revision means Bonapartism, and not restoration, are getting as shy as quails in November.

General Cavaignac opposes all projects of revision, and has stated his reasons, in an address to the members of the bureau which elected him, in the following words: "It is of importance to the country that the President resign. Were one of our own party in that office, we would not permit him to stay there. It is with this great phantom of the presidential succession that you frighten the country. It is by holding up the removal of men, once in power, as impracticable, that you teach it to doubt and vacillate in its republican faith. It is just these fears, these doubts, these vacillations, that we desire to see dissipated by practice. We desire that the country understand that a change in the presidency

is an act even more simple than were often, under the monarchy, mere changes of ministry, or of the president of the council."

Such is the present situation. The Republicans shout for joy, and their organs of the press chant Hallelujah and God Save the Constitution. The mammoth journals of the majority bite their lips, except when they open them to snarl. They acknowledge the check, but resist the checkmate. They mean to weather the storm yet, say they, and are going to send the President on another tour—to Bordeaux and the neighboring towns, to endeavour to neutralise the bad effects of the last. In the mean time our legislators are taking a holiday. The Chamber has held no session since the last semi-weekly mail. The election of the committee occupied two days, and the semi-religious festival of yesterday—Whit Sunday—has been stretched out into to-day. For this indulgence in *dolce farniente* we shall make ample amends about this time next year. So a truce to politics for the present, and let me give you some minor, but not less amusing scenes.

One of the newspapers in the South of France has played a sorry trick upon its readers. It announced, with all the air of meaning what it said, that an old gentleman of the locality, who was at the point of death, had left in his will the sum of forty thousand francs to any one who would take his body after death, embalm it, and keep it for one year in his house. The perpetrator of this ghastly joke had reckoned without his host. Letters from persons offering to accept the pleasing office, none of them post-paid, poured in upon the wretched editor. They came like locusts settling on a corn-field, from north, south, east, and west,—from France and foreign countries. The miserable journalist was obliged to retract in an early number of his paper; he acknowledged the hoax, and sued for deliverance from his army of correspondents. This desire to possess an embalmed body, is not, after all, an unnatural one. People go up the Nile in search of them, and sometimes take them to America: the happy possessor of an embalmed Frenchman might have exhibited him as Pharaoh IV., or Thothmes X., without any fear as to the result. He would have been sure of the sex, which all showmen of mummies are not. It must be a pleasant thing to own a mummy in which you can repose confidence, and to feel that you can defy Agassiz and all the Boston savans.

You are probably aware that all funeral services in Paris, and everything connected therewith—the furnishing of processions, mourners, hearse, carriages, crape, black and white—are undertaken by a company formed and incorporated for the purpose. The chief of this company, in a letter to one of the heads of government, has just instanced a ludicrous flaw in the law defining their duties and functions. It seems that an old lady, seventy-eight years of age, who has for a long time

been bed-ridden, woke up one morning, and found that one of her legs had spontaneously detached itself from her body! She sent for the chief officer of the *pompes funèbres*, confided her leg to his charge with the request that he would give it decent burial. He was obliged to refuse the commission, as his instructions, to which he had sworn to conform, especially provided that the person to be buried *should be dead.* Now the leg was not a person, and the body to which it belonged was still alive; so that he was obliged to decline an undertaking which would compel him to depart from the letter and spirit of his orders. As a last resort, the leg was sent to the students of the nearest hospital, as a subject for dissection. One of the wittiest of French writers once said, that the dead are spared one thing—the arrangement and execution of their own funerals, that being a duty always performed by some one else. But this poor old lady seems to be having a foretaste of the difficulties, formalities, and drawbacks attendant upon inhumation. To die piecemeal, limb by limb, and to be met by such unheard-of obstacles to interment, is one terror more added to those that already cluster round the Valley of the Shadow.

The following post-office legend may take rank with the best fish story of the century. A letter was dropped into the Paris office, directed thus: "To my Mother, France." The distributors and subordinates, not knowing what to make of so laconic an address, referred it to the postmaster-general. "Now is it possible that there's such a fool in France?" mused that officer; "if there is, he must come from the Loir et Cher; for that's the department that produces all the fools, and there his mother must live." So the letter was forwarded to the Loir et Cher. The clerks and postmen being as much puzzled as their brethren in Paris, handed the missive to the chief officer of the district. "Now is it possible," said he, "that there's such a fool in France?—if there is, he must be a resident of the commune of Carcassonne, where all the fools come from—his mother must live there." The postmaster of Carcassonne was as much astonished as he of Paris, at the stupidity of the writer, but ultimately concluded that if there was such a fool in France, it could be no other than Jean Brainsappy, whose mother lived in a little brown house on the corner. The letter was sent to Mrs. Brainsappy, and turned out to be in reality from her affectionate son Jean. The French postal revenue was increased five sous by this act of perseverance in tracing out "My Mother." What would the postmaster of New York do, if such a direction were submitted to him for adjudication? Where every body is so 'cute and all the items going to compose the smartest nation in all creation are so sharp, it would be difficult, not to say invidious, to settle down on any state or country as entitled to the distinction of producing all the fools. I am afraid that the owner would never be unearthed at

all, and that the document would bring up at the Dead-Letter Office, by return of mail.

It has been an immemorial custom among the ambulating umbrella-sellers, and makers and menders of cocks for bath-tubs, and spouts for sinks, and taps for wine-casks, to announce their passage along the various streets by playing on the cornet-à-piston or key-bugle. This was as indicative of the profession of the musician as word of mouth could have been. It meant umbrellas just as plainly as *oist* means oysters. But as all these pedestrian tradesmen played the same air, and never by chance any other—the famous refrain of *Le Bon Roi Dagobert*, synonymous with Old King Cole—the prefect of police found it tiresome, and so henceforth, it is forbidden. The edict includes all wind-instruments in the category of contraband music. If it only embraced all hand-organs that played Jeannette and Jeannot, it would conduce still more to the public comfort. There is an old gentleman who lives behind the Chateau d'Eau, who has been practising for two years on the trombone, preparatory to taking to the street as a tinker; but the trombone is outlawed as well as the cornet and the key-bugle. As I write these words, there's a man under my window shouting umbrellas with all the brassiness of a voice trained to exertion by continual intercourse with a bugle. Blessings always brighten as they take their flight. I did not realise till this moment what a beautiful strain Le Bon Roi Dagobert is, when compared to the guttural accents of a man crying at the top of his lungs, "Parapluies! Robinets! Yohoy!"

By the time this reaches you, New-York will be in the hey-day of the strawberry season. Your Items-man—that man about town who seems to sleep with his eyes open, and to be in seven or eight localities at once—ought to be able to cast a glance at the streets and markets of Paris, to inhale the necessary inspiration for a grand Strawberry Lyric. Groan as the railroads leading to the Empire City do, and fragrant as the environs of the fruit-stalls are with the incense that invades the nostrils and saturates the air, the American strawberry must yield the palm to its kith and kin of Paris, for size, flavor, color, and, above all, cheapness. The Princess species, which consists of a pyramid two inches high, and an inch and a quarter in diameter at the base—which is redder than anything mortal eye ever saw on the outside, and about the complexion of a pale cheek on the inside—is a great gift of a benign Providence to a sinful race. I should consider this assertion profane, if it were original; but it is not, being borrowed from Lady Gay Spanker, who was going into ecstasies over foxes. Of such strawberries you must make two bites, spite of the proverb about cherries—or else you must leave them untasted. They are to be had in any quantity now at nine sous a pound, or a York shilling a quart. The French rarely, if ever

take milk or cream with them. They prefer either sugar alone, or sugar and red wine. Kirchwasser is a favorite substitute for sugar; but this is an acquired taste, like a relish for tomatoes. In short, if you wish to see, smell, taste, and believe in strawberries, you must come to Paris.

CHAPTER IV.

A RAG-PICKER'S BANQUET: THE RAG-PICKING FRATERNITY GENERALLY.

THE chiffonniers, or rag-pickers of Paris, have lately formed a fraternal association. To celebrate its inauguration they have just held a banquet outside the walls of the city. This took place at the Three-colored Pot, a hostelry specially dedicated to the entertainment of chiffonniers. It contains three eating-rooms, of different grades of cleanliness. The cleanest is used only by the upper class of ragmen—those who possess a basket in a state of preservation, and a crook or pick ornamented with a copper point. Upon the door is written in chalk, in defiance of the revolution of February, "Chamber of Peers." The next apartment, considerably dirtier than the first, is occupied by such as have baskets and crooks in a state of downfal and dilapidation. This is the "Chamber of Deputies." The third is sacred to the convivial purposes of all the lower order of chiffonniers—such as have neither basket nor crook, but cram whatever they get into an old bag. This is styled the "Assembly of the True Proletaries." (A proletary is a man who has no property and no civil rights.) The etiquette observed is severe; and, in order that no one may make a mistake and get into the wrong room, the badges of the different orders, crooks, baskets, and bags, are displayed at the entrances. At the fraternisation banquet, however, all distinctions were confounded in a harmonious hilarity. They all sat at the same table. Their deliberations were presided over by the dean of the faculty, an old fellow in his eighty-eighth year. Before the viands were placed upon the table, the master of the house subjected his guests to the indignity of paying for them, having already made them put down the value of the spoons. The repast then commenced. The principal dish was called an olla podrida. It probably was one. During the dessert the statutes or constitution of the fraternity were read aloud by the secretary, and were highly applauded. The president's health, the prosperity of the association and the union of its members, were then drunk with all the honors. A contribution was taken up for sick chiffonniers. One dollar and thirty-five cents were collected in less than quarter of an hour. The signal for departure being given by the president, the whole company

dispersed without the least disorder. Instead of receiving back the cash which they had deposited as security for the spoons, they drank it in brandy at the counter.

Apropos of chiffonniers: the municipality are making experiments with a new street-sweeping machine. Improvements and innovations of this sort are looked upon with a very jealous eye by the gentlemen of the hod and the pick. In 1832, dust-carts upon a new plan were introduced into Paris; their method of operations removed the heaps of rubbish and refuse so speedily, that the rag-pickers found themselves all at once without a trade. They called a meeting, got up an insurrection, broke all the wagons on the new plan, and forced the City Council to restore the ancient system. From that time to this, the regulations for the sweeping of the streets and for the removal of the heaps have been conceived in a view to favor and extend the chiffonnier interest. Whether the machine upon which the city fathers are now bestowing their attention is of a nature to arouse the susceptibilities of this interesting class, and is likely to invade their constituted rights, I cannot say. When the streets are swept by hand, and the heaps are taken away by broom and shovel, the rag-pickers' interests are to a certain degree respected. The piles formed by the successive contributions of all the maid-servants in the vicinity are allowed to remain till nine o'clock in the morning: till that hour the chiffonnier regards them as his lawful domain. Nine o'clock is to him what cock-crow is to certain other beings that are abroad o'nights.

Often, when a dust-man with his spade, and a rag-man with his pick, arrive at the same moment, the former, with a commendable regard for the other's feelings, holds off awhile, till he has overhauled the filthy mess, and subtracted from it such valuables as his quick eye detects. At half-past nine, all the streets are clean, and the scavengers have disappeared. That you have rag-pickers in New-York, I know; but that you have there individuals who get their food in the streets, I doubt. I mean literally, their *food;* who pick up such rejected morsels as the servants have thrown into the gutter.

From my window, I see one of these horrible creatures every morning; he is as regular as a watchman upon his beat. The chiffonniers exclude him from their society; he is admitted to none of their convivialities, and never takes part in their annual banquet at the Barrier. If you can conceive of a grade lower than that occupied by the chiffonniers, he certainly fills it; but there can be no rank below him. His clothes are penetrated with grease and filth, and if he were so unwise as to take them off, they would fall to pieces from the effort. They are tied on to his limbs by bits of twine and old remnants of handkerchief-

or towels that he has found in the gutters. Whenever he stumbles upon a piece of carpet, or upon a ragged dishcloth, he generally finds some exposed part of his person upon which to utilise it; and thus, incidentally, while looking for his breakfast, he finds his raiment. He has no shoes nor boots, nor any leather at all about his feet; these are enveloped thickly in wads of rags and tatters, till they have lost all human form, and have become shapeless clouts—a foot through.

A Street Sweepereas.

A Chiffonnier.

He never washes, nor shaves, nor combs his hair; he never changes his linen, nor sleeps in a bed. He sleeps *à la corde*—that is, he lies down on the floor, in company with others of his sort, placing the nape of his neck on a rope extended from wall to wall about six inches above the ground. He pays two sous a night for this accommodation. Where he obtains his two sous I cannot tell; he gets nothing from the street that can be converted into money. He is a collector of refuse in a double sense; for not only does he take what has been turned out of doors, but what has been left behind by the more fastidious chiffonnier, as valueless and unpalatable. He walks slowly and shufflingly—never scampers to a pile, with greedy haste, to be the first to explore its contents; for he knows that what is the object of his search will wait till he comes. He kneels down over the heap, with a squalid basket in one hand, using the other to turn over the horrible mass. A cabbage-leaf, a fragment of lettuce, sometimes an onion or the peelings of an onion, a few turnip-tops or slicings of radishes, are the

more usual godsends that reward his search. They form the basis of his morning meal, and are the ingredients of his vegetable soup. He may sometimes give it a savor of flesh, if he is lucky enough to find a bone, or some remnant of a chicken's carcase. He upturns, from time to time, a slice of toast, or the end of a loaf; if it is soaked with muddy water—as the gutter usually flows close by—he treads upon it to press out the humidity, and then gently places it in with the onion and the turnip-tops. He even collects potato-parings, if the knife has been unskilful, and has left any portion of the tubercle clinging to the skin. I have seen him gather up, with trembling fingers, a quantity of coffee-grounds, as if he were collecting pinches of snuff. All this is to be cooked over and made into an olla podrida. And as the pot must be made to boil, he is on the look-out for odds and ends of fuel, if any come in his way—half-burned pieces of coal, charred wood, and anything that will hold fire and evolve heat. The same basket carries both cinders and dinner—he assorts them when he gets home; and thus he lives from day to day. It would astonish no one when he dies, to learn that he has left two or three thousand francs in coin, and that having no heir, and leaving no will, his treasure reverts to the hospitals, or is claimed by the Domaine Publique.

CHAPTER V.

REVISION AGAIN—AN EXPURGATED CONSTITUTION—FOUR AND-TWENTY BLACKBIRDS—LOUIS PHILIPPE'S PORCELAIN.

June 16th, 1851.

THE week has not been a prolific one in incidents of interest or moment to readers on your side of the water. After a storm comes a calm. The adage is as true of French politics as of meteorological phenomena. The grand question of revision having for the moment shifted from the Chamber to the bureaux, it progresses with less tumult and disorder. The special commission, the sub-commission, and the six clerks that it employs, are all at work in their various capacities. The members of the commission debate, argue, and philosophise upon the general question, revision or no revision—partial or total. The members of the sub-commission are occupied in putting in order the masses of petitions presented in behalf of revision. These are classed, first according to departments; then those praying for simple revision are separated from those specifying particular articles as subjects of amendment. The number of signatures and of crosses, together with their legalisation, by

the proper officer, are preserved in statistical tables. Nothing has yet happened to lessen the probability of the ultimate rejection of all revisional propositions. Still, the Central Committee of Petition do not relax in their efforts. Their late bulletins conclude with the words, "Petitions will be advantageous up to the moment when the general desire shall have been converted into a definitive resolution." A day somewhat distant, from present appearances.

The election takes place in eleven months—on the second Sunday, or 12th of May, 1852,—and, by an extraordinary oversight, the constitution requires that the existing president lay down his powers on that day. An interregnum of ten days or a fortnight is inevitable, as nothing but revision, now considered impossible, can repair the negligence. There seems to be no way out of the dilemma, unless the same liberal style of interpretation be adopted which has often been used before,—as, for instance, in regard to the article declaring the liberty of the press. The article reads, "The press cannot, in any case, be subjected to restraint." By a sort of bold poetical license, but pleasing from its very boldness, the passage was made to read, "The press can, in any case, be subjected to restraint;" and the law was passed in conformity with this interpretation. Some such sleight-of-hand will get us out of any difficulty that may flow from the interregnum. Do propose to some enterprising publisher to issue an expurgated edition of the French constitution, to match the Sunday-School Shakspeare, and Horace's Satires adapted to Infant Minds. To tell the truth, the constitution needs revising, in more ways than one, but not in behalf of monarchical or imperial aspirants.

Last evening was a pattern of a moonlight night—everybody was abroad to enjoy the pure air and the clear radiance of the goddess of the crescent. The frequenters of the cafés were relieved of their ennui by a new distraction. This was a woman with a bushel-basket full of swallows. The miserable little prisoners were in a perfect mash. The four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie could not have looked half so much like a pudding as did this quivering pile of swallows. Any one, on payment of two sous, had a right to insert his hand into the basket, through an aperture designed for the purpose, select a subject for deliverance, and render him back to life and liberty. Paris was gay and the loungers were light-hearted. The swallows were rapidly released. Such a joyous troop of happy swallows as dashed off into the clear blue air, the moment they felt the cool breeze touch their panting little breasts! Such an anxious band of dubious, uncertain swallows, as plumed their crumpled wings and nursed their tattered legs, after having taken refuge on some friendly eave or hospitable spout! And what a piteous, wretched set of maimed and helpless swallows, that

could not grasp the proffered liberty, but fell, bloody and out of breath, on the hard and dusty pavement! At the bottom of the basket were a score or two of convicts, who had not waited for the ransom. Their spirits, or their breath, or whatever it is that constitutes a swallow's life, had been disenthralled, gratis. Not all the two sous pieces in the world could make those eyes re-open, or those wings spread themselves for flight again. The woman was angry. It was a clear loss of over half a dollar, for no one would redeem a dead swallow from captivity, nor would any one take the lot at any conceivable discount; so the poor things were emptied into the gutter, and in the course of the night found their way to the Seine. As lamentable a history as that of Cock Robin! If the immortal author of that nursery lyric had only lived in our day, what a subject he might have found for his pen and pencil in this street-side drama! He would not have failed to point an impressive moral upon useless and wanton cruelty. He would not have let the opportunity pass to declare that what was once said of sparrows, may be equally well applied to swallows—"Not one of them falleth to the ground without His knowledge!" And it would be well if some one would warn the swallow-catcher of last night, that bread bought with money so cruelly earned, brings no blessing with it. It would be better left untasted, as Macbeth's Amen would have been better left unsaid.

An interesting sale has been going on for some days in the Parc de Monceaux, one of the national promenades of Paris. There is an immense wooden structure there, formerly occupied by M. Ledru Rollin, and the artizans composing the *Ateliers Nationaux* under his charge. Here was arranged, upon temporary shelves, a large part of the furniture, and especially the smaller articles, of the late Royal Family. Glass and porcelain—the latter from the manufactory of Sèvres, were disposed of in almost fabulous quantities. Americans were large purchasers of everything that was portable, and could be conveyed beyond sea; the prices were generally lower than those at which the same articles could be bought new at the furnishing warehouses. A solid glass decanter, of the most transparent crystal, without scratch or flaw, is certainly not dear at four francs—but when you remember that it is ornamented with the crown, and the initials L. P., you are doubly satisfied with your bargain. Many persons who were successful bidders for L. P.'s, expect soon to vary their collection by the addition of a few R. F.'s—and thus count upon possessing quite a museum of odds and ends of Royalty and Republicanism. But we are not all so hopeless for the cause of free government here. There are many of us yet who believe that the decanters of Louis Philippe will remain a long time upon the shelves of the curiosity-shops, before they are joined by the cups and saucers of the République Française.

CHAPTER VI.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE CHOSEN REPORTER—CAVAIGNAC AND THE STENOGRAPHER—GIRARDIN.

June 26th, 1851.

THE Commission appointed to examine the propositions for revision presented to the Assembly, has terminated its labors. After rejecting many readings, it accepted, by nine votes to six, a form presented by M. de Broglie. This form, which is the only one upon which the discussion of the Chamber will be brought to bear, is worded thus:—

"The National Assembly, considering the 11th Article of the Constitution, expresses the desire that the Constitution be revised, totally, conformably to said article."

This Article is as follows:—

"When in the last year of any Legislature the Assembly shall have expressed a wish that the Constitution be revised, either wholly or in part, such revision shall be accomplished in the following manner:

"The wish expressed by the Assembly shall not be converted into a definitive resolution till after three consecutive deliberations, one month apart, each one of which must pass by three-quarters of the whole vote thrown.

"The whole number of votes must be five hundred at least.

"The Revisional Assembly shall sit three months only.

"It shall be competent to treat no other matters than the revision for which it shall have been convoked.

"Nevertheless, in case of urgent necessity, it may provide for legislative needs."

This proposition having passed, the next point in order was the election of a reporter. The choice of M. de Tocqueville surprised every one, and created a deep sensation upon the benches of the Assembly. MM. de Broglie and Odillon Barrot felt sure of the nomination. The former received but five votes and the latter two, eight being given for M. de Tocqueville; of these eight, six were thrown by the Republican minority; the vote of M. de Courcelles, and that of M. de Tocqueville himself, decided it in his favour. The report will be, therefore, to a certain extent, a minority report, the Legitimist and Bonapartist majority being left in the lurch. The position of M. de Tocqueville will be clearly seen by the following extracts, taken at hazard from his speech before the commission:

"I believe that the initiative in the petitionist movement was taken

by the administration. If the sub-commission shall find that it has gone beyond its authority, it seems to me that in its report it ought to say so.

"I think the Constitution faulty, and I believe that revision is our only means of safety. I have already said that we ought to insert in the resolution a declaration in behalf of the maintenance of the Republic. I have said more. I have expressed an opinion that it would be well to *insert in the report that it is in a republican point of view that revision is desired.*

"We invite the nation to the performance of an act which may be efficacious, but will certainly be perilous. Our mission, under these circumstances, is to indicate to the country what it has to do. I propose to say to the people simply this: We deem it impossible, at present, to think of the re-establishment of monarchy."

The day after the declaration of these sentiments, M. de Tocqueville was elected reporter. The reader will not fail to notice, that, in accordance with the ideas expressed in this address, the report to the Assembly will take strong ground in favor of the Republic, and against all monarchical manœuvres. The Republicans do not conceal their satisfaction at the choice of reporter. Though they are opposed to revision on any terms, M. de Tocqueville is to them the least objectionable candidate among the members composing the majority of the commission.

During the discussion of one of the propositions, its author was called before the commission to state his reasons and opinions. This he did in such a ridiculous manner as to excite the hilarity of all the members save one. While they were laughing at the sallies of the honourable deputy, Gen. Cavaignac preserved a dignified silence. At the end of the sitting he requested the stenographer to insert in the report that he had not even smiled. "*Je ne ris jamais, quand il est question de la République!*"

M. de Girardin, who had declared in the tribune that he was opposed to the right of petition, gives his reasons for the same at some length in the *Presse*, and cites the spectacle now to be seen throughout France—that of half a million functionaries of the government, petitioning the Assembly for a change in the Constitution, known to be entirely in the interest of the existing President. This he considers a scandal, an imposition, and a positive danger. But, besides this, the people in petitioning perform the act of a subject, not that of a sovereign. The right of petition, which was sacred under the monarchy, is out of tune with republican institutions. The people, from whom all power emanates, cannot, without *abdicating*, condescend to petition their representatives, who merely possess a delegated authority. The answer to this is obvious. If the people, who are sovereign, desire or will a certain act of legislation, they must of course communicate such a desire or

will to those to whom legislation is intrusted. A command, an unqualified, imperious dictate would hardly be in good taste, or a gracious, parliamentary method of indicating their wishes. There is no other method left but a simple request, with which the legislature is desired to comply. There is no humiliation in such an act.

Emile de Girardin.

M. de Girardin, with all his talent, is a good deal of a charlatan. He delights in dilemmas, as a favorable opportunity for ingenious simplifications; he revels in labyrinths, for he always has an Ariadne's clew with which to conduct society out of the danger that environs it; he invents riddles, for the purpose of solving them; one day he is the Sphinx with a whole column full of enigmas, and the next he appears as Œdipus, with an answer for every one of them. M. de Girardin loses the position and influence to which his talents entitle him, by this exaggerated fancy of whatever is new, strange, startling, and paradoxical.

CHAPTER VII.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AGREES TO ACCEPT RELIGIOUSLY THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE—FRENCH LIGHTNING.

July 3rd, 1851.

THE President's speech at Poitiers has been the political event of the week. One sentence, the most significant of the whole, is a brief but apt *résumé* of the reciprocal rights and duties of a people and its rulers: "The safety of the country proceeds from the will of the people, freely expressed and religiously accepted." That is, Louis Napoleon desires that the country make known its wishes through the ballot-box, to which wish, thus legally expressed, he will faithfully and religiously conform. In theory this is the base—the essence of republicanism, and if it were a fair representation of the probable course of events, the future of this country would excite but little anxiety. But it is not. The will of the country will not be freely expressed. One-third of the legal voters will probably be prevented from exercising their rights. The two-thirds that remain are deprived of the privilege of coming to a proper understanding of the wants of the country and the merits of the several candidates, by the laws which have throttled the press and made discussion of political subjects in the tribune a penal offence. As for the second term of the proposition, that the President will religiously accept and abide by the will of the people, conveyed through the ballot-box, this will be good news to those who supposed M. Bonaparte capable of attempting a *coup d'état* in case the vote went against him. It is certainly the most significant phrase the President has ever pronounced. Delivered on so solemn an occasion, and under the impressive circumstances of the case, it is more than a pledge, and partakes almost of the character of an oath. To those who hope to see Louis Napoleon Bonaparte vacate the presidential chair at the expiration of his term, and who trust in the succession of a better man and a more sincere Republican, this formal asseveration gives comfort and assurance.

The electric telegraph from Paris to Havre was inaugurated on the first of the month. A school of initiation into the mysteries of telegraphic communication has lately been opened in Paris by the government. The students are principally old soldiers, rather disabled by the honorable wounds they have received in the service of the country, and who are only too happy at being able to earn an easy livelihood, and thus cease to be a burden on the state. If the telegraph were the same thing here that it is in the United States, working day and night,

swallowing down a speech of Daniel Webster, or a President's Message, and making nothing of it, these veterans of the last century would hardly be the sort of thing the service would require. A man that can remember when the mail was carried on horseback, can never be made to understand the propriety of sending it by lightning. But here on the continent, and especially in France, an Invalide with a wooden leg, or an old Imperial Guard upon whom Austerlitz has left an

Invalides

indelible mark in the shape of a missing arm, will be amply fitted for the duties of the telegraph as it is at present understood. A couple of lines from Turin, embodying the wonderful fact that the Ministry has obtained a vote of confidence in the Chamber, something of equal import from Madrid or Lisbon, form our usual daily consumption of lightning. The *Constitutionnel* of to-day has one line of telegraphic news; the *Débats* and *National* have each three lines; the *Patrie* two. A very lean digest of the American news by the steamers at Liverpool appears in the journals, just three hours in advance of the mail.*

* Electric telegraphs are now (1854) multiplying in every part of France, but as they are controlled by the government, and as prices are very high, they are still but little used by the newspapers. The longest printed despatch—other than those paid for by the government—that I have seen in a French journal, contained nineteen lines.

CHAPTER VIII.

DE TOCQUEVILLE CARICATURED—THE GOVERNMENT CENSURED—THE MOUNTAIN REFUSES TO FIGHT—SCRAPING THE SEINE—A COURT OF JUSTICE IN A CELLAR.

Pierre Leroux.

July 10th, 1851.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE, reporter of the commission for examining the propositions for revision, and M. de Melun, reporter of the sub-commission for collecting and methodising the petitions upon the same subject, have both submitted their reports to the Assembly. M. de Tocqueville's conclusions are favorable to a total revision, or revision without previous specification of the articles to be modified. The document is a cool, unimpassioned performance, and utterly fails of moving or convincing a mind inclined to an adverse opinion upon the subject in debate. The vote upon accepting or rejecting it in committee was eight to six (one member being absent), each party keeping its own numbers intact. Among the members who are to speak in favor of the conclusions of

the report are MM. Falloux, Odillon and Ferdinand Barrot, Coquerel, de Broglie, de Montalembert, de Melun and Dufaure, beside about twenty others less known to your readers. Among those who are to speak against the proposition are, Emmanuel Arago, Victor Hugo, Jules Favre, Bac, Pierre Leroux, Cavaignac, and about twenty others. It is the custom in the French chamber for the orators to follow each other *à tour de role*—that is, a person defending a measure is always succeeded at the tribune by one opposing it, and *vice versâ*—two supporters or two opponents never speaking successively. To keep up this alternation with effect, it is necessary for those intending to take part in the discussion to write their names in advance in the secretary's book, and state upon which side they will speak, whether for or against.

M. de Tocqueville's arguments are thus summed up by Alphonse Karr, a witty feuilletonist and romancer:—

"Some one may break into the house—let us demolish it, therefore, as a matter of prudence;

"The ship may be wrecked—let us burn her, therefore, as a measure of precaution;

"I may be killed in a duel—let me, therefore, blow my brains out;

"The law may be disobeyed—let us, therefore, abrogate the law, that no one may fail in the respect to which it is entitled."

From the report of M. de Melun, reporter of the methodising committee, it appears that the whole number of petitions offered, up to the 1st of July, is 13,524, and the total of signatures, of all sorts and shapes, 1,123,625. Out of this number, a little over one million are *bonâ fide* signatures, and about a hundred thousand are the marks, crosses, and hieroglyphics of those who cannot write. Again 750,000 express a desire for revision, simply; 370,000 for revision and prolongation of the President's powers; and 12,000 ask for prolongation, without mentioning the rather necessary intermediate step of revision. The reporter proposes to set aside about 42,000 signatures out of the total, inasmuch as they must be considered unconstitutional—asking, as they do, that the present assembly revise the constitution, or itself declare M. Bonaparte President for another term. One petition is drawn up in a manner highly disrespectful to the assembly, and this also it is proposed to set aside. M. de Melun finished by calling the attention of the committee to the part played by the local authorities in the petitionist movement—by the prefects, the sub-prefects, the mayors, the police, etc., etc. The following paragraph is a bitter pill for Leon Faucher:—

"May this result be a lesson for the administration, which in such cases, so far from encouraging, ought to check the ardor of its functionaries. Its interference only weakens the importance of a movement in which the morality, the sincerity, the spontaneity of the petitioners are of

more effect than the mere abstract number of the signatures. *The hand of the Government, in increasing their total somewhat, is very far from adding to their value.*"

The famous Central Committee of Resistance have at last been captured, and all their *matériel*, press, proof, copy, forms and type, seized and removed to close quarters. Twelve persons implicated have been arrested. Three of them are the editors of the *Bulletins*, while the others, doffing for the moment their real professions of schoolmaster, clock-maker, lemonade-man, musical instrument-maker, coffee-house keeper, wine-dealer and professor, donned for the nonce those of compositor, proof-reader, and pressman. The twelfth issue of this crazy league is as violent and senseless as its predecessors. The President is apostrophized as a *crétin stupide et têtu*, a pot-house expression, which may be rendered by the phrase, a *stupid and wrong-headed spooney*. A bold figure of speech concludes this precious appeal to the Democracy: "Brothers, be on the *qui vive*; if they tear the constitution, we'll wad our rifles with the pieces!" There's one consolation in this threat; if they wad their rifles with nothing else, they will not do much harm.

The principle adopted by a large part of the Republicans in France, and advocated by the *National* newspaper, rigidly to abstain from voting until the restoration of universal suffrage shall have been accomplished, is beginning to be very evident in its effects. Thus, in the department of Seine-et-Marne, which counts 100,000 legal voters—under the constitution—the very small number of 22,000 elects the "law and order" candidate to the Chamber. In the Dordogne, numbering 146,000 electors, a candidate is elected by 40,000 votes. In the department of the Haute Vienne, 12,000 out of 80,000 make the necessary majority. The object of the Republicans in thus absenting themselves from the polls, is, to render the Chamber the representative of a fraction of the country, instead of the whole of France. Being sure, beforehand, of being beaten, under the action of the law of the 31st of May, they will not give their sanction and countenance to an election, by even voting *against* the Government candidate. "If we bring out our whole strength, and he is elected in spite of us, he becomes in some sort our representative; but in abstaining, we have neither part nor lot in him, nor he in us. Restore us universal suffrage, as granted by the constitution, and if we are beaten then, it will be in a fair fight. But to tie our hands behind us, and then invite us to a trial of strength with adversaries whose arms are free—against such tactics as this we protest. And by refusing to take part in such a struggle, we put our protest on record." I see nothing unreasonable in this. The Republicans have been decimated, and refuse to contend in an unequal contest. It shows good courage, and puts the government in the situation of a cowardly boy, who never

tussles except with little fellows half his size, and when he gets them down, gives them a sound drubbing, proceeding on the supposition that they have no friends. But the little boy grows big by and by, and then he pays back with interest. Just suppose the missiles are votes, instead of snow-balls, and you have an idea of the little boy—namely, Republicanism, grown up, and reinvested in the rights which belong to the elder brother.

The waters of the Seine are just at this moment running very low, a circumstance which has enabled one-half the world to see how the other half lives, or at least has brought to light a new method of earning one's

A Ravageur.

daily bread. You can easily conceive that the gutters and drains of a city like Paris, besides doing the natural duty of carrying off its filth and refuse, occasionally pilfer a diamond brooch or a cornelian seal; that they make way, now and then, with rings that have dropped from ill-fitted fingers, small pieces of money that slide through treacherous

pockets, and with a thousand trifles of the sort. All these sewers empty into the Seine. In due time a bracelet sliding noiselessly to the ground, and travelling slowly but surely some two or three subterranean miles, is thrown in company with an ocean of mud, decomposing cabbage-leaves, the half-faded carcasses of dogs and cats, and such like rascality, into the channel of the river. When, as at present, the water is low, and it is possible to wade, without inconvenience, you may see half-a-dozen men—Ravageurs, they are called—armed with iron rakes, up to their waist in the stream, scraping and upturning its bed, in the hope of bringing to light some object of value, convertible into bread, baked beans, and fried potatoes. It seems to be really a profitable trade, for the few days that it lasts.

The Circuit Court was one day last week sitting at Pithiviers. The counsel for the defendant had the floor. "Look at him, gentlemen of the jury, did you ever see"—At this point his eloquence was interrupted by a rather singular incident. A slight crack was heard, and the three judges, the government's attorney, defendant and constable, together with a glass of sugar and water, suddenly disappeared. They had gone through the floor into the cellar. That part of the audience that was accustomed to go to the theatre was forcibly reminded of the tri-nightly descent of the foot-lights, between the pieces, to be trimmed and replenished. Something of this kind must have happened to the judges and the attorney, for in three-quarters of an hour they came up again, snuffed and refreshed. The defendant's counsel resumed where he left off—"a person of such bland expression, of such irreproachable morals, of such modest deportment?"

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEBATE AND THE ORATOR—VICTOR HUGO STIFLED—THE VOTE—THE REPUBLIC UNHARMED—DEMOC. SOC. AND ARISTO.

July 21st, 1851.

THE grand debate commenced in the Chamber, in the midst of a tranquillity and reserve on the part of the population, such as France has not yet seen under the Republic, or at least during the discussion of any important question. There was no appearance of anxiety in the streets, there were no knots of uneasy speculators on the chances of forthcoming events—no effervescing army of anarchists keeping the city and country in perpetual alarm. Everybody knew that the Assembly was arguing upon a foregone conclusion. The conviction was as certain that the bill

would be lost, as that the sun will set to-night. And it is this conviction, this consciousness that the constitution will survive the shock, and that the defenders of the charter are strong enough to repel the attack, that insured the country quiet and peace during the battle.

The debate, which commenced on the 14th instant, was prefaced by M. Dupin, the president, who seems to consider himself a schoolmaster, at the head of a set of rowdy scholars. His pettish scoldings, whenever a pupil is not of his opinion, well sustain this conception of his position. After he had counselled forbearance and moderation, the tribune was successively occupied by several speakers. M. Falloux made a brilliant speech in favor of monarchy, and General Cavaignac replied. On the 15th, M. Coquerel, the Protestant clergyman, made an eloquent but impracticable and contradictory argument for revision in behalf of Louis Napoleon. This was followed by a very capital and convincing speech from M. Michel (de Bourges) for the constitution and its loyal administration.

On the 16th, M. Michel finished his address, and was followed by M. Berryer, the Dan O'Connell of Bourbonism. He is a man of admitted eloquence, sincere conviction, and gentlemanly bearing. He spoke with great fervor and excellent temper and manner; yet it was but the effort of a prophet seeking to raise the dead, without the answering spirit of inspiration. The carcass lay ghastly and silent under his impassioned cry that the day of resurrection had come. Eloquent as was his appeal, noble as were the sentiments that breathed through his address, nothing could have been more fatal to his purpose. The feeling of the Assembly —the verdict pronounced the next day in Paris and spread over the country—was, "Monarchy is dead!"

On the 17th, M. Duprat spoke against revision, as well as M. de Larochejaquelin. The latter is a Monarchist, and is in favor of the Bourbon restoration.* He declares, and very justly, that the present constitution was based on universal suffrage; that all the members were elected and the government put into operation upon this principle. The mutilation of suffrage by the law of the 31st of May, cutting off three or four millions of voters, he contends, was an act of treason; and before he consents to revision, he insists that this violent and unconstitutional law be repealed. He is thus in favor of putting monarchy and republicanism to the vote, and he will abide by the result. This ill-advised persistency dismays the Legitimists, and hence he is christened by them the "Enfant Terrible" of their party.

The same day Victor Hugo ascended the tribune. He is perhaps the

* M. de Larochejaquelin was made Senator by Louis Napoleon in 1852, and gave in his full adhesion.

most dreaded of all the Republicans. His bitter sarcasm, his passionate appeals, his crushing broadsides of denunciation, his startling powers of prophetic painting, as they rose in the memory of the four hundred and fifty Revisionists, made them quiver in their seats. Already had the discussion in the Assembly been to their disadvantage. The game was obvious. Victor Hugo must be put down; the debate must be

Victor Hugo.

stifled. The scene which followed is past description. The first sentence which fell from his lips was received with deep murmurs from the Right. As his Paixhan shot broke thick and fast, he was repeatedly assailed by jibes, personal attacks, and insinuations. While he was speaking, and the Right were interrupting, M. Dupin cried out, "Oh! let the man go on, for the love of God!" The *Constitutionnel* styles this an instance of M. Dupin's indefatigable wit and smartness. Victor Hugo is certainly an intemperate speaker, and I am far from accepting his principles as genuine Republicanism. He was entitled, however, to attention from the Right, and to protection from the President. He concluded his speech under constant interruption, and in the midst of taunts and poor jokes.

The discourse of M. Dufaure, formerly one of Louis Napoleon's Ministers, now a member of the Opposition, was listened to in com-

parative quiet. The orator was obliged, however, to win attention, step by step, and it was the solid arguments, and cool, unimpassioned logic of M. Dufaure which finally forced respect from the unwilling majority.

On the sixth day of debate, a trap was sprung by the Right upon the unconscious Republicans. The former discovered that the honors of each day's tournament were certainly on the side of their opponents; that the republican sentiments, the firm convictions, the ardent love of constitutionality professed by the Mountain, were spread through the country by the many-tongued press, and even by M. Leon Faucher's own organ, the *Moniteur*. Of what use, said the Minister of the Interior, to have closed the clubs, gagged the printing-offices, and set a watch on every Republican in the land, if we are to have these subversive doctrines preached from the tribune, and mailed by the government itself to every nook in France? So M. Leon Faucher resolved that the discussion should be brought to an end, and from that moment the liberty of the tribune, for the Mountain at least, was among the things that were. The members of the majority, who had inscribed their names as speakers in favor of the proposition, agreed to waive their right, as it seemed to be necessary to choke off the Republicans. M. Leon Faucher intimated to M. de Montalembert, that, if he was not particularly anxious to deliver the oration he had prepared, the discussion would be closed during the day. M. de Montalembert yielded. The close of the debate was demanded as M. Odillon Barrot concluded his say upon the subject. Spite of the energetic protestations of the Left, it was carried, and the officers of the house prepared to take the vote.

Up to this day, the 19th, Paris had remained perfectly tranquil. There was now a certain degree of sensation, though the conviction was more general than ever that the cause of revision was tottering under the battery of the republic. On the evening of Saturday, the vote was taken, amid a silence and solemnity evincing a deep consciousness, on the part of the members, of the gravity of the decision about to be pronounced. The result was as follows:—

Whole number of votes	724
Three-fourths of this number, plus one, the necessary majority	544
For revision	446
Against revision	278

Thus the Monarchists not only did not obtain three-quarters, but fell considerably short of two-thirds —483. The vote would not have carried a bill for revision even in the United States, where the proportion of two-thirds to one-third is required. This fact the *Presse* takes pains to state for the edification of those who complain of the conservative power this placed in the hands of the minority.

Thus finishes, at least for the present, the grand topic of all the conversations and the subject of all the political intrigues of the last four months. For one, I have been warmed into the hope and conviction that the constitution would come out of the fiery furnace unscathed. The vote against revision is larger than the Republicans dared to expect.

As to the future, it may safely be asserted that revision is henceforth impossible. The Assembly has decided, by ninety-eight more than the necessary vote, against it, for the reason that it is desired by one set of men who seek to revise the constitution in order to destroy it, and by another set who would remodel it only at the dictation of the present executive head. Many have voted against revision who still admit that the constitution is imperfect; but they will not join in a movement which is projected and prosecuted by conspirators. Their number is certain to increase after the recent triumph; and though the Bonapartists may press for other trials—at intervals of three months—they are certain to end in defeat.

Democ. Soc. and Aristo.

There is a lithograph in the picture-shops, which owes its birth to the political feeling of the times. Two dogs, with appropriate features and expression, represent two types in the population. The *Democrate Socialiste*, or, for brevity's sake, *Democ. Soc.*, is figured forth by a bull-dog of rather anarchical tendencies. His face is lit up with a sort of fiendish glare, and his upper lip is drawn considerably out of its curve, displaying an eye-tooth, which at once suggests the old Jewish formula—an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. Democ. Soc. looks as if he could set about retaliation on that principle with a hearty good will. As for *Aristo.*, the dog representing Democ. Soc.'s aristocratic opponents, he is a greyhound of very sleek coat, bland manners, and

agreeable presence, but not at all of that depth of character which distinguishes his adversary. The latter would not only have the advantage in a bodily tussle, but looks as if he might floor his antagonist in a war of words and arguments. It has been generally supposed that the Millennium's advent will be indicated by the lion's lying down with the lamb; we shall be halfway there when Democ. Soc. and Aristo., forgetting their ancient grievances, and discovering that neither can subsist without the other, shall coil themselves up on the same rug and snooze away till morning.

CHAPTER X.

LEON FAUCHER FINGERS THE WIRES—NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF THE PARISIANS—SOLID ARCHITECTURE.

July 28th, 1851.

THE political news is null. The Chamber is on the point of a temporary dissolution. The sessions are short and uninteresting. M. Dupin rings his bell in vain: the representatives, who no longer represent anything but themselves, refuse to pay heed to the summons, and cluster thick in the lobbies, the anti-chambers, and the refreshment-room. The last vote of any consequence was that of condemnation upon the conduct of the cabinet, in the matter of petitions. All the Orleanists, and over fifty of the Legitimists, joined the Mountain on this occasion, their object being to strike a final blow at revision and protest against any unconstitutional candidate for 1852. Several of them who took part in this attack went to Leon Faucher afterwards, and declared that it was not intended personally for himself, but was directed against the scheme merely. That honorable minister was considerably shaken by the result of the ballot. By the bye, have you heard of his last telegraphic feat? It will take rank among the most brilliant of his electric triumphs. He announced by the wires, over which he exercises unlimited control, to all the prefects on the lines of communication, the overthrow of revision in the following manner:

"The Minister of the Interior to the Prefect of ——

"The vote has just been taken on M. de Broglie's proposition to revise the constitution.

"For revision	446
"Against	278
"Majority for government	168"

Nothing more nor less can be said of this than that it is a lie, by

omission. The country people, accustomed to be ruled by majorities, and not acquainted with the provision in the constitution, requiring three-quarters of the whole vote, will of course imagine the matter settled, and will jump to the conclusion that Louis Napoleon is thus made re-eligible. And this is just what Leon Faucher wants. If he had wished to make the other side of the question appear, he would have done it in some such way as this:

Necessary to adopt the proposition, or $\frac{3}{4}$ of 724, the whole vote	544
In favor of the proposition	446
Leaving the government in a minority of . .	98

Somebody once said that figures can't lie. That might have been in the good old times of Colburn's Arithmetic, and in the days when the columns of the multiplication-table were supposed to be unerring: but since the advent of Leon Faucher, they are not a whit more reliable than any thing else that's human.

A day or two ago, a member of the Mountain presented a proposition to the Assembly, to the effect that all the telegraphic despatches forwarded by Leon Faucher, to the prefects and other authorities in the departments, be inserted in the *Moniteur* at Paris the next day; in order that the Chamber and the public generally may know what sort of intelligence the central government forwards to its distant subordinates. The minority had no hope of passing the proposition; but it was a telling method of putting their distrust of the Minister of the Interior on record. A man who holds such an office should certainly be a man of sufficient calibre to be allowed the free and even secret service of the wires. The honorable member might modify his bill, and propose to the Assembly the propriety of having a minister of the interior of known and unquestionable probity—one who is above using lightning to quibble with, and who would consider an untruth by telegraph quite as grave a dereliction from honor as one uttered by the lips.

In looking over the memoirs of St. Helena the other day, I fell upon the following appreciation of the Parisians, expressed by Napoleon: "I care very little for the opinion of the Parisians; they are no better than wasps that are always buzzing: they are no more worthy of attention than an ape delivering a lecture on metaphysics." It must not be supposed that the inhabitants of Paris would be offended at this directness on the part of the Emperor, if they were generally made acquainted with it; on the contrary, they would be highly gratified and give him credit for a vast deal of sagacity.

If there is anything a Parisian likes, it is to be called light, flighty, inconstant; here to-day and there to-morrow: he compares himself to a

butterfly, a sky-rocket, a lightning bug, a bottle of ginger pop; declares himself to be incapable of self-government, and that he must have somebody to keep him down. Perhaps Napoleon's similitude of a wasp might be objected to, inasmuch as that insect is noted for an acerbity of disposition and an impetuosity of venom quite annoying to those who happen to be its victims; but as for the buzzing propensity, the gad-about, fly-away peculiarity, they fully agree with the Emperor in all his ideas about that.

I wish our New York builders could pass six months in Paris, or some European city, before undertaking the labors of their profession. It would be time and money well spent, and there would be certainly fewer casualties like your frequent descents of houses before they are well upon their legs. The masonry of the cellar, in a Parisian house, besides being as solid as the walls of the Merchants' Exchange, is as carefully executed as if it were to be above ground and to lie all day under the eye of the spectator. And yet it is to be for ever shut up from the outward air, to keep company with rats and fungi, dusty bottles and mouldy barrels. A house of any pretension, when its four walls are up, looks like a fortress built to defy the allied army, with windows for port-holes, and balconies for masked batteries. The Parisians, with a somewhat doubtful future before them, build for eternity—while we, with a pretty good chance for some centuries yet, put up constructions which come down before they have well got up, burying beneath them the unlucky wights who were not afraid to pass under their shadow. The houses that the genii in the Arabian Nights used to transport from place to place, must have been erected after the New York style; with a slight hold on the soil, and a perfect willingness to crumble to dust, in case of necessity, and overwhelm the inmates, as a piece of retributive justice.

CHAPTER XI.

PARISIAN CHARLATANRY—OUR MARYS—THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER A MILE HIGH—BABIES AND SOLDIERS HALF-PRICE.

August 11th, 1851.

THE Society of Thirty Days' Pleasure is driving all other advertisers out of the field. It makes nothing of occupying the whole fourth page of a first class newspaper, and declares itself ready to spend 100,000 francs in this method of reaching the public eye. It expects 200,000 subscribers at fifteen francs a piece; that is, a total receipt of three

million francs, with which to purchase for its subscribers, at wholesale, and consequently at an immense discount, tickets, during one month, to all the theatres, concerts, balls, gardens, etc., etc., in Paris and its environs. Hence, for fifteen francs, a subscriber will have a ticket, transferable and good for thirty days. This will be at the rate of ten sous a day. The enterprising speculator at the head of this concern makes some curious calculations. He sets down the Vaudeville, Dumas' Theatre, and the Beaumarchais, as capable of seating 3,000 of his ticket-holders. Now, those three theatres are shut, and there is no chance at present of their re-opening!

He puts down the Opera and Opera Comique as likely to arrange with him for 3,000 places, when both these theatres are in the habit of playing to well-packed houses, at fifteen, ten, and five francs a head. He expects 5,000 of his subscribers to attend, with their ten sous tickets, the smaller theatres of the upper Boulevard, where admission to the pit may be always had for half a dime. He disposes of 100,000 individuals a night by sending them to Ranelagh, the Chateau Rouge, etc., establishments which are open from two to three times a week, at the most. After having raked and scraped all the exhibitions in the city, not forgetting the menageries and the strolling arenas, he finds 27,000 of his party that he cannot dispose of. Nothing daunted, he boldly squares the account by billeting them on "various establishments not mentioned in the foregoing list!" Speculation never went such lengths before. The undertaker has not yet a single contract to show, by which any manager binds himself to open his doors to such a motley crowd as would take advantage of the offer of the Thirty Days' Pleasure Society. Imagine yourself seated in an orchestra stall, listening to the glowing rhetoric of Rachel, when, all at once, a crowd of ten cent men, kept in the background by bayonets till the clock strikes eight, make for the unoccupied places, leaving a wake behind them of smashed hats and angry faces. I cannot conceive of any manager risking the eternal displeasure of his life-long habitués for such a fleeting, transitory audience as will be furnished by the Thirty Days' Pleasure Society.

One of the most important days of the week has come and gone since I last wrote you. This was the fete of the Assumption—the miraculous ascension of the Virgin Mary. All the girls in France who rejoice in the name of Marie, and to whom, in consequence, the Virgin is the patron saint, celebrated the return of their annual festivity. Out of fifteen million females in France, how many do you suppose are named Mary? Half a million, at least. The fete of one's patron or patroness is of much more account than one's own birth-day, and presents on the former occasion are much more frequent than on the latter. These are usually sent the night before. The semi-weekly flower-market at the

Madeleine was held, this week, on Thursday instead of Friday, to meet the unusual demand for bouquets and ladies' delights. At nightfall, every eligible nosegay, every presentable bud or blossom, every rose-bush or flower-pot, of which a donor might not be ashamed, had been conveyed to the boudoir of some one of our ocean of Marys. Those unhappy young ladies who are not named after any saint, have to be contented with their birth-days—their date, as they call it. There are very many of these—such as Albertines, Rosettas, Rosinas, Rosalies, Piquidillas, Morgianas, Titellas, etc. Every day in the year is the fete of some saint or other—many of them very insignificant, it is true, and who, it would seem, are only put in to fill up.

A balloon passed over the city on the same day, which attracted rather more attention than the generality of balloons. It was very low in the air, and from the car were suspended two flags, which were evidently not the tricolor. From time to time a shower of bouquets, tissue-paper parachutes, light india-rubber balls thickly gilt, were let fly into the air, just over the more frequented streets. The secret of this unusual demonstration was that four Americans had hired M. Godard's balloon, the Eagle, and with him were making a sort of experimental jaunt into the realms of space. The two unknown flags were a couple of star-spangled banners. The curious spectators who saw this pendant bunting, were considerably interested to find out to what people or nation it belonged. It was reported on the Champs Elysées that it was the standard of the Central Flowery Nation. This opinion was well received, inasmuch as the captain of the Chinese junk is known to be here, making himself familiar, by personal inspection, with the various peculiarities of modern civilisation. Of course, to go up in a balloon would be one of the very first things to be done. That poor gridiron! Not one in ten of those who saw it, knew that it waves night and day over the home of the brave, or that it had shaken out its folds in triumph over the halls of the Montezumas. I always pity people who have no interest in the stars and stripes; they seem to have a fibre less in their hearts than those who can claim acquaintance with that red, white, and azure banner.

A curious feature in public entertainments, here, is the custom of admitting military gentlemen at rates considerably under those that private citizens are expected to pay. This is nothing more than reasonable, as the troops of the line, earning but four or five sous a day, cannot be expected to have a very large fund to spend upon amusement. The travelling menageries, exhibitions of infant statuary, the various bands of jugglers, fat women, thin men, and other attractions of the sort, always halve the admission in favor of *messieurs les militaires*. If they charge you or me two sous, they require but one of any member of the army. And when the Grand Square of the Champs Elysées is filled

with these strolling troupes—as it is three times a year, on occasions of the national fetes—it is astonishing to see the number of military gentlemen that flock to enjoy the cheap and rational spectacle. This is probably owing to their well-known fancy for the tented field. A soldier may behold the ascent of M. Poitevin for five sous a head—any one else must pay from ten to fifty. It is only at the out-of-door amusements, however, and more transient summer spectacles, that the military arm of the service is admitted at these diminished rates. The theatres, opera-houses, etc., make no such distinction.

CHAPTER XII.

STATESMANSHIP FOR FUN—MORE CHARLATANRY—YANKE DOOLE.

August 18th, 1851.

I SHOULD positively have had nothing of interest to communicate to you this week, had not M. Leon Faucher come opportunely to the rescue with one of his triumphs of burlesque statesmanship. You must know that just now the various councils of the many thousand communes in France are holding their annual sessions. Some of them draw up petitions in behalf of the revision of the Constitution. Some of them protest against any such revision, and some maintain a perfectly neutral position. These councils are purely local, and their political attributes connect them in no possible manner with the central authorities at Paris. That they should express an opinion or a desire on so important a subject, may be all very well, but their doing so has no political import or moment. Those that fall in with the policy of the Elysée, however, are of course looked upon with favor and with a bland satisfaction; but if any country council should oppose the current which M. Faucher is setting in motion, stand from under! The Council of Limoges, instead of subscribing to the revision petition, issued the following bulletin: "We express the wish that the Constitution receive, in future, full and entire execution, and that the laws contrary to its letter and spirit, especially those upon the right of assembly and the liberty of the press, be repealed or modified." As this example might be catching, M. Faucher could not sleep till he had found means to check it. He thumbed over the laws till he hit upon the following ordinance:

"Every act or deliberation of a council-general, or a communal council, relative to subjects not legally included in their attributes, are null and void. Their nullity shall be declared by a decree of the King." Armed with this document, M. Faucher draws up a bulletin, cites his authority, declares the action of the Council of Limoges to be illegal,

disrespectful towards the great powers of the State, and infringing upon the rights of the National Assembly, and announces that their deliberation is annulled. This the President signs. Now thus far M. Faucher is perfectly right. The Council of Limoges went beyond their authority. It was no more necessary to vote for the strict interpretation of the constitution than to issue an edict on the next eclipse of the sun. But it is strange that the minister never found out that these provincial authorities were meddling with what did not concern them, till one of them happened to see things in a different light from himself. Read the following deliberation of the Council of Foix on the same subject. M. Faucher would resist long before he would annul so sweet a morsel of provincial obedience. After a page or two of highly unconstitutional preliminary remark, that body proceeds to say: "The Council of Foix expresses the desire that the people, the only supreme regulator of all power, be consulted before next January, upon the revision of the constitution, if the minority in the Legislative Assembly should persist in rejecting it."

Now if the Council of Limoges took steps that were illegal and disrespectful, no language is strong enough to be applied to the action of the Council of Foix. Their resolution, hardly four lines long, is stuffed as full of inaccuracies, illegalities, and improprieties, as Jack Horner's pudding was of plums. It declares, in the first place, that the people are supreme. So they are on election-day; but, sunset once past, the supremacy does not return to them till the term of their representatives has expired. It next proposes that the nation be consulted on the subject before next January. The Constitution declares that the people shall be consulted on the second Sunday in May, neither before nor after. By the Constitution the people have nothing to do, directly, with the revision of the Constitution; but the Council of Foix proposes to set the Constitution aside on this point. It next speaks with disrespect of the minority in the Assembly, who shelter themselves behind a very plain clause in the Constitution, and thereby carry their point. This the Council of Foix characterises as persistance and obstinacy.

I have tried to put myself in the position of the Minister of the Interior, and to look candidly and without bias on these two provincial deliberations. Aware that I see usually but little to approve of in the political conduct of M. Faucher, I endeavor, in order to remove all chance of prejudice, to examine them from his point of view. Do the best I can, I am able to discover nothing more than a useless, unnecessary vote in the first case, while the second seems to call for a positive rebuke from the head of the state. M. Bonaparte, like Shylock, has an oath in heaven. Without believing that in annulling the first decree, he was guilty of a sin of commission, it is difficult to convince

oneself that, in neglecting to annul the second, he did not lay himself open to the charge of a much more serious one of omission.

So much for politics this week.

In most towns of France where there is a mayor, there is also a deputy mayor, as besides the chances of the illness, sudden death, or resignation of the chief, there are many cases in which he, being personally concerned, may be disqualified to act as magistrate. Thus, some days ago, the wife of the mayor of Carcassonne presented her husband with a small fac-simile of himself. The delighted father immediately proceeded to the house of the deputy to make the legal declaration usual in such cases. On arriving there, he found that officer had expired suddenly during the night. What to do he did not know. The matter was urgent, so he resorted to the following scheme. He drew up and executed a document, of which this is a literal translation:—

"This day, the 9th of August, 1851, accompanied by Jean Broit and Lucille la Gaillarde, my witnesses, I appeared before myself, as Mayor of the commune of Carcassonne, for the purpose of informing myself that my wife has given birth to a living child. I then asked myself what was the sex of the child, and was told that it was a boy. I next inquired who was its father. I replied that I believed that I, François Prottin, was, and that Marie Lascende, my wife, was its mother. I, in my official capacity, having every reason to put entire confidence in what I, in my paternal relation, had advanced, have signed the present act in my double quality, and with the aforesaid witnesses.

"FRANÇOIS PROTTIN, Mayor.
"FRANÇOIS PROTTIN, Father."

To make the declaration in all respects formal, Mr. Prottin probably paid himself the customary fee, by taking a two franc piece out of one pocket and putting it into the other.

The Thirty Days' Pleasure Society continues its gigantic system of advertising. Every day it occupies the whole fourth page of one or more of the principal journals. The letters are so large that they are perfectly illegible at the point at which a newspaper is usually held. You must fasten it up against your wall, and retire to a convenient distance. The Lottery of the Golden Ingots is a firm believer, too, in the healthful effect of liberal advertising. It never uses types smaller than that by which children learn to read, and its important words have each a line to themselves. The announcement to-day of an intended series of caricatures upon the English part of the Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, occupies space enough in the *Débats* to spread seven or eight Poor Man's Plasters. These monstrosities are not set in columns, but run right across the page—driving all smaller enterprises out of the field. But they are not easy to read, spite of their dimensions. The

eye that is accustomed to lines about three or four inches long, and expects to return every two seconds to the left side of the column, hardly knows what to make of these unusual stretches of type, where the other end is not yet in sight as you read at the beginning. The page occupied by the Thirty Days' Pleasure Society is larger than bills of any four of the Paris theatres posted about the streets.

The public entertainments are very modest in their announcements. They never have anything to say about the enormous expense incurred in the production of any piece; nor about the time that any play has been in preparation; nor about the extreme difficulty in coming to terms with the artists engaged to interpret it. The bill of the Grand Opera, announcing the first representation of the Prophet, was not a foot square. When Rachel comes back from her six months' leave of absence, her

Rachel.

appearance will be made known in the following concise terms: "Comedie Française. Rentrée de M'lle. Rachel. Phèdre, tragedy in five acts, by Racine. M'lle. Rachel will perform the character of Phèdre; the other parts will be sustained by MM. Beauvallet, etc., etc." Contrast this with the flaring show-bills of our theatres at home.

Have you such a national air in America as "YANKE DOOLE?" That piece of music was announced to be performed at a dancing garden last night. It was to be a quadrille, founded (so said the bill) upon a United States' patriotic song. I do not remember hearing anything of the kind while I lived in America. Probably it is something composed since my day. A person gets dreadfully behind the age by absenting himself from the land of the free. The only way is to go home by every other steamer and "ketch up."

I mentioned some time ago that the prefect of police had forbidden the playing of trumpets and other wind-instruments in the street. The class of ambulant tradesmen who made especial use of trumpets and cornets to announce their passage through the town, were spout-menders, fixers of bungs, cocks, and taps in beer barrels, etc. They were thus forced to make their vocation known by word of mouth. They cried "Taps! Bungs! Spouts!" at the top of their lungs. But it did no good. Nobody wanted any bungs. People had all the taps they could use. They would not take spouts as a gift. It was evident that the prohibition of trumpets was going to deprive a large class of the population of their means of living. How do you suppose they have managed to evade the law? And what do you imagine a bungman is doing opposite my window? He is imitating a trumpet with his mouth; and you've no idea what a capital imitation it is, only it is much more disagreeable. The human voice, if it is properly schooled, becomes a great deal brassier than any real brass can be. M. Carlier will have to repeal his law, on the pretext that the original is less annoying than the imitation.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NEW GAME—A COUP D'ETAT PROPOSED—TEN THOUSAND CUPS AND SAUCERS.

August 26th, 1851.

THE Bonapartists have just shown their hand and given all the world notice of the game they mean to play. An article, nine mortal columns in length, appeared yesterday in the *Patrie*, signed by Delamarre, the proprietor, but of course a joint emanation from the united heads of the Elysean party. This, however, the writer takes pains to deny in advance, and declares that he is speaking for himself, and for himself only. He commences by taking for granted two points: 1st, that the Mountain will not consent to a revision of the Constitution, and that it

holds the question completely under its thumb: and, 2nd, that the re-election of Louis Napoleon is indispensable to the safety and well-being of the country. As the country can only be saved, therefore, by a resort to unconstitutional legislation, the writer proposes several illegalities, as offering palpable loop-holes for salvation. The principal of these is, that the election for the new chamber take place in December, instead of somewhere in the month of March or April, as in the ordinary course of things would be the case. Upon this point the Constitution holds the following language:—

"The National Assembly shall be elected for three years, and be integrally renewed. Forty-five days, at the latest, before the expiration of its three years' term, a law shall determine the date of the new elections. If the Chamber neglect to pass such a law, the electors shall proceed to vote, by full right, on the 30th day preceding the close of the Legislature. The new Assembly shall be convoked, by full right, for the day following that on which the term of the preceding Assembly expires."

Now, says M. Delamarre, the Constitution fixes the latest date at which the day of election may be appointed—45 days before the close of the session—but it does not declare the *earliest* date which may be selected. Nothing prevents the Chamber, therefore, from summoning the electors to the exercise of their rights in December next. Suppose, then, the voters convoked, the election held, and the complexion of the new assembly fully known. Suppose, too, what we consider indubitable, that it be largely revisional, and out-and-out in favor of the re-election of the existing President. What would be the result? Why, the present Assembly, finding itself out of tune with the sentiment of the country, and being within several months of the legal expiration of its term, would be unwilling to peril itself in the good opinion of the people, at whose hands the members might expect future legislative honors, if they only behaved decently, and would vote to dissolve, and give immediate place to the newly-elected representative body. It is true that each chamber is chosen for three years; but this is a privilege, and not a necessity. No one can compel it to stay if it does not wish to; just as it cannot remain over its term, if it should happen to be so inclined. We see individual resignations every day; why not resignation in a mass? The new Assembly, with its strong Napoleonic and law-and-order tendencies, once seated in its curule chairs, the Gordian knot would be untied, and France could once more contemplate 1852 without a shudder.

This reasoning is specious, and the people here are so unused to constitutional discussion, that the flaw in the sequence passes unnoticed. The weakest link in the chain is precisely that on which M. Delamarre has hammered the hardest. He asserts and makes unusual efforts to

sustain the assertion, that the Chamber may retire in two years and a half, though elected for three. This is the flaw—here is the weak link. I am a member, for instance, of the present legislative Chamber. I was elected for three years. My credentials show that my term runs from the 4th of May, '49, to the 4th of May, '52. Now, I, for one, refuse to resign my seat. I hold to the rights that are legally mine, and I defy any one, or any majority, to oust me from my place, or rob me of my vote. I am a representative till my term expires, unless I die, or am voted out for incapacity, or for some infamous sentence, incompatible with the position and responsibility of a legislator. The other 749 may give in their resignations,—but that does not necessitate mine. A body may adjourn by the vote of a majority; or a body convoked to do a particular work, and to retire when that work is done, may dissolve by the plurality of a single vote. But a man elected for a term, the expiration of which is fixed in the Constitution, and which is down in black and white in the almanack, cannot be removed against his will. There would be at least 250 members who would refuse to resign before their time; and even should there only be one, the dissolution of the present Chamber would be a legal impossibility.

But, says M. Delamarre, in continuation, suppose the new Assembly, thus elected in advance, should by some extraordinary hazard, turn out Socialist, or, in other words, Republican. To such a chamber as this, of course, the existing chamber would refuse to give way, until legally compelled so to do on the 4th of May. The two great powers of the State, warned of the danger five months beforehand, would have plenty of time to *aviser au salut de la société*, that is, to take some steps for the salvation of society, in other words, to prepare a grand coup d'état!—"What the President and the Chamber would never have dared to do, though clearly united by a common object and common interest, on the eve of their legal death, they might safely undertake five months before the expiration of their term of office." The Bonapartists have been saying for a year past, that they desire the will of the country to be freely and frankly expressed: the manifesto of yesterday declares that, if such an expression should result favorably for them, they will be most happy to fall in with the popular current; but if it should turn out republican, they will immediately take some steps to save the country from such republicanism. This sort of reasoning is nothing more than a long-drawn-out version of that pithy way-side proverb, "Heads I win, and tails you lose."

M. Delamarre, desirous of being as unconstitutional as possible, goes on to propose another equally violent infraction of the charter. The elections for representatives, as well as for the President, are, according to that instrument, to be held, throughout the country, on the same day

—some Sunday. It is suggested by M. Delamarre to hold them on five different Sundays during the month of December; to divide France into five voting divisions, and to transport the whole disposable military force from one to another, so as to repress any uprising of the Socialists on the occasion of the elections. This pretended anxiety to prevent a revolt is nothing more than a badly-disguised plot to promote one. If it were once understood that elections cannot be held without bloodshed, and that votes and bayonets are synonymous terms, all necessity for holding such elections would be removed by making M. Bonaparte President for life, and by investing some chamber or other with perpetual powers. At least that is the scheme that lies hidden under M. Delamarre's proposition for a fractional vote on five successive Sundays.

The sale of Louis Philippe's porcelain continues, at fortnightly intervals, at the Parc de Monçeaux. Those who have followed the auctions carefully, say that no less than 10,000 cups and saucers, with, of course, proportionate quantities of plates, dinner services, &c., have already been disposed of. All the ware is, without exception, from the manufactory at Sèvres, and bears upon it the stamp of the establishment, besides the designation of the palace for which it was made, and the royal initials L. P. or L. P. O.—Louis Philippe of Orleans. Some is from Fontainebleau, some from St. Cloud, Versailles, Trianon or Neuilly. There are four different styles, the quality of the porcelain being the same in all, the difference being in the painting and ornament. The first is the "King's own," the second the service of the princes, the third that of the officers of the household, and the fourth that of the servants. The Americans, particularly, cannot comprehend that any family, royal or not, could need the twentieth part of the ware that bears the crown and cipher. But it is easily explained. Five or six palaces were each furnished for the entertainment of as many guests as they could conveniently hold. At a French dinner of ceremony, every individual uses from ten to fifteen plates; for an entertainment at which twenty persons should sit down, therefore, no less than from two to three hundred would be required. For, be it known, that a plate upon which you have eaten salmon is not hastily washed and wiped with a wet dishcloth, and sent back hot and steaming, just in time for your green peas. The fifteen successive plates are all fresh, and, when once done with, are seen no more for one day at least.

These auctions are conducted with the utmost openness and equity. If an article is cracked or chipped, it is either withdrawn from the set, or the buyers are warned that it is imperfect or broken. One day the bids were rising rapidly upon a very handsome blue preserve-dish, which had, unluckily, a good-sized jag in its side. Two gentlemen were playing an exciting game of battledore, and neither of them was willing to

let the bird drop. "Are you aware," said the auctioneer, "that the article you are striving for, is pretty considerably damaged? Pierre, show the gentlemen the flaw." If by any chance a person outbids himself, his error is at once corrected, and he withdraws the decimal augment that he had unwittingly applied to his own previous bid. But in New York such a mistake is looked upon as one of the best jokes of the season. It furnishes a theme for general hilarity, and for some of the most classical sallies of the auctioneer. I was once bent on having a barometer, that was put up at a sale in Leroy-place. I offered two dollars and fifty cents for it, and a moment afterwards, having been thinking of something foreign to the subject in the interval, increased my offer to two dollars and seventy-five cents. The fun that succeeded was indescribable. One man laughed till he had the hiccoughs, and was obliged to leave. This was taken as a genuine bid, and I had to pay two dollars and seventy-five cents for my barometer. I preferred private sales, ever after, till I left the United States.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAYORS IN A BAD WAY—LEGALITY IS KILLING US!—A RIOTOUS ABBE.

Sept. 1st, 1851.

Do you remember that, during the President's tour to Poitiers, the mayor of that city made an exceedingly republican speech? Whether you do or not, such is the fact, and certain of the anti-Bonapartists predicted that that man would be removed from his post by an edict from Paris. This prediction has come to pass, and M. Orillard, mayor of Poitiers, as well as the two deputy-mayors, have suffered political death. Of course, the President could not consistently cite M. Orillard's republican speech as the motive which led to his dismissal. I doubt whether even Leon Faucher would have the courage to say—"Whereas the mayor of Poitiers dared to speak to me of the Republic, a word I never mention, and a mode of government I despise; I hereby give him permission to retire." Some less tangible reason was necessary, and it was the difficulty of finding such an one which accounts for M. Orillard's having held his office for over a month after his offence. But at last a plausible motive was found in the following expedient:—In the town of Poitiers was a literary society, called "Le Cercle des Ecoles." The prefect of the department of which Poitiers is the shire town, wrote to the mayor, directing him to dissolve the society, as he had reason to believe that the members discussed political questions at their weekly sessions.

The mayor, being a personal friend of the president of the society, forebore writing him a formal official notification of the ban under which it laboured, but enclosed to him the prefect's command—giving as a reason for so doing, his unwillingness to wound his susceptibilities, and expressing his regret at what had happened. For this letter M. Orillard is compelled to retire from his office, taking his deputies with him. This action on the part of the Government has caused much conversation here, and great dissatisfaction at Poitiers, where the municipal council resigned, almost *en masse*, in consequence. The *Charivari* says that M. Faucher is offended at the friendly tone which pervades the mayor's epistle to the president of the society; he would have preferred something in the following strain:—"Come, shut up your iniquitous weekly meeting; too long have you disgraced the quiet town of Poitiers. Don't try to change your quarters, for my eye, that never sleeps, is upon you. I don't care a tinker's imprecation for any of you. There!

ORILLARD, Mayor."

This is in M. Faucher's style—vigorous, unscrupulous, irresistible.

The *Constitutionnel*, above all others a paper devoted to the interests of the "great party of order," proposes more illegalities, and offers more disorderly suggestions, than all the rest put together. No longer ago than yesterday it said, "We do not overlook the obstacle presented by the Constitution; but we are certain that, if it is discovered that France and it cannot get along together, the Constitution will be polite enough to get out of the path, and let France pass!" Some time since, speaking of the punctilious observance of the 45th article of the Constitution, it gave vent to an expression which has passed into a by-word:—*La legalité nous tue:* Legality is killing us. M. Alphonse Karr makes this the subject of a pleasant burlesque in his Sunday's feuilleton.

He says that several classes of the population are finding legality rather burdensome, and are petitioning for the repeal of certain obnoxious articles in the penal code. Thus the grocers declare that the articles 423 and 424 are a nuisance; pretending, as they do, to prescribe the use of certain weights and measures, and specifying different degrees of punishment for "cheating in the quality and quantity of the article sold." In short, say the grocers, legality compels us to lose a great deal of money. We desire the repeal of all legality, as far as grocers are concerned. The housebreakers, too, parricides, and felons of all sorts, confined at Brest and Toulon, also desire the immediate abrogation of legality, but in another point of view. Article 383 forbids, under heavy penalties, a certain offence called highway robbery; article 133 claims for the Government the monopoly of the coining privilege, and visits with indecent severity any infringement upon its patent. The felons and housebreakers desire the repeal of these articles, and, in fact, the general

abolition of all legality. A petition, confined to ladies alone, is also in circulation. The text runs thus:—

"Gentlemen Representatives,

"It is only when annoyed beyond endurance that we have recourse to your intervention; but our lot is too unhappy not to induce us to make incessant efforts to change it.

"The history of all of us is just the same. Our husbands are actively absorbed in their business: on the pretext of the duties of their professions, they refuse to take us to the theatre every night; and on the pretext of economy and children to educate, they refuse us diamonds and cashmeres. They are all of them bald, and dress in bad taste. On the other hand, there are several young gentlemen who visit at our houses; they are well-dressed, well-gloved, booted and cravatted; they give us flowers, and regret that the laws of society prevent them from giving us diamonds, and that the laws of nature render it impossible to make us presents of stars: they go everywhere with us, and never have any troublesome business to attend to. They consider that everything we say is resplendent with wit and sublime in sentiment. At the end of a certain length of time,—why, just what you might expect is sure to happen—our husband, the bald man, comes home suddenly and surprises the well-booted man at our feet. Then follow, in quick succession, the suit for crim. con., trial, condemnation!

"We denounce, therefore, the 337th article of the penal code; we demand the revision of this code, and the repeal of the obnoxious, odious article in question. In short, gentlemen, to quote the famous expression of one of the leaders of the great party of order, 'Legality is killing us!'"

An attentive examiner of the windows of the print-shops cannot fail to remark the extreme fancy of French designers and illustrative artists of all sorts, for representing monks, priests, deacons, abbés, and such like fathers of the church, in positions considerably at variance with the supposed austerity of their usual avocations. Some of the most successful ebullitions of their humour in this line have crossed the Atlantic. Do any of the most open scoffers play piquet with more intense interest than those two cowled and cloistered confessors that everybody has seen? Was ever any one more rapturously tickled by point, quint, quatorze, or more dolefully disconsolate at "neither ace, face, nor trump?" But, it seems, that the frailties of these gentlemen are not confined to card-playing. We have them in various other highly improper situations; such as making merry in some convent cellar, where there is a barrel newly tapped—dining upon ham and eggs on Friday—indulging in the good things of this life during Lent—trying to encircle ladies who have come to confess, in a priestly and, of course, platonic embrace; and,

in short, committing all those numerous peccadilloes which one would suppose to be the especial portion of the ungodly.

It certainly is one of the chief points of French illustrative art to caricature the priests. It comes next after the well-known mania for exhibiting the female form either with no drapery at all, or with something no thicker than tissue-paper. I have often wondered whether there were any facts that had gained publicity in relation to the morals of these gentlemen and to the sanctity of their private life—or whether the caricaturists were simply embodying upon paper a very common suspicion. I have now discovered that it is a fact, and not a fancy. Priests are what we should call a set of hard boys; and as for abbés, I hardly know what term to employ to express my sense of their inconsistency. Here is one instance among others in proof of this position. The Abbé Colleuil died lately at Toulouse. An auction sale of his furniture and other effects has for many days been drawing crowds to his late residence. The visitors were not attracted there altogether by curiosity, for nearly every one, no matter what his taste, found something exactly in his way.

Of certain sorts of articles there was such an extraordinary quantity, that people began to think it singular. Ninety-three snuff-boxes, 113 pocket handkerchiefs, 25 canes, 54 umbrellas, many fragments of valuable lace, and other female appendages of the kind, formed part of this extraordinary collection. It seems that the worthy abbé used to scour the Church after service, and make a foray upon all the waifs and strays that might have lost their owners. But this is not all. What do you think of seventeen locks of hair, done up in separate papers? You say, perhaps, that they must have been mementoes of white-headed deacons and snowy-pated confessors. On the contrary, sir, they were black as the raven's wing, or brown as a Guatimala cigar; they were tresses, sir, ringlets, braids—in short, locks of hair, as I said before.

But this is not all, either. In his wardrobe, between a couple of cassocks, were two fancy costumes!—one a pink domino, and the other a harlequin!! Whenever, thus far in my life, I have visited masked balls, it has always been with an inward sting of conscience, and a certainty of a good deal of remorse and sleepiness the next day; but hereafter I shall remember the Abbé Colleuil, and go and do likewise. It will not be long before we shall have a picture of a cloistered monk practising the fandango, all alone by himself, in his cell, preparatory to coming out at the Chateau Rouge. Perhaps Gavarni, inspired as for one of his masterpieces, will represent the Abbé Colleuil and M'lle. Pirouette in all the ecstasy of a frantic rigadoon on the floor of the Grand Opera. It is too good a subject for caricature to be lost.

CHAPTER XV.

PORTRAIT OF LOUIS NAPOLEON—BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

Sept. 11th, 1851.

AN extraordinary article has appeared in *Le Pays*. It is from the pen of the editor-in-chief, M. de la Gueronnière, and occupies nearly a page. Its object is to show that the President, in not placing himself at the head of the Democracy, when he became the head of a nation calling itself a Republic, committed a grave and irretrievable error. This is the political object of the article; but it has some points apart from politics, that are of interest to transatlantic readers. The following portrait, or, as the French style it, '*appréciation*,' both of the inward and outward man, is a favorable example of Parisian newspaper literature.

"What is this problem which stands before my pencil? I look for light upon this face, but find nothing but shadow. On examining it closely, I cannot prevent my thoughts from recurring to that cold, sombre, sinister, impassible image that was called the Iron Mask. I have somewhere read in the annals of the time that the guardians of that mysterious personage observed that a strange phenomenon took place during the progress of that terrible drama. Life was so condensed, vitality was so concentrated under that inflexible envelope, it had such a need of making itself seen and felt, that it seemed from time to time to manifest itself through the steel, which it animated as it might have done a human visage. Then the mask underwent all the changes of nature. You could see the veins that palpitated, the lips that moved, the temples that throbbed, the eyes that darted fire! The mask had become a man!

"Thus, this face, inert and passive in appearance, is nothing more than the mask of an active and ardent interior life. His eyes seem extinguished, but they are as deep as the thoughts into which they sometimes plunge, and which spring up to their orbit, as flame rises from the spot where it is kindled. His forehead is sombre as fatality, but it is vast as conception. His lips are pale, but they are fine, delicate, discreet, slightly apart,—just enough to allow passage to the brief and precise expression of a will that has reflected and decided. His words are slow, indolent and drawling, but they are sure of themselves, and this apparent indifference is only excess of confidence. Audacity veiled by timidity; resolution dissembled by mildness; inflexibility redeemed by goodness; life under marble, fire beneath the ashes—in short, something of Augustus and of Titus under the features of Werter, that type of German revenge—such appears to us Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

"This portrait, drawn from nature, renders the whole man intelligible. The opposite opinions formed of him are thus justified. We can understand how one man conscientiously doubts the intellectual superiority of Louis Napoleon, and how another exalts it almost with fanaticism. Louis Napoleon is a superior man, but of that sort of superiority that lies hid under a doubtful exterior. His life is wholly inward. His speech does not betray his inspiration; his gesture does not indicate his daring; his look does not reflect his ardor; his walk does not reveal his resolution. His whole moral nature is, so to speak, restrained by his physical nature. He thinks, but does not discuss. He decides, but does not deliberate. He acts, but does not agitate. He pronounces, but does not give his reasons. His best friends do not know him. He commands confidence, but never asks for it. The eve of the expedition against Boulogne, General Montholon promised to follow him, without knowing where he was going. Every day, he presides in silence at the Council of Ministers. He listens to everything, speaks little and yields nothing. With one word, curt and precise as an order of the day, he settles the most controverted questions. But with this inflexibility of will, there is nothing tyrannical or absolute in the form of its expression. He gets the ascendancy without humiliating. Queen Hortense called him *the mildly obstinate*, and this maternal opinion is in every respect true."

After lamenting that the President, when he had skilfully won complete independence in his authority, and disengaged himself from connexions which annoyed him, did not have the good fortune to rally under his banner those intelligent masses who constitute public opinion and govern the destinies of a country, M. de la Gueronnière says:

"How happens it that the man who thought to get possession of France at Strasburg and Boulogne, with no other right than that of his name, with no other army than a few faithful friends, fails to this extent in *initiative*, after having shown such audacity? It is because, as I have already said, Louis Napoleon has no *active, permanent* will. He only has it on certain days and under certain circumstances. He will throw himself, by calculation as well as from inspiration, into an adventure full of danger; he will march against a Government defended by four hundred thousand soldiers, at the head of ten of his friends. He will land upon the coast at Boulogne with a flag and an eagle. He will heroically risk his life to embrace the column there. He will turn from office the general-in-chief * for whom the historians of the restoration of Charles II. carved out the part of Monk. These are his days of internal fever.

* Changarnier, general-in chief of the army in Paris, removed by the President in January, 1851, and succeeded by Baraguay d'Hilliers.

Outwardly he will be calm, insensible, impassible, indifferent. The next day he falls back into slumber again. His will does not abdicate—it sleeps." * * * * * * *

"Is it, then, true that Louis Napoleon has as much abnegation as he has probity and integrity? As I am drawing a portrait, my duty is to be sincere. Well, then, I do not believe in the abnegation of the audacious pretender, who undertook the expeditions of Strasburg and Boulogne. Does it follow, though, that we can contest the sincerity of the noble avowal of his error that he laid at the very foot of the prison which was the witness of his expiation? Far from my pen such an outrage! No, Louis Napoleon will never usurp power.* But he is firmly convinced that the country will give it to him. Is this a vulgar ambition on his part? No, it is something far more noble. I make haste to say so. It is a religion. He believes in his name. He is persuaded that the Empire has left in the soil roots so firmly set and so full of life, that the Napoleonic stem has only to spring up full of sap and strength, to bring forth all the fruits of the French Revolution and the new Democracy, and to shelter society from every storm. Such is his superstition. A noble superstition, after all, which attests a great soul in a great ambition!"

The importance of this extract must be my excuse for its length. The *Pays* claims to be a Republican paper, of the *honnête et modérée* stamp. It has 17,000 subscribers, and its influence is considerable. It seems incredible that M. de la Gueronnière should not have intended to advance the cause of the President in this article. It certainly will have this effect. If the Republican candidate should not suit the views of the editors of this journal, they will probably adopt the candidacy of Louis Napoleon, as an approach to *their juste milieu*. The *Assemblée Nationale*, a strong fusionist paper, it is already hinted, may veer to his support at any moment. With such additions to his forces, it is quite possible that his re-election will be brought about by hook or by crook. M. Leon Faucher will play the part of the hook, or the crook either—perhaps both of them at the same time. This crook will not be one of those pastoral, bucolic wands that shepherdesses wield in ballets and ballad-operas, but a much more savage one, such as showmen use when they stir up the hyenas—a sort of cross between an eeling spear and a pickaxe.

* Gueronnière does not acknowledge to this day that Louis Napoleon did *usurp*. He calls the *coup-d'etat, une illégalité patriotique!*

CHAPTER XVI.

LAMARTINE CHIDES GUERONNIERE — THE ADVANCED REPUBLIC — DOMINOS AND DEMAGOGUES — THE MARKET WOMEN MAKE FREE WITH THE PRESIDENT.

September 18th, 1851.

M. DE LA GUERONNIERE has concluded in the *Pays* his political portrait of Louis Napoleon, of which I gave you a considerable extract in my last. M. de Lamartine, from the depth of his retirement at Maçon, protests against the inference that the public might draw, that he shares the opinions expressed by his co-editor. The public certainly had drawn such a conclusion, and it was even supposed by many, that though the article was Gueronnière's, and signed by him, the plan and the ideas were Lamartine's. At the head of the newspaper are the words, "*Direction Politique*, M. de Lamartine; *Redacteur en Chef*, M. de la Gueronnière." The former complains that the article occupies the editorial columns, and, therefore, seems to be the expression of the common political opinions of the different editors; whereas, he thinks, it ought to have been printed in the form of a feuilleton, or under the rubric "Varieties," on the third page of the paper. It seems, therefore, that Lamartine is no more disposed than before to veer to the support of the President, at least so long as the law of the 31st of May remains unrepealed. If universal suffrage were restored, it is, however, probable that he would be willing to use his influence in behalf of such revision as might legalise the re-election of Louis Napoleon.

We are at present absorbed in an affair called the *Complot de Paris*. Of 180 persons arrested, half have been set at liberty, many of them, however, receiving orders to quit Paris within the ensuing twenty-four hours. The *Patrie* publishes a document which it declares was seized upon the persons of several of the prisoners. The publication of this is certainly premature, as those charged with the propagation of the doctrines therein contained are under lock and key, and are unable to refute the accusation and defend themselves from false witness. The premature publication of such documents is formally forbidden by law. But if it shall be proved, upon the trial of the accused, that German and Italian refugees have been in the habit of holding nocturnal meetings within the walls of Paris, that they are in constant communication with the Central Committee in London, and that they had anything to do with the preparation of the "Address to the League," or were to have any part to play in the execution of the measures proposed, transportation across the frontier is certainly a lenient retaliation. The document pub-

lished by the *Patrie* is entitled, "Instructions to the League, before, during, and after the Revolution." It is in the form of a circular, is lithographed, bears the date of London, August 1, and is supposed to be addressed to the German revolutionists residing at Paris. I quote several passages of this execrable programme.

"The object of the League is to prepare revolution, and, when it is accomplished, to entrust the Government exclusively to the fourth estate —the peasants and day-laborers."

"The police of the League will compose a list of the enemies of the people, who will be delivered up to the justice of the people."

"It will make search for deposits of arms and materials of war belonging to the state; for banks, coffers, and supplies of money belonging to private individuals."

"Revolutionary tribunals will be formed in all the principal towns. Special measures are to be taken: To prevent emigration; to prevent the exportation of gold and silver; to arrest all the enemies of the people; to punish all traitors by the justice of the people, and on the spot where their crime shall have been committed."

"Workshops, manufactures, and lands necessary to give full employment to the people shall be taken by expropriation, and first from such proprietors as cannot keep their establishments working full time."

But enough. A few persons believe that this pestilent circular is a forgery, invented for the purpose of frightening the timid into support of the President's plan of revision and re-election, by giving them a view of the volcano under their feet. If it is a genuine document, it will be laid to the account of Republicans and republicanism, and go far toward assuring the re-election, legal or illegal, of the existing President. It has already caused the appearance of an edict by the prefect of police, which will end in the summary dismissal from Paris of from five to ten thousand foreigners—principally Germans, and, certainly, for the most part guiltless of participation in this wretched affair, but who are to some degree compromised by the insane conduct of their countrymen. The authors of the plot, if plot there really is, call themselves Republicans, or Democratic Socialists, or, for brevity's sake, Democ. Socs. They have come from across the border; society at home having rejected them from its bosom. They are men of desperate fortunes, with all to gain, and nothing to lose. They cannot beg, and to dig they are ashamed. So they plot. Dissatisfied with things as they are, they lay the foundations of another system. Of society thus regenerated, they are to be the leaders and the prime ministers. Everybody else is to be guillotined, and the contents of their coffers are to be appropriated to the service of the State. Is it reasonable to suppose that any person of property, position in society, or influence in the community, is to be seduced into republicanism by

such prospects as these? The more the demagogues plot, the more will the nation hesitate, and the longer will be delayed the advent of a pure and honest republic; every underground manifesto, every nocturnal conventicle, every bulletin emanating from German or Italian refugees in Paris, or from French and Italian refugees in London, will throw votes untold into the electoral urn, freighted with Napoleon's second term, and, if the Constitution be not revised, with his perpetual Presidency. People must have a safe Government, even if in its theory it be bastard or mongrel. They will agree to waive discussion as to form and such like trivialities, under the assurance or conviction that the republic can find no resting place for the sole of its foot in France. The *National*, the organ of the Socialists, expresses its belief that the "Address to the League" is a forgery. This is equivalent to disavowing all connexion with its authors. Nevertheless, the Republicans will have to suffer for it. It will be laid to their door, and bear it they must.

The *Estaminet de Paris*, a well-known coffee-room, has also shared the attentions of M. Carlier. Six or eight policemen, in their official garb, sat, for several consecutive hours, and on two successive evenings, at as many tables, drinking beer, and conversing on topics of little or no interest—to the great consternation of the keeper of the establishment and the vast curiosity of a whole street full of lookers-on. It seems that this *café* was the nightly resort of three advanced Republicans, who used to talk politics, and probably Socialism, while playing dominos. As they were, *in toto*, opposed to M. Bonaparte, it was of course necessary to silence them. M. Carlier, who has no decent excuse to offer for their arrest, devised a scheme for compelling the keeper to signify to them his unwillingness to continue to furnish them with dominos and beer. This was to render his establishment suspicious, and to surround it with a sort of doubtful reputation, by the presence of a body-guard of spies. This plan has accomplished its purpose. Either the master of the house has intimated to the domino-players that they must seek another arena for the display of their argumentative powers, or they have themselves taken the hint, and left of their own accord. At any rate, they have disappeared. The police have, in their turn, abandoned their beer-drinking, and the establishment is again pursuing the even tenor of its way. The granting permits of residence to foreigners is progressing slowly; some months will be required, instead of the eight days' delay at first granted by the prefect.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new grain markets was performed on Monday, with all the rites peculiar to such occasions. The only remarkable feature was the President's inviting the female occupants of stalls in the existing markets to come and lunch the next

day at the Elysée. They went, divided into corporations; as, the honorable corporation of vegetable women, of fruit women, of flour women, of fish women, etc., etc. They were received by M. Bonaparte with great courtesy—although he caused this important deputation to wait over half an hour, on the trivial pretext of being engaged in a Cabinet Council with some men called Leon Faucher, Baroche, etc. But when he did come, he was affability and condescension itself. Several of the ladies requested permission to kiss him, to which, in the language of the *Constitutionnel*, "he lent himself with the utmost grace." But what can be meant by the following inuendo, which I take from a journal of less dignity than the *Constitutionnel*, and one that is apt to draw pretty largely upon the credulity of its readers? "We understand that at the orgie offered by the President to the market women, yesterday, several of them allowed themselves to be drawn beyond the limits of strict decorum, and even went so far as to take improper liberties with the person of M. Bonaparte, who was obliged to escape by a private door." However this may be—and it looks very much like a burlesque—it is certain that all these ladies' husbands, fathers, brothers, cousins, and all their male relations to the seventh degree removed, may be set down as good for the 12th of May, 1852. Besides these, must be reckoned all the masons who are to be employed upon the new edifice, for they too were invited to the Elysée, where they received each a silver watch, except the foreman, who was made the recipient of a gold one. A clear gain of 500 votes at least.

CHAPTER XVII.

"EVENEMENT" AND "AVENEMENT"—A DARING EDITORIAL—A LUMP OF GOLD THAT HAD MET WITH STRANGE ADVENTURES.

September 24th, 1851.

THE principal political events, since the sailing of the semi-weekly steamer, have been the suspension of the *Evénement* newspaper, its resuscitation under a new name, the seizure of its first number, and the summons before a *juge d'instruction* of the sixth and only remaining editor of the paper, M. Auguste Vacquerie. The following are the details of this imbroglio, reduced to their lowest terms:

Charles Hugo, Paradis and Erdan, were already in prison, when the jury's severe and unjustifiable sentence sent Victor Hugo, jun., and Paul Meurice to join them. The former had written an article against capital punishment, and the latter, the responsible editor, had published

it. The *Evénement* was also condemned to a suspension of one month. The last survivor, M. Vacquerie, preferred to discontinue the journal altogether, and establish another on its ruins. To effect this, all that was necessary was to forfeit the caution-money deposited in the hands of the government for the *Evénement*, to make another deposit for the new issue, and to change the name of the newspaper. This was done without the break of a single day in the publication and delivery of the journal. The *Evénement* became the *Avénement*, with the words *du peuple* in small type underneath. Thus, only one letter in the heading was altered; advent being substituted for event. Otherwise the paper is the same; the same in form, type, editors, advertisers, readers. In the first number of the new series was a letter from Victor Hugo; a letter of encouragement to the only remaining editor, the last scion of a persecuted house. M. Vacquerie published some remarks upon this letter, for which the paper was seized on the following afternoon. His trial I shall be able to give in my next.

It is a curious fact that no journal has yet been seized, no editor yet summoned before the Court of Assizes, for proposing violence and unconstitutionality, or for inciting the people to revolt, when their eccentricities are in behalf of revision or prorogation. The Attorney-General cannot find, in all the republican journals in France, such an incendiary passage as the following, which I take from a Bordeaux paper:

"We desire the maintenance of the law of the 31st of May, and the re-election of the President. To attain these ends, we are resolved to march against insurrection, and *to trample under our feet those articles* (of the Constitution) by the aid of which it is hoped to chain up our will; we would not hesitate at an 18th Brumaire (the 10th of November, 1799, when Bonaparte scattered the Council of Five Hundred and caused himself to be named First Consul), *and we advise Louis Napoleon to choke the Republic*, the day when it shall try to realise a single one of its menaces."

The insurrection against which this valiant editor is to march, and the menaces which the Republic is to endeavour to realise, are, for some private reason or other, not specified; after displaying so much vigor in trampling upon the constitution, and such energy in choking the Republic, it would be rather humiliating to instance, as the only motive for these acts of violence, the pertinacity with which the Republicans cling to that article in the constitution which gives them the control of the revision project in the Chamber. By a poetical licence, this is made to figure as an insurrection and to take upon itself the form of a menace in fair process of realisation. In the mean time, the journal is not seized, and the editor is still at large. And at large he will continue until he undertakes to defend the constitution, when he will be hurried

off to prison, as fast as a vehicle of the Court of Assizes can convey him there.

Probably M. Vacquerie was less concerned than any of his brother editors, at an event in which he alone was personally interested. His next day's editorials made the whole political public laugh, and were copied in full by many of the more serious journals. One was an article entitled "Polemique," consisting of twenty lines of periods,—that sort of dot which forms the staple of tables of contents. This vigorous passage was signed, as the law requires, with the name of the author. A second was a long extract from the tragedy of Phèdre; this, too, was signed with the author's name—one Racine, somewhat known in the days of Louis XIV. From the leading article, entitled "Our candid opinion upon the state of things," I make the following extract:—

"Two and two are four.

"Grammar is the art of speaking and writing correctly.

"A door must be either open or shut.

"It seems to be certain, according to the testimony of creditable historians, and we may be allowed to believe it after them, that Ravaillac had something to do with the sudden and unlooked-for death of our late king, Henry the Fourth, which took place, it is said, in the Rue de la Ferronerie, at Paris. We publish this intelligence with every reserve, and we shall be happy to receive any rectificatory details which may be forwarded to us upon this dreadful occurrence.

"The office of the *Constitutionnel, a universal journal devoted to politics and literature*, is situated in the street of the 24th of February, late Valois, No. 10. Letters should be addressed to M. Boniface.—N.B. Pay your postage.

"The elephant is the biggest and most intelligent of quadrupeds. It has a trunk and ivory tusks.

"If we are to believe certain geometricians, perhaps a little rash in their assertions, a straight line is the shortest way from one point to another.

"All that glitters is not gold.

"Mr. Friquart, aged thirty-eight, and a cobbler by trade, desires a situation as porter. Has satisfactory references.

"The smelling apparatus is situated upon the face. It consists of a cavity, placed above the mouth, reaching upwards to the base of the skull, downwards to the arch of the palate, forward to the nostrils, and backward to the throat, into which it opens through two orifices.

"We stop here this sincere and daring sketch of the present state of politics, in the hope, but not at all in the certainty, of having kept within the limits assigned to the liberty of the press.—AUGUSTE VACQUERIE."

The *Avénement* announces that since the events of the last few days, its office has been crowded with buyers and subscribers. Its predecessor, the *Evénement*, was the most successful of the evening journals of Paris.

It seems that the seas, and even the rivers, besides giving up their dead, can make other restitutions. The Seine is divided by the Ile de la Cité, in the very heart of Paris, into two branches. The water in each, of course, runs slower and is less deep than in the main stream. A day or two ago, a man, who was raking the bed of one of the branches just under the Pont au Change, scraped up, amid a mass of mud and stones, an ingot of gold. Suspecting, from its weight, that it was genuine metal, but being reminded by its glitter of a rather discouraging proverb, he took the precaution to have it weighed and examined at a jeweller's. It turned out to be a *bonâ fide* lump, without alloy, and of the value of about 400 dollars. The scraper posted off to the mint, ingot in hand, a smile on his face and a pretty lively feeling of satisfaction in his heart. On his arrival at the mint, the director had him arrested at once. His style of dress, which he had neglected to change since his waist-deep exercises under the bridge, was considerably at variance with the idea that the individual could be rightfully in possession of such a good-sized golden ingot, especially as the lottery of that name has not yet been drawn.

But the prefect of police soon convinced himself that it was a discovery, and not a theft, that had placed the precious metal in the hands of the applicant. Its full value, in coin of the Republic, was given to him in exchange, and he went on his way rejoicing. Very many years ago, the Pont au Change was lined on both sides by small jewellers' and money-changers' offices; among them were several manufacturing establishments, though the greater part were retailing shops of the most insignificant class. Those that used the crucible were suspected of mixing with the pure metal a proportion of alloy which rendered silver little more than pewter, and gold of about the par value of pinchbeck. The police, however, kept a strict watch over them. Whenever these daring alembicists had reason to anticipate a visit from the myrmidons of the prefect, they opened a trap in their floor, and slid the adulterated spoons into the river beneath. Their large profits, when their operations were successful, enabled them to afford a miscarriage of this sort from time to time. A goodly quantity of this spurious combination has been fished up since the departure of the money-changers. The genuine ingot we have mentioned probably fell through some open trap, invented for the passage of other and less authentic metal. It was discovered wedged against a post, which explains its not being washed away by the current.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ONE MORE EDITOR IN PRISON—THE CENSORS AT WORK—A JEALOUS HUSBAND AND A SHERRY COBBLER.

September 26th, 1851.

M. AUGUSTE VACQUERIE, sixth and last editor of the *Evénement*, now the *Avénement du Peuple*, was tried yesterday before the Court of Assizes, and by it condemned to six months' imprisonment, and to a fine of 1,000 francs. The incriminated articles were, as I have said, a letter from Victor Hugo, and a paragraph or two of comment thereupon by M. Vacquerie. I make an extract from Victor Hugo's letter, one from M. Vacquerie's comments, and another from his address to the jury. The prosecuting attorney's argument is so weak and discursive, that several of the principal government journals have forborne reporting it. Here is one of the most striking passages from the poet-orator's letter to the editor of the *Avénement*:—

"You can get the better of one man, of two men, of a million of men; you cannot overcome a truth. The ancient Parliaments—I hope we shall see nothing of the kind in our time—often tried to suppress the truth by decree; but no sooner had the recorder signed the sentence, than the truth reappeared, upright and radiant, above the tribunal. This is history. . This is what exists. You can do nothing against what is. There will always be something to writhe from under the feet of the inquisitor. Ah, you desire immobility, inquisitor! I am sorry for that, for God has made motion. Galileo knows it, sees it, and declares it. Punish Galileo, if you will; you cannot reach God!

"Onward, then, and I say it again with confidence, the things for which and with which you contend, are those that the heat itself of the combat causes to shine still brighter. When you strike a man, blood starts from the wound; when you strike a truth, the concussion elicits light!"

In his remarks upon this letter, M. Vacquerie says:—

"As to the democratic cause, if the ministry supposes that it loses by being thus oppressed, it is mistaken. On the contrary, it gains. In this noble French nation, persecution is the great propagand. Democracy has won already all the minds that think. Oppression will give us all the hearts that beat!

"Let the courts redouble their rigors, then; so much the better; the republican idea is a tree, strong and vigorous. Weights will be hung upon it; provocations and condemnations will be hurled upon it. The ministers will hope to have buried it, but will only have planted it.

"This is why we call our journal the Advent of the People.

"Truths have always been so mixed with persecution, that it really seems as if they had need of them, for perfect consecration in the religion of intelligence. The purest and noblest are those who have most suffered from oppression, and their martyrdom has done as much for their glory as they themselves. Who can tell what the hemlock has done for Socrates, the stake for Joan of Arc, St. Helena for Napoleon, and, higher still, the Cross for Christ?

"What a consolation! Persecution, so useful, so indispensable to the progress of ideas, that the Gospel itself could not dispense with it!"

After the counsel for the defence had concluded, M. Vacquerie spoke for a few moments. I quote a passage from his address:

"One word more, gentlemen of the jury. I have been often lately at the Court of Assizes. Until this day, I have been a mere spectator, an interested one, certainly, as my five fellow-editors have been successively prosecuted and condemned. I have always heard the Attorney-General represent society as divided into two camps—that of the Republicans, or of the Socialists, if you like, and that of the party of order. I do not think that this distinction is just; for I, who am openly and sincerely republican, I pretend to be openly and sincerely devoted to order. I do not believe that the rich are the enemies of the poor, or that the poor are the enemies of the rich.

"It was to help to dispel this misunderstanding that I became a political writer. For three years I have followed this profession. You will notice one circumstance, gentlemen, that during these three years of daily editorial writing, I have never been condemned or prosecuted. I thought, therefore, that I had three years of labor to plead in my behalf, yet I do not receive credit for a single day!

"The first number of my new journal seized! A number, too, which is, from beginning to end, an appeal to conciliation!

"Each one of you, gentlemen, has his own trade or profession. I, too, have mine; I am an author. The revolution of '48 found me writing books, and very pacific ones, I assure you. Verses upon the sun, upon trees and running water—nothing more subversive than that.

"After the revolution, literature was no longer possible for the moment. Every one gave himself up to questions of social import.

"I have tried, in my humble capacity, and in my middle station, to effect a general conciliation. I have tried to teach the rich to make some concessions to the poor, and the poor to exact less of the rich. I have labored in this single intention. Is this a crime?

"As I have said, I am a writer of books and of plays. Of the latter, one has been horribly hissed. Others have succeeded. This is my life; and it is said that I am a man of disorder!

"No, gentlemen, I have the same interest as you in public order. I have positive need of peace for the work of my every day. I, disorganize people's minds and agitate the street! I only desire crowds at the doors of the theatres!

"I have done, gentlemen of the jury; I have told you loyally what was my purpose in writing and publishing the articles which are submitted to your candor.

"I have not tried to plead—that I could not do. I have only conversed. Now, gentlemen, judge me." The verdict, as I have said, was six months' imprisonment and 1000 francs fine.

The Government has now gone to the length of its tether. Reprobation of its conduct is general; eleven men out of twelve that you meet in the street express regret and even disgust. The verdicts of the jury are difficult to explain, except when it is remembered that the Government throws all its influence into the scale, and overpowers the feeble resistance of the jurors, by demanding, authoritatively, and in a tone which seems to defy refusal—fine, imprisonment, suspension, disgrace. The jury allow themselves to be led by the nose. They do not render conscientious verdicts. Their private opinion, if they dared express it, is the other way.

On Saturday last, a comedietta in verse, entitled "Under the Vine-Leaves," was performed for the first time at the Odeon. It had previously undergone rather curious treatment at the hands of the censorship. The following passage was struck out, and is forbidden to be spoken at the representation:

> "I drink to harmony, and to that powerful accord,
> Which renders a State tranquil and a people strong—
> To the day marked with white, when civic virtue
> Could alone aspire to power and public place;
> When the Chief of the State, the Savior of Liberty,
> Deserved well of his dearly-loved country,
> In returning, his brows bound with oak leaves,
> To prune his blooming vineyard, and cultivate his field."

M. Léon Faucher does not think that the Chief of the State deserves to be complimented for returning to the plough when his work is done and his time is up. On the contrary, he considers it the bounden duty of every chief and president to have their constitution revised and their powers prorogued. The commission made another trivial alteration. The author of the play, M. Lorin, spoke several times rather disparagingly of Augustus Cæsar, giving him his title of Emperor. This word *empereur*, the Censure changed to *dictateur*, which neither injures the rhyme nor the measure. It is desirous that the people should not acquire prejudices against emperors in general, as we may have one

ourselves one of these fine mornings. At least, so it would seem from the fact that the censure foists upon the dictator all the shortcomings of the emperor. Its interference has done harm rather than good; for the circumstances of the treatment of the comedy by the censorship have been spread through the country by the *Presse*, the *National*, the *Siècle*, the *Avénement*, the *République*, and the *Pays*, while but few would have heard the incriminated lines had they been pronounced before the sparse audiences that attend the gloomy theatre of the Left Bank.

Let me narrate to you the history of the discomfiture of a jealous husband, and the part played by a sherry cobbler in dispelling his doubts. The gentleman in question, Larkin by name, is a speculator at the Bourse; the nature of his profession had probably begotten in him a healthful distrust of the future and its contingencies, and a predominant inclination to be on his guard against any mischance. He therefore used to lock up the bonnet and shoes of his wife in a cupboard, every morning before leaving his house upon the business of the day. The wife speedily made known her unfortunate position to her cousin, a young man of highly prepossessing appearance. He lost no time in conveying to her a supply of bonnets and gaiters, to replace those that had been put under arrest. Moreover, he offered her his arm, and together they enjoyed many a morning's walk in the promenades of this far-famed capital.

But during one of these contraband excursions, the lady descried the familiar features of Mr. Larkin just hovering into view. Quick as thought, she and the cousin hurried into an omnibus, hoping in this way to avoid all possibility of detection. But Larkin recognised his wife, even in her new head-dress, and guessed at the identity of the cousin. He made after the retreating omnibus; but the escaping couple had completed its legal number, and the fatal sign, "Full," rose upon the roof of the vehicle. Nothing daunted, he struck for home, intending to get there first and to confront his runaway wife on her arrival. From her seat in the omnibus Mrs. Larkin saw her husband start for the house, and from the extraordinary time he was making, it was pretty evident he would win the race.

The cousin saw, too, that nothing but a mighty effort could save the day. Giving a parting injunction to Mrs. L. to lose no time in reaching home, he rushed out of the omnibus and into a hatter's, where he operated a complete change in his outward man. A black hat gave place to a white one; by a few graceful manipulations upon his linen, his standing collar was transformed into a Byron, and his wrist-bands were turned back upon his coat-sleeves as if in preparation for a joust at fisticuffs. Thus metamorphosed he sauntered forth, and in a few minutes met Larkin going off at a brisk rate, and within a few blocks of his house.

"Gracious me," exclaimed the latter; "why, George, I thought I just saw you get into an omnibus with my wife!" "You must be daft, Larkin, my boy; everybody knows that you lock up Mrs. L.'s shoes, and that she can't go out if she would. I don't blame you for it, Larkin; for, between you and me, the young men of our day—but don't let us talk upon so painful a subject. Come into Leblond's and take a little something to drink." "No, thank you; I think I'd better just convince myself that all is snug at home." "I insist on your keeping me company, Larkin; beside, how could your wife be in an omnibus without a bonnet? Suppose we take a brandy punch!" "No, I don't drink brandy; it gives me the headache." "Well, a *xerris kobblair*, then?" "A what?" *A xerris kobblair.* Is it possible you have never heard of that fragrant combination? Then you don't leave me till you've tried one. When Columbus set sail for his undiscovered world, it must have been the odour of the kobblair that allured him over the sea. *Garçon, deux kobblairs!*"

And the wretched husband, caught fast behind a green table, beleaguered and boxed in by a dreadful cousin that sat on duty at the only exit, but, above all, seduced by a restless, jostling mass of ice and lemon-peel, and perplexed by an unintelligible straw, whose office he could not understand till he saw the cousin pull at one end, and the kobblair disappear at the other—in this position the wretched husband, I say, wasted the precious moments. In the mean time the omnibus rolled on with the truant wife, and deposited her at the nearest corner; and when Larkin arrived, half an hour later, he found the tables turned against him. His wife evidently had not stirred from home, while the fumes of the kobblair tainted the fresh and innocent air of Mrs. Larkin's boudoir. Mr. L. was of course the only one in the wrong. All the satisfaction he got was the following reprehension from Mrs. L.: "Oh, Larkin, Larkin, you've been drinking!"

CHAPTER XIX.

LEON FAUCHER MAKES A SPEECH—THE ABYSS OF FEBRUARY—THE HOME SECRETARY RECEIVES A RIBBON.

September 29th, 1851.

LEON FAUCHER has made a speech at Chalons-sur-Marne. He was received with a salvo of thirteen guns, and his departure was signalised by a second baker's dozen of the same sort. All the petty manifestations at the disposal of the local authorities were made use of on this imposing occasion. The ceremonial was devised by M. Faucher himself, before he

left Paris. The rejoicings of the artillery, the double line of national guards, the grand mass at the chapel, the illuminations, the music, the banquets, and, above all, the speech, were arranged in the Rue de Grenelle. To comprehend fully the beauty of the address and its extreme propriety, you must bear in mind that Leon Faucher owes his situation—all he is and ever will be—to the revolution of February. He is the minister of a government that dates from the 24th of that month. His superior, the President, is the head of the republic, of which the 24th of February is the natal day. The good taste, and the necessity of the following exordium, will therefore be at once apparent. "You cannot have forgotten, gentlemen, from what a height France fell into the *abyss of February*." Such is the language of the Minister of the Interior, in speaking of an event that brought him into power. If that is what he meant to say, I acknowledge its exactitude. Leon Faucher was the first Home Minister of the French Republic. But let me quote a passage from M. Faucher's proposition, presented to the Assembly on the 15th of February, 1849, relative to the celebration of the first anniversary of the Republic. He was at that time as radical as he is now reactionary. The text is an exact translation, except that where he used the word *revolution*, I use *abyss*. And, in so doing, I give the honorable minister's exact sentiments, as they happen to be at this moment.

"Citizen Representatives,—

"The 23rd and 24th of February, 1848, have changed the principle and the form of government in France. Monarchy has given way to the Republic. This great abyss was brought about almost without resistance and in a very few hours.

"The abyss of February was a pacific one.

"Never did any abyss escape so promptly from the agitations inseparable from every popular commotion. None has ever before brought forth, in the same time, a regular state of things; none has ever consecrated so liberally all the rights of men, without losing the necessary guarantees of every representative government. It is, in fact, *the first truly national abyss*, for it leaves behind it no lamentable traces of that oppression which divides a people into conquerors and conquered.

"The abyss of February has established universal suffrage in France. It has summoned,—and to its eternal honor,—to political life, without disturbance or difficulty, the entire French nation. Political equality has arrived in time to complete and fortify civil equality. Henceforth the nation belongs to itself, and every citizen has a share in the government.

"An abyss which has done so many and such good things deserves to live in the memory, and to take a place in the gratitude, of the people. Nations honor themselves in celebrating the dates of their progress

in government. We desire to glorify and to bless the name of this abyss."

And so on and so forth. I doubt whether the annals of tergiversation, from the time when Ministers of the Interior were created, downward, can furnish another such instance.

But we have not done with the Home Secretary yet. The decoration of "Commander of the Legion of Honor," conferred upon him by Louis Napoleon, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the Grain Markets, some ten days ago, has been taken away from him by the chancellor of that institution. It was in direct violation of the statutes of the Legion of Honor. Before you can be a commander you must be an officer, and before you can be an officer you must be a chevalier. And between being an officer, and being eligible to the order of commander, a certain period of time must elapse. Now Leon Faucher has never been anything at all. So he has been obliged to give up his ribbons, amid a running fire of squibs and caricatures. Louis Napoleon, however, has retaliated by creating him both chevalier and officer at once. The two decrees appear in the same number of the *Moniteur*. The required delay will be dwindled down, by some hocus pocus or other, into a few weeks, and to this the chancellor will be probably forced to consent, in consideration of the extraordinary services rendered by the minister to the loved land of his birth. "Leon Faucher, Leon Faucher, take care!" cries a republican journal; "you are both deaf and blind; you hear the cannon of Chalons still reverberating in your ears, and your decoration of commander is bound over your eyes!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE MINISTRY DISMISSED—LEON FAUCHER REFLECTS—JACQUES BONHOMME TALKS COMMON SENSE TO GIRARDIN—A LIBERTINE LOBSTER.

October 16th, 1851.

As the telegraph from Halifax will have informed you, before this letter arrives, the French Ministry have been dismissed from office—graciously, it is true, with thanks for their zeal, and with a request to remain till their places are supplied, but none the less, dismissed! It is true that the Cabinet resigned; but it was because their dismissal was imminent, and they preferred to take leave themselves rather than be shown the door. I mentioned, some months ago, my belief that Louis Napoleon would, before it was too late, take the first steps toward restoring universal suffrage, and would be re-elected by as large a majority as he

had in '48. This step he has taken; and the dissolution of partnership between him and his ministry is the inevitable consequence, as they have made the law of May 31st their standard and their forlorn hope.

The President has always been opposed to this law. In May, 1850, Eugene Sue was elected by a heavy majority to the National Assembly, and the Chamber retaliated, on the 31st of the same month, by passing its famous restricted suffrage law. This was an act of revenge directed against the class that elected the Socialist romancer. Leon Faucher, not at that time minister, reported the law from the committee, and was its principal and especial sponsor. The President never liked the plan, and believed it to be a trap laid for him by the monarchical branch of the Chamber. He hesitated long before signing it, but being unwilling to enter upon hostilities with the legislature, which was largely in favor of it, and loth to disregard the supposed feeling of the country at the time, he finally put his hand and seal to it. Of late his plan has been to apply restricted suffrage to the elections for representatives, and universal suffrage to the Presidential election. But, within a fortnight or three weeks, he has made up his mind to stop at no half measures, and to risk everything upon a master-stroke, even though he may incur the inconvenience of a ministerial crisis, and the retreat of all his cabinet advisers.

There has been something dramatic in this governmental episode. It has revealed qualities in the President which, without amounting to positive genius, pass for it in many people's eyes. If I am not mistaken, the effect will remain, and will speak for itself all in due time.

The President signifies to the Cabinet, whenever they speak upon the subject of suffrage, that he is opposed to the existing state of things. This he does not by word, or argument, or rhetoric, but by a silence which implies dissent from their opinions. At last, at a council of ministers, he declares to them simply, but decidedly, that he cannot consent to the further continuance of a system he dislikes. He gives his reasons concisely, firmly, without seeking to inspire himself with courage and determination, by bluster or braggadocio. He would not care to whistle in the dark, even though he were crossing Skull Common. The ministers, frightened, and feeling their portfolios slipping from their grasp, give him three days to recant in. He, on his side, allows them till Tuesday to consider and retract. The Cabinet return to town —the council was held at St. Cloud—and the President goes to the races at Chantilly. Leon Faucher sits down to a gloomy meditation in his massive hotel of the Rue de Grenelle, and calculates his chances.

It is out of the question to apostatize again. He has been the most liberal of all liberals when liberalism was popular, and the most unmitigated reactionist when reaction came into vogue. The weather-

cock, which has pointed west for three successive weeks, seems to give the tyrant of the interior a lesson of constancy, and fixity of aim and purpose. It is quite impossible to veer half round the dial again while people look on, though he'd box the whole compass if nobody saw him. Nevertheless it is a pleasant thing to be home despot; to falsify by telegraph, and prevaricate in the *Moniteur*; to correct president's speeches, to pack juries, imprison editors, dismiss prefects, forbid balloon ascensions, shut up theatres, bottle up Marseilles, and to extend as far as possible the regime of the state of siege. With one word the President will blow M. Faucher away. He can snuff him out, as he did Changarnier last January. To avoid being snuffed out or blown away, M. Faucher brings all his means of moral suasion, or, if that won't do, of intimidation, to bear upon the reflections and meditations of the Executive. He sends relay after relay of advisers and conciliators. No less than ten emissaries, charged with emollients or caustics, as the case might be, with rainbows or thunderclaps, to be used according to the emergency, travelled post on that eventful day from Paris to St. Cloud. M. Carlier, the prefect of police, was made to hand in a frightful state-

Gentlemen disfranchised by the Law of the 31st of May, according to M. Carlier.

ment of the dangers to be apprehended from a return to universal suffrage. M. Berger, prefect of the Seine, followed suit, and declined continuing in office, if the present laws upon suffrage were interfered with. But this gentleman speedily retracted.

At last Tuesday came, the day when the truce expired. The Cabinet met the President at the Palace of St. Cloud. The united resignation of the Ministry was accepted, the President saying little more than that his determination was made. "My opinion is formed, and my resolution to propose the repeal of the Suffrage law irrevocable." Irrevocable! Before that word a ministry crumbles away, and a system of politics melts like snow in the sun. Irrevocable! Do you suppose that such a word, pronounced in a breath and yet drawing after it such vast consequences, will not have its effect in a country like this? When Napoleon the Grand declared that there was no such word in the French language as 'impossible,' he was no more resolved to scale Mount St Bernard, than was Napoleon the younger to oust his Cabinet and inaugurate another, when he said that his course was taken and his resolution irrevocable.

The great phalanx of republican journals divide at this point. Part of them go one way and part of them another. The *Presse* and the *Pays*, Girardin and Gueronnière, take ground for Napoleon's second term, which they have, up to this moment, steadily combated. The *Siècle*, *National*, *Avênement*, *République*, *Revolution*, and last, though not least, the *Charivari*, continue their hostility to any revision of the charter. From the latter paper I give you an extract, as it seems to present the principal grounds of opposition. It is in the form of a letter from a peasant to Emile de Girardin.

CITIZEN EMILE DE GIRARDIN: You say day after day, Jacques Bonhomme, my boy, if you want us to give you back universal suffrage, give in exchange the revision of the Constitution.

My ox has been stolen, and the thief, before returning it, wants to take my cow to balance it.

Interpreted in this manner, the robber's trade would be far too easy. They say that things took place in this way in the middle ages, in the time of feudal lords, and that in certain monarchical countries the right of ransom still exists. In Spain, for instance, the banditti take men prisoners, and never restore them without a ransom. So much for the nose, so much for the ears.

You are waging without suspecting it, Citizen Emile, a bandit's policy.

Universal suffrage has been taken from us, and it must be given back. I neither can nor will *bargain* for its restitution. My right, my whole right, and nothing but my right.

We simple people understand nothing of what you call tactics, availability, policy.

We do not wish to revise the Constitution, for two reasons:

The first because it would seem like making a bargain. Give me

what you have got, and I will give you what I've got. Take my revision—here's your suffrage.

The second, because I do not care about being agreeable to M. Bonaparte, and because it is for him, in his interest, in his behalf, that I am asked to revise and perhaps destroy the Constitution.

It is desired that the President be re-eligible. To this I am opposed.

* * * * * * * *

M. Louis Bonaparte promulgated the law of the 31st of May, because he thought it would favor his re-election. Now that he thinks it may thwart it, presto! he lets daylight through it in a jiffy.

Do you think it a proper and a decent thing thus to exhibit egotism, and nothing but egotism, at the very summit of society? My neighbor Jones talks white in the morning, blue at noon, and red at night—just which he thinks will be best for his sheep at the market; but my neighbor Jones is nothing more than a cattle-raiser, who hopes to swell his purse. The head of the French Republic ought not to speak and act like a horse-jockey.

* * * * * * * *

It is very well for politics to change, but the same men cannot have two systems of politics. Mr. Yes-and-No never seemed to me to be much of a man. They say that this personage existed once, but I think his day must be over now.

Now, Citizen Emile, you will understand why we want to keep our Constitution, provisionally, while waiting for our universal suffrage. They will have to give it back to us. The whole question lies there. The rest is nothing but jugglery—whereupon, Citizen Emile, take good care of yourself, and try not to become Minister of Prorogation.

JACQUES BONHOMME.

There is one curious feature in the present state of affairs, and that is the impassibility of the public. When Leon Faucher fell, the stocks rose sensibly, but, with this exception, there has been no indication of either joy or regret. The people wait the *dénouement* of the drama in perfect calmness, and seeming indifference. It would appear that it had been agreed on all hands to leave the President at his ease, and free to act as he thinks best. The Commission of Permanence has held extraordinary sessions, it is true, but only to decide that there is no necessity to hasten the return of the Assembly. The President has not been forced by the country, or the Assembly, or the Commission of Permanence, into his present position. It is of his own free will that he has undertaken the restoration of suffrage, and by a mutual understanding, as it would seem, he is left untrammelled and in undisturbed possession of his independence. The country at large looks on and waits with patience and confidence. This curious trait in this period of

transition can only be accounted for by the supposition that the President is believed by the people generally to be equal to the exigency of his situation. They trust him unhesitatingly and without a disposition to interfere in the management of difficulties which he has brought upon himself. They cannot credit for an instant, that he would have rushed blindly into a labyrinth, with no clue by which to get out of it.

Those who have always believed that the President has inherited something more than the name of his uncle, and those upon whom the conviction is forcing itself that the elder Napoleon left the younger stamina enough to sustain the credit of the house, cite his resolute determination to propose the abrogation of the electoral law, and his continuance in this determination, spite of the difficulty of forming a ministry that will undertake to support such a line of policy, as evidence of his moral courage and his strength of will. It is said of Leon Faucher that he still hopes the President will yield his point and recall him, as Minister of the Interior, to office. A remark of a good deal of epigrammatic point is attributed to him. It is, however, rendered flat by translation. *Le President réfléchira et fléchira.* The President will reflect and bend. This he said after the famous Council at St. Cloud, when he and his co-ministers were discomfited, and their resignations were accepted. M. Faucher openly expresses his anger at his dismissal.

A curious case was brought a day or two ago before the Civil Tribunal. A servant girl, travelling in the diligence from St. Malo to Paris, was waked up from a comfortable sleep by a strange pricking which she felt on various parts of her person. Seven or eight craw-fish had climbed up her limbs, and were facilitating their ascent by plunging their nippers into her flesh. The poor girl's screams soon brought the diligence to a stop, when the damp and clammy reptiles were removed from the quarters that they had so unceremoniously invaded. The girl, however, suffered so much from fright and the wounds inflicted by the fish, that she was for some time unable to work, and brought a suit for damages against their owner. The person who had them in charge in the diligence, and who had neglected to cork them up with the necessary precaution, had refused to make any amends, as he was only conveying them to a third person, to whom they belonged. He could not be answerable for crabs that he did not own. On the trial the owner came forward and offered fifty francs, which the girl accepted. The case was therefore dismissed. Thus it seems that lobsters may take the most unwarrantable liberties with unprotected females in a diligence, at night, and may count upon a lenient fine of four and a quarter francs for each offence—eight attacks at that price amounting to fifty in the whole. I shall never eat lobster salad again, without thinking that I am inflicting a deserved vengeance on this most unmannerly

centipede. I am afraid the race will be encouraged to further acts of impropriety and libertinism, by such immunity from punishment. That portion of the Academy that devote their attention to *crustacea*, are just now in ecstasies over a lobster that they have found, which has never been boiled, and yet is as red as a cardinal's hat. The foolish academicians are in a twitter of excitement over this *lusus naturæ*, as they suppose it to be; they do not know, as I do, that it is one of the identical lobsters that crawled up the young lady's limbs in the diligence; and that, escaping in the confusion that ensued, repentant, ashamed, and humiliated, he went into a lonely place, and blushed himself scarlet.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS OUT—A FRENCH LADY EATS AN EAR OF CORN; THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.

November 6th, 1851.

On Tuesday, the 4th of November, the Chamber reassembled, after its autumn vacation. At three o'clock M. de Thorigny, the new Minister of the Interior, ascended the tribune for the purpose of reading the President's Message. From the manner in which it was received, and from the comments of the monarchical press the next day, it would seem natural to augur a stormy session, and a hot struggle for supremacy between the executive and legislative powers. The introductory portions of the Message were listened to in silence, except when the Left took offence at the rather frequent allusions to demagogues and anarchists; those detailing the condition of the several ministries, with indifference, while the conclusion was welcomed with laughter and ironical cheers. But the majority, who are now so bold, in the absence of danger, will be likely to shrink from the contest at the hour of trial. They talk loud and whistle bravely to keep their courage up, but are pretty sure to show the white feather when the issue is taken. They will promise resistance and threaten vengeance, in the hope of forcing the President to retract, and at the eleventh hour will retract themselves. This is the secret of the present hostile attitude of the majority in the Chamber.

After the reading of the Message, the Ministerial Bill, embodying the system of suffrage that the President desires to become a law, was offered to the Chamber, and *urgency* was demanded; that is, that the rules might be suspended, in order to expedite its discussion and passage. This was refused, by a small majority. The *Débats*, and one or

two other journals, affect to consider this a Cabinet defeat. It was, however, a matter of form, and not a question of principle. The bill will now have to follow the ordinary course, which involves some unavoidable delays. Eighteen months ago the law of the 31st of May was discussed and passed with extreme rapidity, the rules being courteously withdrawn to allow its speedy and retributory triumph. It is curious, therefore, to see the majority insist now on the rigorous observance of all those formalities that they were so eager to waive before. After eighteen months' trial the action of the law is understood by all; no debate can make it clearer; and yet it is to go through the routine prescribed in order to prevent party legislation, and to preclude the possibility of surprise!

In their comments upon the message, the ultra-republican journals are a little unjust. For months they have urged the restoration of universal suffrage, and have moved heaven and earth to effect the repeal of the law of the 31st of May. Still, no hand was lifted, no voice raised, among the party in power, to bring about such a result. Rumors began to circulate that the President himself proposed demanding the return of universal suffrage. "Let us wait for something more certain than rumor," chimed in chorus all the advanced Republicans. The rumor acquired consistency, and it was evident that a Ministerial crisis would be the result of the President's determination. "But he never will have the courage to endure to the end," said the *National*, the *République*, and the *Revolution*. The Ministry retired, and when the editors of the opposition press saw the difficulties of the President's position, they cried in unison, "He will have to retract; his courage will ooze out at his finger-ends!"

The new Cabinet was appointed, and it was known that they had consented to propose the repeal of the existing suffrage law. "Yes, it is all very well, so far," said these journalists, so hard to please, "but let us see whether he will dare to speak out, and to the purpose, in the message." The subject is boldly attacked in that document, and is briefly, but pointedly, discussed. The President demands the abrogation of the law. And yet the *National* of this morning says: "The message, and the plan of an electoral law, are nothing yet but valueless sheets of paper: if M. Bonaparte fails either in sincerity or in resolution, they will both be buried amidst the rubbish of the Assembly. It remains to be seen whether M. Bonaparte will persevere in the project so clearly declared in his message." The *Avénement* says: "Before the message, we asked ourselves whether M. Bonaparte was in earnest in regard to the restoration of suffrage; after the message, we could almost ask it again. The President demands, it is true, the repeal of the law of the 31st of May. But he adds, that he desires to 'retain a portion of it.'

He declares eagerly that he does not disavow the principle of this law. He calls universal suffrage the 'appearance of a right.' In reality, the message demands the repeal of the electoral law, but it does it without energy and without dignity. It does not claim it in the name of the national sovereignty. In restoring a democratic right, it attacks the democracy." I think that the language of the message, on this head, cannot be misunderstood. The subject is broached without circumlocution, and treated with vigor and determination. The failings and baneful effects of the existing law, which the President signed, are admitted with candor and attacked with energy and resolution. The arguments are brief, but decisive, and the peroration is conceived in a spirit of conciliation:

"Thus, then, gentlemen, the proposition which I make is neither a piece of party tactics, nor an egotistic calculation, nor a sudden resolution. It is the result of serious meditation, and of a profound conviction. I do not pretend that the measure will dissipate all the difficulties of our situation, but for each day its own task.

"To re-establish universal suffrage to-day, is to deprive civil war of its flag, and the opposition of its last argument: it is to give France the possibility of obtaining institutions which may ensure her repose: it will be conferring upon the officers of Government who may come after us that moral force which exists only when it rests upon a consecrated principle, and upon an incontestable authority."

You are probably aware that corn (Indian corn) is unknown in Paris. It is neither known as green corn, nor as sweet corn, nor as pop corn; as corn in the kernel, or corn on the ear. It is rarely seen even when ground into Indian meal. I speak of Paris, and the neighbourhood, only; for I believe that it is cultivated in the south of France, to a limited extent, under the name of *maïs*. I was, some weeks ago, at a dinner party, given by an American gentleman at his chateau, in a suburb of Paris. Upon the table were green corn and sweet potatoes, results of perhaps the only efforts ever made to acclimate them here. As the corn was passed around, you might have distinguished the Americans from the French, by noticing who accepted and who declined. The former were eager to renew an acquaintance long since interrupted, while the latter fought shy and kept the waiters at bay.

It fell to my lot, however, to initiate into the mysteries of this novel vegetable a young French lady at my right hand. To her, the ear upon her plate was a revelation. Its shape was anomalous, its odor singular, and, moreover, the manner of eating it was barbarous. Before attempting its demolition, many an unanswered inquiry passed through her bewildered little brain. Was the outside a mere rind, inclosing the pulp in the interior? Or was it nutriment to the corr

and succulence to the centre? Did it have a stone? Did it intoxicate like the maguey? Would the juice start forth, as from a ripe tomato, at the first immersion of the teeth? Might it not be poisonous, like the nightshade or the toadstool? By this time the ear was ready, buttered, salted, and each row slit through the centre. I flatter myself that the utter failure of the experiment can in no way be attributed to want of skill here. My pupil eat about half a double row, and then retired from the field, content with the laurels she had won, but perplexed by the cob, and sorely teased by the tissue-like skins in which the kernels were involved. The next day she was taken sick, and was compelled to keep her room. Anxious to prove to her, that however lightly she might treat the offending vegetable, it was made in former times the subject of thanksgiving among whole races of nations, I sent her an engraving from Mr. Catlin's frightful picture of a "Chippewa Dance to thank the Great Spirit for Green Corn." She thought that to a spirit that favoured the growth and presided over the harvesting of such a product, just such a demonstration would be acceptable. The demoniacal orgies in which those Chippewas were indulging, could not be more fittingly introduced than at a Green Corn Festival.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MOUNTAIN SELECTS ITS ORATOR—THE SIXTH EDITOR GOES TO PRISON.

November 13th, 1851.

To-day, as I write, the grand discussion upon the President's Electoral Bill, involving the repeal of the law of the 31st of May, and the restoration of universal suffrage, is taking place. You will undoubtedly hear of the vote, if the debate should be concluded, by telegraph or otherwise.

As a contrast to the revolutionary course of the majority, whose persistence threatens the country with civil war, I give you a running account of a meeting held by the republican representatives of every shade, to decide upon their plan of action. Michel de Bourges and Victor Hugo presided. M. Dupont was the first to speak. He took the ground that a discussion was not so much necessary as an act; that debate was exhausted, and further argument useless. He opposed all menace, and thought that in such a conjuncture the only loyal course was silence. "Let the opposition refrain from taking any part in the debate; or rather let one orator speak the sentiments of the entire Left

Branch. Let him make against the law of the 31st of May, not the criticism of a single individual, but the protestation of all. Let him say but little, but let that little be dignified, reserved, and severe. The circumstance is solemn; the attitude of the Left should be solemn too. In presence of this calmness the people will applaud and the majority reflect."

Victor Hugo sustained this opinion. "A mighty responsibility rests upon the speakers," said he; "all may be compromised by a word, by an incident. Though it be necessary to say everything, it is necessary to hazard nothing. On the one side there is the people, who ought to be defended, and on the other the Assembly, which should not be treated with disrespect. What must we do? Simply this. In one speech, one single discourse, state what is foreboded by the silence of the Left, and the abstention of the people.

"To point out the spectre of 1852, but without menace.

"The majority must not be able to say, 'We are threatened.'

"The people must not be able to say, 'We are deserted.'

"I think it advisable, therefore, politic and important, that one orator speak for us all. As M. Dupont has said, not a speech, an act!

"Now, who is the orator that shall speak? Take whom you please. Choose. I only exclude one, myself—and I will tell you why.

"The majority, by its violence and injustice, has more than once compelled me to take reprisals in the tribune. Such a scene, on this occasion, would render me for the majority an irritating speaker. We need to-day not an orator who excites, but an orator who conciliates. And if I were speaking upon the law of restricted suffrage, I could not answer for what I might say. I cannot swear to control my feelings; so I exclude myself from the list of candidates."

M. Michel (de Bourges) was then chosen to speak in behalf of the Republican minority. There are other orators to defend the President's bill, but not in behalf of the Republicans proper. M. de Larochejaquelin, M. de la Moscowa, and others, are inscribed upon the register to speak upon that side of the question.

M. Auguste Vacquerie, editor of the *Avénement*, has just entered the Conciergerie, to undergo his term of imprisonment. On the last day of his liberty he addressed a letter to M. Pierre Bernard, who supplies his place as editor in chief, which is published in the *Avénement*. I extract a few passages from this eloquent valedictory:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—I go to-day to prison. You remain, however, and the idea that caused the creation of the *Avénement du Peuple* remains with you.

"Ours will be, no doubt, the only instance in the history of journalism, of a newspaper all of whose editors, without exception, have been con-

demned. Six out of six! The four young men who founded the *Evénement* will be in prison at one and the same moment.

"Having remained the last, and having no longer a journal, I created one. Our readers will bear me witness that the condemnation of my friends did not intimidate me. On the contrary, my ardor was strengthened by it. I felt it, as it were, my duty to be my three comrades and myself too, to add their energy to mine, and to be four at once. I had four hearts in my bosom; you will have five.

"But you will not be long alone. A few weeks more, and Charles Hugo will rejoin you. Then it will be my turn, and afterward that of Paul Meurice and Francois Hugo. In the mean time, you will have with you Erdan, Paradis, and Berru. You four will be more than enough to defend the breach.

"I do not thank you. You have generously offered to take my place at a perilous post. You come to a spot where bullets fall like rain. But you are one of those to whom danger is an attraction. You will prove once more to the Government that it wastes its time; for where one falls, another rises up.

"There will be nothing changed in the *Avénement du Peuple*; neither an idea nor a word, unless it be your signature instead of mine. Another soldier, but the same flag! Another apostle, but the same gospel!"

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M. Vacquerie's term of confinement expires on the 9th of May, 1852; the same day, says the *Avénement*, with the term of office of the President of the Republic.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THREE VOTES TOO FEW—THE ASSEMBLY WANTS AN ARMY—A NEGOTIATOR OF MARRIAGES—SECOND-HAND TEETH.

November 18th, 1851.

THE last steamer conveyed to you the vote upon the restoration of universal suffrage, transmitted by the submarine telegraph to London and Liverpool. A majority of THREE votes against the President and the three million voters whose constitutional rights he had proposed to the Assembly to restore! In eighteen months the combined monarchical factions have lost one hundred and ninety votes. Since the 31st May, 1850, the partizans of restricted suffrage have dwindled away at the rate of a man every three days; and now here are three votes to hold in check, and to maintain in political degradation three million Frenchmen, despoiled

of their birth-right! Three votes to oppose to three million voters, presenting themselves at the polls on the 12th of May, with the President's message in one hand and their ballot in the other! But it is hardly credible that the period for the election will be allowed to arrive, without this vexed question being set at rest. It was always Lamartine's opinion that the bill would be lost on the first trial, but that the Chamber would yield to the pressure from without, and accept it on the second. Though defeated, the President and the ministry have gained a practical victory, and the monarchists, though numerically triumphant, have sustained a severe reverse.

On Saturday a debate quite as important as that upon suffrage, took place in the Assembly. It was upon a proposition emanating from the questors, to give to the president of that body the right of summoning under his orders any armed force he judged proper or necessary. This right, it was pretended, is guaranteed by the constitution, and the bill was meant, as its authors claimed, to complete and carry out the intentions of that instrument. The ministry opposed the bill. The session was boisterous and tumultuous even to indecency. At eight o'clock in the evening, the vote was taken, and gave the ministers a majority of 108. The vote defies analysis. The Mountain, in whose ranks division is almost unknown, split, and half of it went over to the Monarchists. The project was sustained, on the other hand, by MM. Charras and de Lasteyrie, both Republicans, who now found themselves in company with M. Thiers. It was opposed by M.M. Cremieux, Michel de Bourges, and Jules Favre. In alluding to these unusual combinations the *Débats* says, "What a droll assemblage of names, and what a horrible pell-mell of parties and opinions! If we have not yet tumbled into chaos, we are taking long strides towards it, and are getting nearer and nearer every day." The President declared formally, through the Minister of War, that he did not recognise the Assembly's pretension to the right of direct summons of the army or of any portion of it. If it needed armed force for its defence, let it apply to the executive, who alone disposes of that armed force. The majority obtained by the government is of good omen to the Republic. The 108 votes wrung from the Monarchists, will one day be carried to the account of universal suffrage. The proposition of the questors was meant in retaliation for the daring of the President in separating himself from the majority: they thought to get along without him, and have an army of their own. But as they have been left in the lurch, they will probably, ere long, run for shelter under the shadow of his wings.

I yesterday paid a visit to one of the most extensive manufactories of the Faubourg St. Antoine, with the express object of learning the political bias of some of that class excluded from the polls by the law of

the 31st of May. The establishment is not conducted upon the principle of association, the workmen being hired by the week. The employer, or patron, is a monarchist, and takes the *Constitutionnel*, which, though an earnest advocate of universal suffrage, lives in the hope of a Perpetual Presidency for Louis Napoleon, or the Empire at once. The eight clerks take the *Pays* and the *Presse*, both republican papers, and lately converted to the interests of the President. The eighty journeymen take the *Presse*, the *République*, and the *Revolution*. *They are resolved, firmly and irrevocably resolved, to vote at the Presidential election in May next, cost what it may.* This they say without boast or braggadocio, but with that calmness and collected bearing which, while it shows determination, indicates consciousness of right. This right is written in the Constitution, and was wrested away by a body not charged to mutilate that instrument, but to pass laws in harmony with it. This right has been recognised by the President in his message, and the Chamber has only failed by three votes of repealing their law of last year.

Whether, on the 12th of May next, this political disability shall have been removed or not, they intend to exercise their privilege under the Constitution, and, as Michel de Bourges declared from the tribune, "present themselves at the polls, with the President's message in one hand and their ballot in the other." These men insist upon three cardinal principles; universal suffrage, unrestrained liberty of the press, and the right of public assembly and discussion. They expect to conquer back these rights, all of which are in the Constitution, peaceably at the ballot-box.

I was not surprised to find that to effect this object they did not care to oust the President and put another in his place, but would be content with a thorough regeneration of the Assembly. They do not consider the President responsible for the laws which have successively invaded their rights and their prerogatives. They believe that he would have vetoed the law of the 31st of May, had he not been afraid of precipitating a quarrel between the legislative and the executive, and embroiling the whole country in agitation and discord. They believe that he would be republican with a republican Chamber to support him. They look upon the monarchical factions in the Chamber as perjured—false to their most sacred promises. When candidates for election, these men gave utterance to sound republican doctrines; their *professions de foi* covered the walls. At the hustings, on the stump, in the newspapers, in conversation, they promised the abolition of the old system, and the consolidation of the Republic. And, for the last three years, they have been treading the Republic under foot, and trying to resuscitate two dead and buried monarchies.

On the fourth page of the *Constitutionnel* I find the following adver-

tisements. The first stretches across the page, and makes use of a type the dimensions of which may be hinted at by stating that the capital O's are just the size of my watch. "To mothers of families. Establishment of M. de Foy, negotiator of marriages. After a brilliant triumph over vanquished prejudices, and great encouragement during the past year, an immense extension has been given by M. de Foy to his French house, and branches will be shortly established in England, Belgium, Germany, and America. Translators for these four languages are attached to the administration. (Choctaw being supposed to be universal in the United States, it is natural to obtain the services of a translator, but how he means to translate Belgic into French, remains still a mystery.) Widows and mothers of families may continue to consult M. de Foy in all security. He will offer them in twenty-four hours honorable situations in all ranks, and very rich alliances, with persons of every nation. The books are kept in a character of which M. de Foy alone has the key. A stern mystery envelops all his transactions, and is observed in all his correspondence. A vast suite of apartments prevents the chance of one person meeting another; and, to conclude, the establishment of M. de Foy is a tomb and a confessional for discretion and secrecy."

Here is the other.—"Confidence is, in our day, so much diminished by abuse of charlatanism, that M. Royer, Dentist, and Professor of Dental Prothesis, offers his sets of teeth to patients on the following terms:—They may be tried during the space of one month, after which they may be returned, if unsatisfactory, and no payment will be required." These conditions may be highly gratifying to applicants during the first thirty days, but once past that epoch, I should think that customers would visibly fall off, under the wholesome dread of being fitted with some one's left-off set. What an awful thing to be informed by a friend that you are sporting his under-jaw! I can imagine nothing more mortifying than to be detected smiling with second-hand incisors. Really, under such circumstances, a man would hardly feel as if he were eating his own dinner, and would be inclined to suspect that it must be on somebody else's account. Mr. Pecksniff himself, who thought the mechanism of digestion so beautiful, and considered that whenever he set it in motion, he did mankind a favor, might well hesitate, before undertaking it under the auspices of M. Royer.

Among the multitudinous curiosities of Paris, I know of nothing more amusing and instructive than the *Temple Market*. It consists of about 1,900 shops or stalls, under four or five vast roofs, forming one general pavilion, all the sides being open, like a common market.

The stalls, which are about six feet by five, are fitted up with alleys lengthwise and crosswise, dividing them like the streets of a city.

Each stall is a *store*, or shop, crowded with merchandise, yet allowing space for the proprietor to revolve in the centre of his orbit. In some cases, as with shoemakers, locksmiths, etc., who make their stalls their work-shops, the space left is only large enough for the operator to turn round, he being completely encased in a wilderness of old implements

Stalls in the Temple Market.

which constitute his stock-in-trade. Many of these persons look like spiders, hidden in their webs, and the celerity with which they dart out upon a customer serves to increase the similitude.

The general design of the Temple Market is that of a receptacle for every species of second-hand dress and household furniture. To collect them, a large number of men as well as women are constantly perambulating the streets of Paris, with cries of *habee ! bee ! bee ! bee—e—e!* —that is—*old clothes !—clo'—clo'—clo'—o—o !* Besides these, some devote themselves to boots, others to bonnets, and others still to hats.

The division of labor, so conspicuous in Paris, and giving rise to an infinitude of *specialities*, is as systematically pursued here as in the more imposing and important institutions of the country. In one quarter you

will find milliners, in another mantua-makers; here are venders of jewellery, there dealers in ribbons and laces. Some sell beds, blankets, and linen; others boots and shoes, others coats and pantaloons, others trunks and travelling apparatus; others kitchen-ware; others tools and implements of various kinds; and others cast-off theatrical attire for poor debutants at the street theatres and café-concerts, or perchance for merry-makers at the *bals masqués*.

Boot-Gatherer. Hat-Gatherer.

No one can conceive of the infinitude of human inventions, belonging to the simple business of dress and house-keeping, till he has perambulated these stalls. The whole, indeed, constitute a miniature hive of men and women, in which the diversified commerce of a great city is represented in a single view. But it must be remembered, that, for the most part, these articles are second-hand. It is true that many of the shopkeepers, to complete their assortment and perhaps also to garnish their old articles with a reflected, if not a real, gloss, sprinkle in a few new ones. And beside, the old articles are so refreshed and refurbished, as actually to appear new.

The art of mending, cleaning, and regenerating, is carried by the French to a perfection unknown elsewhere. Their frugality, aided by their love of neatness, leads to this. In London, the poor occasionally buy cast-off products, with their grime and grease upon them. Poverty in Paris is neither so squalid in its condition, so debased in its necessities, nor so degraded in its taste, as to accept such conditions. In order to satisfy their customers, the dealers here are obliged

to polish up the old hats, varnish the old shoes and boots, restore the nap of old coats and pantaloons, whiten the straw bonnets, starch the lace, iron the linen, polish the kettles, straighten the nails, &c., thus restoring their old goods to something of the cleanliness and neatness of new ones, before they can sell them. This is the law of Poverty's Market in Paris, and it reflects not a little light upon the character and condition of the people. It is gratifying to know that even the poor of this great city are so far independent as in some degree to dictate terms to fortune. These facts are interesting and suggestive, and it is an inquiry worthy of pursuit among philanthropists and economists, how this state of things is produced. Does it flow from the character of the people, from a peculiar phase of civilization, or morals, or religion, or from the police?

At all events, I regard the Temple Market as one of the most useful institutions of Paris. It is a reservoir into which the waste of the city is collected, preserved, and restored. Here persons may sell articles which disgust or necessity inclines them to dispose of. Here people of moderate fortune or depressed circumstances may supply themselves with furniture and attire of genteel appearance for half price. Here poverty may find a magazine of comforts suited to poverty's purse.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PRESIDENT FORESEES THE COUP-D'ETAT, AND MAKES A SPEECH AT THE CIRCUS.

November 27th, 1851.

THE President's speech at the Circus has been the event of the week. It was delivered on the occasion of the presentation of crosses of the Legion of Honor to those of the French exhibitors who obtained medals at the Crystal Palace. I commend this speech to the careful perusal of all such as are interested in this trans-Atlantic Republic. I do not overrate its importance, when I say that it is more likely to be productive of great results than either message or ministerial crisis. The following discourse was pronounced by Louis Napoleon with great animation, and at the same time like a man convinced, as he is well known to be, of his own "manifest destiny:"—

"GENTLEMEN:—There are certain ceremonies which, by the sentiments which they inspire, and the reflections to which they give birth, are far from being vain spectacles. I cannot help feeling a certain emotion and a certain pride, as a Frenchman, in seeing around me the

honorable men who, at the cost of so many efforts and sacrifices, have brilliantly upheld in a foreign country the reputation of our manufactures, our arts, and our sciences.

"I have already rendered a merited tribute to the great idea which presided over the Exhibition of all Nations at London: but at the moment of crowning your successes by a national recompense, can I forget that so many marvels of industry were commenced amid the tumult of insurrection, and finished in the midst of a society incessantly agitated by the fear of the present as well as the menaces of the future? And, in reflecting on the obstacles which it has been necessary to overcome, I said to myself: 'How great would not this nation be, could it be permitted to breathe at its ease, and live its regular life!'

"In fact, it was when credit had scarcely begun to revive, when an infernal idea was incessantly urging the working classes to dry up the very sources of all employment, when madness, clothing itself in the garb of philanthropy, sought to turn aside men's minds from their regular occupations, in order to fling them into Utopian speculations—it was then that you displayed to the world those products which continued tranquillity alone appeared calculated to enable you to execute.

"In presence, then, of these unhoped-for results, I must again repeat, how grand would be the French Republic, if it were only permitted to pay attention to its real interests, and to reform its institutions, in place of being incessantly ditusrbed on the one hand by demagogical ideas, and on the other by monarchical hallucinations! [Immense applause followed these words.]

"Do demagogical ideas proclaim a truth? No. They disseminate everywhere error and falsehood. Disquietude goes before them, and deception follows after them, while the resources employed in repressing them are lost to urgent ameliorations, and to the relief of misery.

"And, as to monarchical hallucinations, without causing the same dangers to be incurred, they impede all progress, all serious labor—for, in place of an advance, we are forced to have recourse to a struggle. Men, formerly the ardent upholders of the prerogatives of the royal authority, are now seen to make themselves Conventionalists in order to disarm the power which has issued from universal suffrage. They who have the most suffered, the most groaned under the effects of revolutions, are seen to provoke a new one; and that for the sole object of opposing the national will, and of preventing the movement which transforms societies from following a peaceful course

"Those efforts will be vain. Everything that is within the necessity of the times must be accomplished, while that which is useless cannot survive. This ceremony is another proof that if certain institutions disappear without the chance of return, those, on the contrary, which are

in harmony with the customs, ideas, and wants of the epoch, brave the attacks of envy or puritanism.

"You all, sons of that regenerated society which destroyed ancient privileges and proclaims as a fundamental principle civil and political equality, will nevertheless feel a just pride in being named Chevaliers of the Order of the Legion of Honor: for this institution, like all those created at the same period, was in harmony with the spirit of the age and the ideas of the country. Far from serving, like some others, to render the demarkations more distinct. it effaces them by placing on the same line every kind of merit, to whatever profession, to whatever rank of society it may belong.

"Receive, then, these Crosses of the Legion of Honor, which, according to the grand idea of the founder, are made to do honor to labor, as well as to courage, and to courage as well as to science.

"Before we separate, gentlemen, permit me to encourage you to new labors. Undertake them without fear, for they will prevent the want of occupation during the winter. Do not dread the future; tranquillity will be maintained, come what may. [Great and prolonged applause.] A government which relies for support on the entire mass of the nation, which has no other motive of action than the public good, and which is animated by that ardent faith which is a sure guide even through a space in which there is no path traced—that government, I say, will succeed in fulfilling its mission, for it has in it that right which comes from the people, and that force which comes from God."

The salient points of this speech are numerous. First of all, the President made use of the expression "*La République Française.*" You may remember that he has hitherto always avoided the word Republic, and that he has never either written or spoken it. As he uttered the cabalistic sentence, a murmur of astonishment—a rustle of silk and surprise—drowned for a moment his voice. Two or three bravos burst from as many republican lips. The thrust direct, leveled at the monarchical factions in the Chamber, characterising their aspirations towards a return to government by divine right as hallucinations all, was received with evident gusto, and followed by a real whirlwind of approbation. Part was for the sentiment and part for the sting, for within a rod of the President sat several of the chief conspirators. The happily turned sentence in which the Legion of Honor is spoken of as an equalising institution, elevating merit of every description, ennobling labor as well as courage, and courage as well as science, gratified in a marked degree the numerous artisans and mechanics present. The peroration, in which employers and masters are encouraged to continue their avocations during the winter, without fear of the period, which it is so fashionable to style a CRISIS, a lee-shore, or a rock ahead, and thus furnish uninterrupted

employment to the working classes during the rigorous season, will not be forgotten by the latter, for the kindly spirit which dictated it. In short, this speech is, all things considered, the best occasional address that I have ever heard delivered in France; graceful in style, republican in sentiment, benevolent in tendency, dignified in delivery, encouraging in effect. There was no attempt made to conciliate those on whom conciliation would have been thrown away. An open quarrel rather than disguised hostility. Better two camps than a house divided against itself. The majority in the Chamber are stigmatised as they deserve—as conspirators, traitors, and false swearers, and the breach between them and the President is complete!

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COUP-D'ETAT—THE ELYSFE THE NIGHT BEFORE—A BIVOUAC IN THE STREETS.

December 3rd, 1851.

YESTERDAY was the anniversary of the great Napoleon's coronation, and yesterday Louis Napoleon became dictator of France! One day of excitement has passed, and the city wears the aspect of tranquillity. As I look from my window into the Rue de la Paix, I see nothing through the lazy fog but scavengers picking over the heaps of rubbish, shopkeepers opening their windows, and omnibuses performing their rounds. As I catch a glimpse of the Boulevards in one direction, and of the Rue de Rivoli in the other, I see no trace of the stirring event which a few hours since broke like a peal from the clouds over Paris.

One word of prelude, even though it be repetitious, is rendered necessary from the fact that the actual position of affairs in France seems not to have been generally comprehended in the United States. The President having but a small party in the Assembly, and being the object of constant attack from the press, was very naturally looked upon from abroad with a certain degree of contempt or aversion The truth, however, unquestionably was, that the great middle class of the country—the merchants, manufacturers, and men of property, excluding, on the one hand the extreme Legitimists, and on the other the ultra-Republicans—had gradually become favorable to a continuance of his power. These views seemed vindicated by statistical facts, showing a diminution of crime, and a general improvement in all the industrial and social interests of the country. The great desire of France is tranquillity

with the blessings which this alone can secure. It was strongly argued that Louis Napoleon offered the best hope of this amid the clashing projects of legitimacy and socialism.

It is true that several formidable difficulties stood in the way of the President. He had been generally reported, before his election, as imbecile, rash, and profligate. When established in office he did not disguise his intention to connect his policy with a continuance of his power. He had come in upon a wave of revolution, and had sworn fidelity to a democratic constitution—yet he sent an army to suppress the Roman Republic, and assented to an emasculation of the fundamental right of suffrage. At the same time the several portions of the Assembly, agreeing in little else, combined to embarrass his administration, and to defeat his plans.

Under all these disadvantages, Louis Napoleon gradually rose in the estimation of a large portion of the people. The charge of imbecility gave way to a conviction that he possessed a high degree of administrative talent. His sad but kindly smile won favor, and a happy tact, as well in manner as in seizing occasion and incident for gracious words and deeds, gathered around him a host of personal friends. He, as well as our American politicians, knew the charm which lingers around military achievements, and he had the art to make the rays on Napoleon's brow shine reflectively upon his own. Thus, by a succession of skilful manœuvres, he won the army, the church, and a substantial portion of the citizens of France.

His position was strengthened by the incapacity of the Assembly to unite in any scheme of action or policy. They were broken into five parties of nearly equal numbers, each insisting with fatal pertinacity upon its special candidate, or its special system. At last they found a solvent, which melted them into a sort of homogeneity. This was hostility to the President. Then came the game of sharps, and the plot of the play drew near to its denouement.

In this state of things, a bill was brought in to give command of an army to the *questors*, or guardians of the Assembly, and it is said that a plot was conceived to arrest the President. He believed, or pretended to believe, this, and on Monday, the 21st November, he had his horse saddled, and was ready to mount at a moment's warning, and place himself at the head of the troops. Overawed by this state of preparation, the Assembly drew back, and the questors' bill failed, as I have narrated, by one hundred and eight votes.

Another measure was now brought forward in the Assembly, consisting of a bill making certain acts of the President, which he was supposed to meditate, treasonable, and grounds of impeachment. The two hostile powers had gone thus far, and mutually aware that each

stood upon the brink of the Rubicon, they paused several days, looking one another in the face. The President, as we shall see, was busy in preparing, and the Assembly in plotting. The energy of the one and the fatuity of the other must excite admiration.

On the evening of Monday, the 1st December, I was at the President's reception, at the Elysée. The rooms of this little palace were all crowded, though not over five or six hundred persons were present. Three-fourths were military men; and the predominance of martial insignia, glittering upon stalwart forms, cast before my mind the shadows of coming events. Still, I must confess that I did not suspect that, before the sun should dawn, the men around us would transform Republican France into a Military Empire.

The general aspect of the scene was not gay, though brilliant lights shone over fair women and brave men. There was no music, no dancing. The President himself, usually grave and impassible, had a touch of that sealed and stony look attributed to Napoleon on certain occasions—as if the soul was too intensely centered within to spare a ray for outward illumination. He scarcely smiled, and his manner, usually gracious, was cold and reluctant.

In the crowd I noticed a considerable number of Catholic priests, several decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. The plump and happy physiognomy of Garibaldi, the Pope's nuncio, contrasted strangely with the thin spiritual features of the Abbé Lacordaire. The tall, bent form of Lord Normanby was seen moving in the mass, his countenance wreathed in a smile suitable to him and the occasion. General Magnan, commander-in-chief of the army of Paris, an athletic personage, six feet in height, conversed rapidly with several officers, and shot the glances of his small sinister eye restlessly over the crowd and through the shadows of the ceiling. Some thirty ladies, sparkling with jewels, and still brighter glances, graced the assembly. Half of these were our countrywomen, and well sustained the fame of American beauty.

A few ice creams, a few glasses of syrup and water, were handed round. The pageant lasted for an hour, and at ten o'clock the visitors entered their carriages, and dispersed to their several homes. How impatient must have been Louis Napoleon and his coadjutors for this hour of relief—of darkness, of enterprise! Little sleep had they that night. At four o'clock in the morning, Changarnier and other dreaded leaders of the opposition were arrested, and as the citizens crept forth, they saw posted up at the corners of the streets the decrees which dissolved the Assembly, declared Paris in a state of siege, and placed the destiny of France in the hands of Louis Napoleon!

By noon the streets were full to overflow. The crowd, as they came in sight of the preparations, saw at a glance that the President was

earnest, that all his measures had been taken, and that the strong arm of power had laid its grasp upon every point of the city where a manifestation might be made. In sight of these precautions, every thought of resistance faded away, and every menace was hushed half-formed upon the lips. Throughout the day I did not hear of a project for retaliation, or a single hope that the people would rise in revolt: so useless did any attempt seem to wrest the sway from him who, by some marvellous means, appeared to hold the city in the hollow of his hand.

Reading the Proclamations.

Dense masses of people collected at the points where the decree and appeal of the President were posted. When all could not get a sight of them, some one made himself spokesman, and read aloud to the rest Blouses and black coats appeared in about equal numbers. Neither one nor the other bore an air of concern, of disappointment, or of anxiety. The aspect of the people was positively gay, without being careless. The loss of the Republic did not seem to sink deep into their breasts.

It is true that whenever a general passed through the streets, seeming by his decorations and his epaulets to be high in command, and conse-

quently deep in the confidence of the President, he was received with rather dubious compliments. "Vive la Republique" predominated; but I did not hear a single "A bas Napoleon," and do not believe that it was uttered during the day.

The great secret of the light-heartedness of the people was, that none regretted the downfall of the Assembly, and no one found it in his heart to be very severe upon the President for having turned it out of doors. As the news of the arrests made during the night, and still making as the day advanced, circulated from mouth to mouth, many laughed outright, while none swore or clenched their fists, or ground their teeth. The Assembly fell without a regret, however illegal might be the act which destroyed it. The attitude of the people reminded me of the 24th of February, when, in the midst of the most stirring events, without government or law, and the city in their hands, the Parisians, with their wives and daughters, had a grand holiday in the streets. But the attitude of the armed force was not that of the army of February. Then it defiled before Guizot's hotel, with arms reversed, and fraternized with the people.

But on the 2nd of December, it showed that it obeyed willingly, with alacrity, and almost blindly, the orders given by the Dictator it was serving. As far as the army was concerned, the streets resembled those of the insurrection of June. The Champs Elysées were a camp, and horses and soldiers bivouacked under the trees. The ground was strewn with straw, and bundles of forage were within reach. The court of the Louvre, a part of the Place Vendome, the stables of the Circus, were converted into provisional barracks. Officers with their orderlies rode from point to point, and couriers with rolls of parchment in their right hand spurred their horses at full speed through the crowded streets. From time to time a detachment of artillery, brought by locomotives from Versailles, dashed through the city. Bristling columns, without music, proceeded sullenly along the Boulevards, and squads of dragoons clattered through the Rue de la Paix, the flanks of their horses reeking with foam, in evidence of the haste and distance of their ride. The attitude of the troops was that of unhesitating obedience, not passive, but willing compliance with the orders of their superior.

This state of things continued throughout the day. There were several hundred thousand people in the streets, but I have heard of few arrests made for disorder or disturbance of the public peace. Not a man raised his hand against another; there was neither squabbling, nor hard word, nor angry discussion. The people were allowed free use of the Boulevards, and for several hours in the middle of the day there was neither soldier nor policeman to be seen. As night settled over the city, the crowds gradually dispersed, every one saying to himself that if the next

day passed with the same tranquillity, the revolution would be a *fait accompli.*

The 2nd of December thus went off in the excitement of wonder, mixed with admiration, at the success and perfectness of the *coup d'etat.* Many a dissenting heart was still occupied, if not seduced, by the cleverness of the plot and the nicety of its execution. As night closed in, men's minds began to assume the gloom of the hour. A long train of horsemen, however, patrolled the great thoroughfares, and the people retired early to their homes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FLIMSY BARRICADES—A SCATTERED RESISTANCE—THE ARMY VOTES.

December 4th, 1851.

THE night passed in quiet, but the morning of Wednesday, the second day, gave signs of a different feeling. The people, submissive to the first stunning blow, and perhaps caught by Louis Napoleon's soft promises of universal suffrage and republicanism, had now reflected. They saw Paris in a state of siege; the whole city in the grasp of military power; the press nearly silenced; a mockery of suffrage tendered to them at the point of the bayonet; their champions imprisoned; the Assembly dispersed; the constitution trampled under foot. They had been involuntarily led away, seduced, taken captive by the boldness and splendor of the undertaking, and the marvellous skill with which it had been executed. But the night had brought forth counsel; they began to appreciate the matter justly, and to look forward to the consequences. The lower Boulevards were filled with a dense crowd of persons, no longer gay and of jesting humor, nor yet excited, nor angry, but lowering, stern, and thoughtful. The upper Boulevard, and the entrance to the Faubourg St. Antoine soon became the scene of barricades and bloodshed. Several ex-representatives, and members of the Mountain, mingled with the groups and incited the blouses to revenge. Men began to appear armed with dirks and fowling-pieces. Others ran through the streets, shouting sedition, and seeking to collect a train of followers. About the same time, appeals to arms, written in red ink, and signed by Michel de Bourges, Madier de Montjau, Emmanel Arago, and others, were posted in the Faubourg.

In this state of things, barricades were inevitable. One was soon constructed, in a by-street entering the Boulevard, by a band, headed by an ex-representative. A battalion was sent against it, and was received

An on and-off Workman

with a running fire. The soldiers replied, and the leader fell dead upon the barricade. The insurgents then fled, and the barricade was removed. In half an hour's time, this whole quarter of the city was occupied by troops. Upon the line of the Boulevard du Temple, from the Chateau d'Eau to the Bastille, were posted strong detachments of cuirassiers,

Police Spy or Mouchard: Sergent de Ville: Spy.

lancers, and troops of the line. The Place de la Bastille was defended by twelve pieces of cannon, and four loaded howitzers were placed in a position to rake the Faubourg St. Antoine. The corner houses, from which, in June, the insurgents killed several generals, and the Archbishop of Paris, were seized by the military and occupied by them, from the cellar to the garret. In other parts of Paris, some twenty attempts at building barricades were made during the day, and up to eight o'clock at night; but they were all easily repressed, and generally without bloodshed.

Such attempts at resistance, made by handfuls of rash and misguided men, are to the last degree futile and hazardous. You know how speedily ten thousand persons, without leaders, without concert, without guidance, and almost without arms, will melt away before the fire of a few well-drilled battalions. The conduct of the representatives who have so far abused their influence as to incite the mechanics of the Faubourgs to dash themselves against the muzzles of the soldiery, is, at the best, senseless and foolhardy. The city is garrisoned at this moment with one hundred thousand men, with ammunition, provisions, and all the material of war to sustain a protracted siege. This force obeys the orders given without asking why or wherefore, and has settled the long-mooted question whether the army will fire upon the people.

Any attempt at resistance in such a state of things will end in the destruction of those who undertake it. It has always been said that the power will rest with the party with which the army sides. Had it chosen to defend the cause of the Assembly, the Assembly would have carried the day. Had it deserted to the people, and fraternized with the Republicans, the Republicans would have ruled the city. But it has rallied to the banner of Napoleon, and as long as it maintains its devotion and fidelity, there is nothing to be said or done. When it begins to waver, when suggestions and whispers of its apostacy shall have begun to circulate, when it shall have divided against itself, when any portion of it shall have been suborned, won over, or converted, then a struggle may be fairly risked, but not till then.

And this is the belief of the vast majority of the Republicans in the city. I saw yesterday several large manufacturers, all of whose journeymen would have descended to the streets, had they thought that the soldiers would hesitate or disobey. But the impression is universal that they are immovably attached to the person of the President and to the policy he is pursuing. I also spoke for a moment with one of the most active and influential members of the Mountain. He expressed himself as discouraged and disheartened. "What is there left for us to do? All our leaders are taken, we are without a press to advise, and without the power of holding counsel and concerting measures. We are completely cut to pieces." He then said, what is very true, that had the scheme been defeated and the President taken, it would have been regarded as the most abominable attempt at usurpation ever made; but executed as it has been, with wonderful skill, and crowned with complete success, people are led to admire what their better judgment would teach them to abhor.

The present state of things will not continue long. The army of Paris are voting to-day upon the acceptance or rejection of the President for a term of ten years. The army quartered in the various parts of France

will vote in the twenty-four hours next succeeding the reception of instructions to that effect from the Minister of War. The result will be known in Paris in less than a week. Then, on the 14th of December, follows the vote of the citizens at large. In three weeks' time France will have spoken its will, and we shall be able to read the future more clearly than at present.

In this age of wonders, it is useless to speculate upon a probability a fortnight in advance. The President may not live a week; the sun may never rise again; the sea may give up its dead to-morrow; the moon may set in the east—anything may happen now with perfect propriety, and the more unlooked-for, the more monstrous and inexplicable an event may be, the more will it be in harmony with the era in which we live!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MASSACRE ON THE BOULEVARD—THE INFANT HERCULES AND THE BOA CONSTRICTOR—THE DEAD BODIES AT MONTMARTRE—THE HORSEMEN ARE PLIED WITH WINE.

December 5th, 1851.

THUS far the revolution had been too bloodlessly accomplished to serve the President's purpose. An emphatic example was necessary. The train of reasoning was simple. The blow once struck, the Assembly turned out of doors, and a revolution being in a fair way of success, the game of the President was to draw to his support the monied interests of the country, to force the men of property, the great and little bourgeoisie, the shopkeepers—the aristocracy and the National Guard—to adopt the *coup-d'état*. And this has been done with consummate address. The President has always set himself forward as the friend of order and the enemy of anarchy. He has, with great pertinacity, quelled and crushed any commencement of agitation, artfully exaggerating the evil, and contriving to make it pass for a very decided insurrection, by establishing the state of siege. The Government, under Leon Faucher, almost went mad upon this theme of resistance to anarchy. I need not call to your recollection the despotic administration of this minister. But as the severity of this *régime* was only felt by the lower and working classes, of course it found favor with the "great party of law and order," over whom the reins were held with a commendable looseness.

Now, in order to cause M. Bonaparte's usurpation to be eagerly adopted by the men of property, it was necessary that he should appear, even

when putting the Assembly out of doors, and installing a tyranny in its place, as the champion of law and the queller of sedition. To effect this, a street-fight was indispensable. The spectacle of Socialism, the bugbear of the men of property,—Socialism blockading the streets and building barricades high enough to clamber from them into your third-story windows,—Socialism thundering at your doors, and demanding the division of your money and your lands,—Socialism, with unwashed faces and bloody hands, pillaging your coffers, outraging your wives and daughters, and setting fire to the churches,—some such spectacle as this was in the highest degree important, to force all those who had property to lose, under the banners of the *coup-d'état*. The President, of course, the administration and the army, would make unheard-of efforts to crush this spirit of rebellion, and, after a desperate contest, come off victorious. The country would be saved, the anarchists prostrate, and the interests of family, property, and religion secured from the grasp of the spoiler! This was the game the Government sought to play; this is the game they have played.

But the course of events on Tuesday, the first day, as I have said, hardly seemed to argue favorably for a battle in the streets. The aspect of Paris was that of a city in a frolic. The revolution that had been accomplished in the night was too serious to be comprehended at a glance, and as no one fully understood the state of the case, no one knew whether to laugh or to cry. The vast army of workmen, however—the hundred thousand mechanics, artisans, journeymen—who are the bone and muscle of the Democratic party in Paris, and who come nearer to a correct appreciation of Republicanism than any other class of people, understood one point, as if by intuition—that any attempt at resistance in the streets would redound to the advantage of Louis Napoleon, by putting him into a position to quell disturbance and riot. They took, by common consent, the very ground that disconcerted all the usurper's plans. They avoided, by a sort of tacit agreement, the tactics that the usurper hoped, for their own destruction, they would adopt. This determination to abstain from resistance, which was at first intuitive, was afterwards strengthened by counsel and mutual consent, as any such resistance would only result in their own destruction and fortify the position of Louis Napoleon. The second day passed off, as you know, with a few random barricades, in the construction of which several representatives assisted, and upon which one or two men were killed.

This did not promise well for the impressive tableau which it was designed to represent in the streets of Paris—M. Louis Bonaparte, disguised as the Infant Hercules, strangling the Boa Constrictor of Anarchy—in the interest, of course, of property, religion, and family. The Boa Constrictor was suddenly missing, and it became necessary to

improvise one, or to try to make a small adder answer. This was the character of the contest of Thursday, the third day. Of this I can only give a brief sketch.

The morning passed away with a general aspect of quiet. There was, indeed, something of the sullen silence which precedes a storm. About eleven o'clock a change began to come over the scene, heavy masses of infantry, as well as horse, emerging from several points and occupying the Boulevards. About one o'clock, firing was heard in the direction of the Porte St. Denis. The sounds increased, and suddenly the whole mass of infantry from the Boulevard Poissonnière, pressing upon the horse and urging the latter into a gallop, burst along the street toward the Madeleine.

This was caused by a panic, induced by half-a-dozen shots fired upon the troops from the roofs of the buildings. The fright and the flight were soon over, and the whole body of horse and foot returned to their positions. The cavalry appeared greatly excited. They held their pistols cocked, and pointed them at every head which appeared at the windows on either side. Now and then a shot was fired. After a short space, the rattle of musketry was heard along the whole line from the Boulevard des Italiens to the Porte St. Martin, a space of nearly a mile. The sounds fell at intervals like muttering thunder, with now and then the booming of cannon, giving a sort of earthquake shock to the ear.

At this moment I obtained a glance up the Boulevard; it was filled with dragoons, who occasionally discharged their pistols right and left. Higher up the scene was terrific. The soldiers here discharged their weapons by volleys at the groups of persons whom they saw flying and shrieking along the side-walks, and sometimes in single fires at individuals in doors or archways.

Towards evening, silence again settled over the city, and people ventured out. About nine o'clock I walked up the Boulevard and surveyed the scene of destruction and massacre. The troops were still in full possession of the streets, and their night-fires shone upon their line of bivouacs. The dead bodies had been removed, but the fragments broken from the houses covered the broad side-walks for a considerable extent, and in several places pools of blood, ten feet square, were visible, especially around the archways, where the victims had sought to escape, and where they had fallen, either dead or wounded. The scene was one I shall never forget; and when it is remembered that it was a wanton massacre—that several hundred innocent persons were taken by surprise, and suddenly slaughtered, and that, too, because an example of blood was necessary to the *coup-d'état*—it is one that can never be erased from its place among the most sanguinary records of human

crime. The plea of necessity—that convenient argument used to vindicate all political iniquity—will doubtless be urged here; but it can only be admitted on the principle, that all laws, human and divine, are repealed in behalf of unscrupulous ambition struggling for power!

The conflict of this third day was in one word a butchery. It is true that barricades were raised, and a few persons were killed in defending them. But there was no serious revolt; there was no general uprising; there was no plan, concert, or calculation of resistance. A thousand troops could have scattered every vestige of opposition. So evident was this, that the opinion largely prevailed that the government itself was obliged to employ persons to construct barricades, so as to furnish an excuse for bloodshed. The shots fired at the troops from the roofs and houses along the Boulevard, and which are the apology for the massacres there, were very few. The government papers make a long list of specific charges of this kind, but it is certain they will have to retract many of them.

I cannot and need not give you the revolting details of this day of slaughter. You can comprehend the scene, when you conceive of several thousand soldiers firing at their fellow-men in the streets, under a general idea that the more bloodshed, the more glory. Such is the beginning of a new era in France; such is the end of the Republic and the dawn of the Empire. And remember, this is only one scene in the tragedy of the *coup-d'état*. You must add to the crime of blood, of which I have told only the half—a solemn oath, made to the country and registered in heaven—violated; an Assembly lawfully elected, and which had committed no crime, dispersed—its members seized in the dead of night and hurried to prison, a constitution crushed, and the reign of terror spread over the land. Yet France will doubtless bow its head and submit. The blood will disappear from the Boulevards; the shattered windows, casements, and ornaments, along the fronts of the edifices, will be replaced; the gay tide will resume its ebb and flow, and Louis Napoleon will occupy the Tuileries instead of the Elysée.

Now how can this be accounted for—that the French people, the most intelligent on the continent, can be willing to live under a system such as is thus dictated to them, at the point of the bayonet? The men of property in this country, the owners of real estate, those who have money to hoard or to spend, want a strong government to secure them in possession of their worldly wealth. They desire to enjoy their possessions in ease and in tranquillity. Provided that the government is strong enough to maintain them in their privileges and their immunities, they do not care whether it be a just government or an unjust one. Upon the subject of government they have, indeed, no sensibility,

no conscience, no pride, and no humiliation. The tyranny of an unjust government is but lightly felt by them; its rigors are reserved for the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. The laws are all constructed in their favor; they have the government, the press, the money, the church; they claim to have all the honesty, and, to quote a transatlantic phrase, all the decency. Their blood never tingles at the thought that they are living under a tyranny and submitting to the yoke of a despot. They have no burning sense of shame at the knowledge that the government which they sustain, and which in turn sustains them, is a

Le Bourgeois de Paris.

usurpation or a military dictature. They distrust, despise, and vilify the working classes. I heard, not two days ago, a man of wealth and standing, and one who ought to have known better, make this most unrighteous declaration: that there were but two parties, after all, in France—those who have property, and those who have not; and that if the latter should come into power, they would pillage and massacre all those who had either money or lands; with such extraordinary success has the game of intimidating the rich, by making them believe that the proletaires were bent on dividing their lands, and sharing their pro-

party, been played by Louis Napoleon ever since he came into power. His government promises to be strong, and the rich will probably sustain it: though in name it take the insignia of the Republic, it will wield, in fact, the sword and sceptre of the Empire.

Of the traders, the shopkeepers, the bourgeoisie, throughout France, it may also be said that their desires are more strongly bent upon tranquillity, and upon driving a brisk business, than upon any particular form of government. As long as the pulse of trade beats freely, the first great object in life is attained. The most pressing anxiety of Louis Napoleon, for the moment, is to satisfy this class that the continuation of his rule will ensure an unflagging demand for the wares they offer for sale. As far as I can judge, they are more disposed to fraternize with the President than on the first day. Their ground of opposition was then, that he had thrown every thing into confusion and brought all retail trade to a stand-still. But it is urged strongly on their attention, now, that he has at any rate pierced the veil that hung over 1852, and conjured away the horrors and the mysteries that were supposed to lie concealed behind. If he has forced business into a momentary stagnation, he has in return presented them with the whole of next year, which was, by common consent, made over to the triumph of pillage and Socialism. If people care nothing for the morality or justice of their government, of course they will be influenced by an argument so vulgar as this.

The official report of the loss of the army in the days of December gives the number of killed as SIXTEEN men! The loss on the part of the population, for the greater part innocent persons, though exposed by their own imprudence, and compromised by the shouts and sometimes by the shots of individuals in their vicinity, is variously estimated at from SIX to TWELVE HUNDRED. On the morning of Thursday, I was told by a person in a situation to know, that the government expected that the killing of about five hundred persons would be sufficient to reconcile the city to the necessities of the case. They would be satisfied by this bloody proof, of the desperate character of the enemies of society, and of the extreme peril in which family and religion would have been placed, had not the patriotism of Mr. Bonaparte and the courage of the army been equal to the emergency.

I should say that half the city had been convinced by this manœuvre —this forcing a contest without an adversary, and this exaggerating the insurrection where it really existed—that the whole fabric of society was really menaced—that without Louis Napoleon, the star of France would have set in a sea of blood. The sixteen soldiers killed may be supposed, from facts already known, to have come to their death in the following ways: five intercepted at various times, when carrying

despatches through obscure streets, and murdered by assassins who happened to be at large; five shot from the windows of houses, and six dead upon the various barricades. From these facts you may gather an idea of the resistance made in the streets. It already stands on record, and will live in history, that the slaughter in Paris in the revolution of 1851 was wanton and unnecessary, and, what is more than all, planned and intended beforehand.

The authorities possessed themselves of the bodies of the killed, and refused to give them up to those who applied for them. This was to avoid any such catastrophe as resulted in February from the exposure of the victims of the fusillade, in front of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. They dreaded long and tearful funerals, and the outbursts of popular fury, which are always kindled by the sight of the blood of martyrs. They therefore kept the bodies for a day or two, till the excitement had partially subsided, when they sent them by cart-loads to the Cemetery of Montmartre. Here, the families of the dead received permission to apply for and decently bury their fathers, brothers or sons. The faces of such as were unclaimed in two days, were sprinkled with flour, in order to conceal traces of putrefaction.

In regard to the matter of the troops having been plied with intoxicating, or at least exciting liquors, let me say what I have witnessed myself. When the Boulevard Poissonnière was the scene of such murderous discharges, and where thirty innocent persons had been stretched in death by one single volley, I saw that the ground was strewed with broken bottles. I should say that a squadron of some 300 horsemen had drunk 500 bottles. The glass was mixed with the fodder of the horses, and crackled under their hoofs. In the morning these men, who were lately so fresh, with red cheeks and clear eyes, had all the appearance of having been on a week's debauch—they looked heavy, stupid, and listless. Their eyes were red, and their noses blue, and their whole air was that of men besotted with liquor. Having occasion to go to the Conciergerie, to make inquiries for a missing friend, I saw a troop of some 200 infantry making merry over a cart-load of bread and wine. They hob-nobbed, laughed, sang, and ran their glasses over, as if wine was now to be had for the asking. The testimony of many persons of whom I have inquired, points the same way. But I prefer to make no statements, in so serious a matter, for which I cannot vouch, with my own eye and ear witness.

It would not do to tell of this, however, in France. A proclamation from St. Arnaud, Minister of War, announces to the soldiers that they have accomplished the greatest act of their military life; that the country looks on in raptures; and that the President will never forget their devotion! The *Patrie*, in one of its obligato editorials, declares that the

whole civilized world will thank the army of Paris for its heroic patriotism and its sublime courage. If this is courage, I hope to live and die a coward. The French army is brave, without doubt; if their leaders gave the word, they would stand up and be fired at, with unshrink-

St. Arnaud.

ing impassibility; or they would rush against death and destruction, with as little thought or hesitation as a battering-ram swung on its centre; but that it has won any laurels on this occasion, is what neither General St. Arnaud nor the *Patrie* can force down the throats of those who do not feel inclined to believe it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE EDITORS REVIVE—HOW THE VOTE IS TO BE COUNTED—THE PRESIDENT AND THE PANTHEON.

December 8th, 1851.

THE suppressed journals are beginning to reappear. The *Pays* and the *Siècle* have just looked forth from their holes, like burrowing animals awakening from the torpors of a hard winter. They contain little

editorial, however, and venture no comments upon passing events. M. Gueronnière, in the *Pays*, writes as follows, on his return to his post: "It would, no doubt, better suit our interests and our sentiments to persevere in our resolution, to fold our arms, and weep over many things which no longer exist. But it better suits our patriotism to resume our task, to aid good intentions, to encourage toleration, and to speak as often as we can, without betraying our convictions and aggravating the perils of the situation. The Assembly is dissolved, and the constitution has disappeared. But two great things remain: the republic and universal suffrage. There remains also what we desire to preserve and defend above all things—France. As long as she remains, we shall not consider ourselves at liberty to wrap ourselves up in sorrow for our disappointed hopes, and regret them eternally. There can be no eternal ruins for us but those of our country. Until she falls, we shall believe that God is just, and France is great." The remainder of the paper is filled up with extracts from the *Patrie* and the *Constitutionnel* of the day before.

The usual aliment of the journals, however, is found in the decrees of the President, putting department after department into the state of siege. If you have read one paper you have read them all. Journalism in France is now the most contemptible profession to which a man can devote himself. The bureaux of the *Débats*, the *Pays*, the *Siècle*, are job-printing-offices, at the best; the *Constitutionnel* and the *Patrie* sing the praises of the Government by the yard, and coin falsehoods by the league. The *Charivari*, too, has returned to life, but shorn of the essential conditions of its existence. Four-fifths of its caricatures, its jokes, its portraits, were upon political subjects; this field is of course now closed, and it is forced to glean a scanty subsistence from the salient points and grotesque sides of such subjects as remain—the fine arts, literature, Parisian life, etc., etc. But its wit is pale, its spirit forced; the *Charivari*, with its eyes bandaged, its tongue tied, its crayon blunted, is like a plant without sunlight, or animal life without air. The *Hâvre Journal* begs the indulgence of its subscribers, as it is obliged to send the proof of its daily issue to the prefect of the department to be revised and corrected before it can be put to press. This delays the delivery of the paper from three to four hours. Throughout such departments as are in a state of siege—nineteen in number, or nearly one-quarter of the territory of France—the press is muzzled as at Paris and Havre.

The vote by yea and nay for the continuation of Louis Napoleon's powers, with some modifications, takes place on Saturday and Sunday, the 20th and 21st of this month, twelve days from this present writing, a delay of a week having been ordered. The motive which led so many thousands of indifferent and even hostile persons to vote in his

favor in 1848, will again contribute to swell his majority. It is a general opinion, even among those who condemn his course the most severely, that as he has the physical, the brutal force of the army to sustain him, he ought also to be backed by the moral authority of an overwhelming vote. The adoption of the secret ballot instead of the register of each voter's name with his aye or his nay, has greatly strengthened Louis Napoleon's position. The prefect of one of the southern departments, however, in his telegraphic despatch upon the state of affairs with him, says: "Many mayors regret the adoption of the secret ballot, as the peasants were enchanted at being able to register their signatures for Napoleon." (Observe the frequent use of the imperial NAPOLEON, instead of Louis Napoleon or M. Bonaparte.)

You will remember that some weeks ago I spoke of a visit I had made to a large manufactory in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and that I mentioned the disgust and the antipathy universally expressed by the workmen for the Assembly. The summary manner in which this corrupt and plotting body was turned out of doors and dispersed to the four winds by the President, has almost reconciled them to the policy of him who performed the act. Not one of these men (and the same may be generally said of the workmen of the city) was absent from his work during the battle of the 4th and 5th; and I learn positively that they will either vote for Louis Napoleon or abstain from voting; that few or none will give negative ballots. Men that will throw up their hats for what a man has done, are more than half won over to the support of what he may do. The dissolution of the Chamber has certainly secured to the President the countenance of men and fractions of parties, whose hostility it seemed impossible to concilitate.

But in regard to the election of the 20th, a very pertinent question is asked, Who is to count the votes? Who is to be responsible to the public for the sincerity of the report that may be made? No one that I have yet heard of. Under a Dictatorship there is no public to whom the Dictator is responsible. He renders no account of his acts, nor of the negative votes thrown in reprehension of his conduct. The prefects have been instructed to turn out of office all their subordinates—mayors, justices of the peace, and what not—whose fidelity they suspect, and to fill their places with men after their own hearts. I cannot see yet any means by which the exactitude of the return is to be guaranteed. I am afraid that the votes will be counted somewhat as they were once in a virgin forest in Maine, before civilization had penetrated there. The polls were established in a shed, and a half-bushel basket was converted for the nonce into a ballot-box. A pitch boiler, a raftsman, and a wood-cutter, had deputed themselves vote-distributors and overseers. About [illegible] o'clock Jim Smith thought it was strange that nobody had come,

and threw into the ballot-box a handful of votes, bearing the names of certain citizens who aspired to sundry offices in the gift of the people. At noon Sam Pepperidge tossed in another bunch, as it was really lamentable to reflect upon the indifference of the sovereigns. The three then went away to dinner, leaving a supply of votes for the people to help themselves. When they came back in the afternoon, they found several large wads of votes added to the pile of universal suffrage that they had left in the morning. "Oh!" said Bill Jones, "this is too much altogether: there ain't so many people in the Commonwealth." So they took out about half, leaving what seemed to be the fair expression of the sentiment of the community. They then counted them, tied them up in a bundle, put the seals upon them, and sent them off to Augusta. This locality was the banner town that year, and all the papers of the party called upon the unterrified to imitate the glorious example of this virgin forest!

Up to this time the vote of the army, so far as known, stands 60,000 yeas, to 4,000 nays. The heaviest negative votes have been thrown by the engineers and artillery. Mathematicians understand and appreciate republicanism by instinct, and it strikes them as being as natural and inevitable as the science of angles! Usurpation and dictatorship seem as unreasonable as to suppose a gun will shoot round a corner.

One of the first decrees of the President after the *coup d'état* was to restore the Pantheon to the uses of the Catholic religion, "under the invocation of St. Geneviève," to whom it was originally dedicated. It was built as a church by Louis XV., but its destination was changed by the National Assembly in 1791, which decreed that it should be a burial-place for Frenchmen illustrious by virtue, genius, or public services. The cost of the Pantheon, from first to last, has exceeded five millions of dollars. What an excellent opportunity this of making friends of the priests, and what a glorious occasion to prove how much you love religion and the temple where its services are performed, at a moment when you seem to care for neither God nor man!

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MINISTERIAL DEVICE—A GOOD JOKE FOR A PARSON—PUBLIC SENTIMENT, SUCH AS IT IS—SPIES IN THE STREETS—THE GUILLOTINE CHANGES ITS QUARTERS.

December 18th, 1851.

As the elections approach, the government redoubles its activity in urging the country to a unanimous and affirmative vote. M. de Morny has invented a most plausible excuse for issuing one last final bulletin. The *Patrie* announces that "the anarchical party, finding it impossible to succeed in disturbing the country by violence, has had recourse to a trick, in order to influence the ballot, which is open on the 20th inst. They send emissaries through the country, whose object is to mislead the electors, by telling them that the question to be submitted to them is, whether they wish Napoleon to retire from power. If they desire him not to retire, they will vote No! It is to defeat this manœuvre that the Minister of the Interior has forwarded to the departments the following notice, which is to be posted up in all the places where the polls are to be held;—

"MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.

"It is well understood that those who wish to maintain Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and give him the power to establish a constitution on the basis pointed out in his proclamation of the 2nd of December, must vote with a bulletin bearing the word *Yes*."

This hardy invention suggests the device by which Louis Napoleon would cling to the sovereignty, even should the vote, by some extraordinary chance, go against him. He would simply declare that the people supposed they were saying yes, when they said no, would thank them for the unanimity of their vote, and immediately take possession of the Tuileries.

The Bishop of Chartres has addressed a circular letter to his clergy, in which he says:—"On the 20th of this month, the French people will decide whether Louis Napoleon is to be, for ten years, President of our country. Influenced by your own views, and still more by your love of country, *of which Jesus Christ has given us the example*, you will vote for M. Bonaparte, I have not the slightest doubt." Really, the Bishop of Chartres must be anxious to share the fame of Lucinet, the great justice of the peace, whose circular, last summer, to his parishioners, you may remember. "Fellow Citizens: Do you love your lands, your flocks, your cottages? Do you revere your father and your mother? Do you fear

God, and do you cherish the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? If so, petition for the revision of the Constitution!" The bishop is very nearly as profane as the justice, but the secular officer is vastly more excusable than the dignitary of the Church. Unfortunately, there is no *Charivari* to make fun of the latter, as it did of the former. But, seriously, is it not saddening to see the expedition to Rome, and the re-establishment of the Pope by French bayonets, bringing forth such fruits?

All traces of the third and fourth of December will soon have disappeared from the streets. Broken windows are giving place to whole ones; an army of workmen are employed in replacing the iron railing and stone-work torn down at the Porte St. Denis. Masons are filling with cement the dents made by balls and bullets. The Chamber is no longer occupied militarily, and men have been set at work to clean it throughout—a perfect Augean stable by this time. Gardeners are setting out young trees in all quarters of the city, not only to replace such as have died a natural death, but those which were torn down for barricades, and those—by far the most numerous—which were stripped of their bark by the horses piquetted in the Champs Elysées, and upon the Boulevards.

The prefect of la Meurthe has transmitted to the government a list containing the adhesions of 519 mayors, deputy-mayors and municipal councillors of his department. The prefect of la Marne has also sent a list containing the adhesion of 267 municipal councillors within the circle of his authority. Municipal councillors, you know, adhere to anything and everything, and, I have no doubt, would adhere twice or three times, if it were necessary; but the Minister of the Interior has replied to all prefects, that *voting* will be much more acceptable to the administration than *adhering*, and recommends to their favorable notice the 20th and 21st of December.

The streets swarm with *mouchards*, or police spies, in every sort of disguise. Gentlemen noted for their republican principles are dogged by policemen wherever they go. Their every step, their goings-out and their comings-in are watched. Individuals visited by them become at once suspected, and thenceforth share the attentions of the police. I am myself debarred from the society of a friend, who does not choose to compromise his acquaintances by his visits, for he sees that in his walks through the city he is watched by a mouchard, who follows him at about a stone's throw. Persons thus circumstanced live in the constant possibility of arrest, and sleep on the very threshold of a prison. One vigorous movement more, and the French authorities might import a few bravos from Venice to advantage. If you may arrest a man for nothing you may stab a man for nothing. The illegality is no greater; a

as for the crime, now that they have dipped their hands in innocent blood, I imagine all scruples on that score could speedily be set at rest. Let us have Jocopo, the Bridge of Sighs, the Council of Ten, and the Lion's Mouth, by all means and at once.

The Minister of the Interior has sent a circular to the prefects, and other departmental authorities, urging upon them the necessity, in the interest of the working classes, of dispensing with unnecessary toil on the Sabbath, and instructing them to suspend labor upon the public works on Sunday, so that the State may give the example of rest on the seventh day. This is, as you will see at once, an electioneering manœuvre of the first water. It represents the Government, in its paternal solicitude, not only undertaking great public improvements, in order to provide work for the laboring classes, but also taking steps to insure their eternal salvation, by preventing them from damning their souls by unhallowed toil. When M. de Morny retires from his ministry, he will probably withdraw from the turmoil of public life, and set up a Sunday-school. A religious bulletin emanating from Louis Napoleon, so soon after his bloody work in the streets of this city, passes the limits of ordinary hypocrisy. Messrs. Napoleon and De Morny care no more for the souls of the peasants than they do for their own, and probably the prefects were informed, under the same envelope with the circular, that it was only intended for the newspapers and the walls, and as a trap to catch the pious and credulous. We shall hear no more of this when the elections are past.

For the last twenty years, on all occasions of executions, the guillotine has been erected at the Barrier St. Jacques. When the decree was passed fixing this locality as the scene of the infliction of the penalty of death, the inhabitants of the quarter protested, and have not ceased from that day to this to intercede with the government for the removal of their horrible visitant. As the public generally are not forewarned of the day fixed for any spectacle of death, the first intelligence that the dwellers round the Paris Golgotha had of an impending execution was the sound of hammer and nail, in the dead of night. By daybreak, the guillotine, menacing and terrible, was ready and waiting for the victim. All was over before sunrise, when scaffold, heads-man, body-guard, priest, and crucifix, had disappeared, like a dream chased away by the morning light. A sound sleeper and tardy riser might have slept on to the end; but the larger portion of the inhabitants, who were neither one nor the other, have memorialized the city administration again and again, and have finally carried their point. Public executions in the department of the Seine will hereafter take place on the Place de la Roquette, which is surrounded by penitentiary institutions, and but sparsely inhabited by citizens in the enjoyment of their civil rights. This change will tell

severely upon the revenue of the waiters in the cafés and drinking-houses of the Barrier, who were hired by the lovers of such spectacles to apprise them of the commencement of preparations. Thus, the ground being broken at midnight, an amateur in the heart of the city would know it by two, and could easily be upon the spot by five, the customary hour in summer, or by seven, the usual hour in winter. A five-franc piece was the recompense usual in such cases. This source of income is now removed, and the waiters will have to content themselves with the gains flowing from their legitimate avocations.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PRESIDENT RE-ELECTED—WHO WOULD NOT BE TRANSPORTED?—PASTEBOARD HALL.

December 25th, 1851.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has been again elected to the chief magistracy of France. I have stated what I conceived to be the principal motive which would induce the whole class of men of property to vote for a military government—their dread of socialism, artfully played upon by the Bonapartist organs of the press. With a large part of the population this has certainly been the case; socialism and communism have disgusted them with republicanism, just as abolitionism, at home, has disgusted people with the cause of anti-slavery; just as ultra men always compromise the moderate men of the same party. The landed proprietors have supported Louis Napoleon, because they positively did expect, in 1852, a violent division of the soil; the owners of houses and castles, jewels and gold, have supported him, because he promised to preserve them from pillage and sack, in their opinion imminent and menacing; the manufacturers have supported him, because they need peace for their peaceful occupations, and they believed that peace would be troubled in 1852; a large proportion of journeymen laboring in the shops, at the looms, at the forges of these manufactories, have supported him, because the interests of master and man are identical; the peasants have supported him because they know no better, because he is named Napoleon, and because they were promised the life to come by the priests if they voted Yea, and threatened with perdition if they voted Nay. The army and the official dependents of the government alone count a million.

I imagine that the authentic returns will show some three hundred villages which have voted unanimously Yes; that is, not a single No, nor a single abstention. These instances of single-mindedness are to be followed by a high mass, a sermon, or a *Te Deum*.

It is much more easy to analyze the affirmative vote than the negative. It is difficult to say who voted No. It cannot be "the honest and moderate Republicans," for the negative vote does not reach the half of that given for Cavaignac and Lamartine in '48. The whole negative vote of France will not reach a million. It would rather appear that the sincere Republicans had despaired of republicanism in France, and have voted for Napoleon, as the least of two evils. The nays are too few to represent any one principle or any party. We know that there must be among them the suffrages of the Orleanists, the Legitimists, and the Socialists Proper. These alone would make a million, the sum which the negative vote has nearly reached. It is evident that the Republicans have either voted for Louis Napoleon or abstained; one million have probably adopted each of these two courses. And finally, it is necessary to remark, that opportunity for discussion, and time for reflection, have not been afforded, and hence millions have voted from impulse, confusion of ideas, or, perchance, intimidation.

Pasteboard Hall.

A late decree of the President having opened to the Minister of the Marine and the Colonies a credit of 650,000 francs, for transporting to Cayenne such persons as may be proved guilty of having, *in years gone by*, belonged to secret societies, the *Constitutionnel* comes out with a geographical and sanitary article, intended to dissipate the "absurd prejudices" existing against the climate of French Guiana. It asserts that the territory is more salubrious than the Antilles, from being exempt from the yellow fever; that it is easy to drain the low grounds at the

mouths of the rivers, where decayed animal and vegetable substances accumulate; that though a residence near these stagnant waters is dangerous, the high grounds are perfectly healthy. The mortality of the French garrison there is not greater than in other places; they were employed without evil effects upon the fortifications. The moral of this article is, that transportation to Cayenne is a blessing; and that the poor population ought to be thankful that they have such a paternal government, which is thoughtful enough to make an *ex post facto* law, by which their conveyance to, and maintenance under, the brilliant skies of Guiana is humanely provided for. Who wouldn't be transported?

The destruction of "Pasteboard Hall" has commenced. This was the building erected in 1848 for the accommodation of the National Assembly. It derived its nick-name from the slight manner in which it was constructed. The furniture and the benches have been removed. Openings have been made in the walls, to facilitate the operations of the workmen, and the roof is expected to disappear in the course of to-day. The re[illegible] of this structure will disencumber the court of the Chamber of [illegible]s, which it entirely filled with its unsightly proportions. The [illegible]er will be occupied by the new Legislative Assembly, supposed [illegible]ist, in Louis Napoleon's forthcoming constitution, of 250 members.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT.

Last Day of the Year of Grace, 1851.

NOTHING is more unsafe than wholesale painting of national character; it is like doing a portrait all in one colour and of one shade. It is of necessity in the nature of caricature, which consists for the most part in seizing upon a leading feature, and making a face of it. Thus a particularly long bulbous nose stands for Lord Brougham; and cavernous, omniscient eyes mean Daniel Webster, all the world over. In the same spirit the standard gallery of national portraits in the school geographies represents the Dutch as phlegmatic, the French as frivolous, the Spaniard as jealous, the Russian as a bear, the Chinese as a thief, etc.

This is wrong, or at best a collection of coarse and vulgar national antipathies. Nevertheless, there are often to be found, in every country, certain peculiar customs which reflect considerable light on national character. Of this class is the French *shrug of the shoulder*, which in all its length and breadth is only to be comprehended by one who has lived in Paris, where it was doubtless invented, and where it is carried to the greatest perfection.

You ask a Frenchman, "Do you believe in the Bible?"—he replies by a shrug. You say to a Frenchman, "Sir, you are a scoundrel!"—a shrug is the reply. You tell him he is a base poltroon; you have the same response. Say to a lady, "Madame, the world charges you with wearing rouge," and she shrugs the shoulder. Make still more serious accusations, and she answers as before. Detect your baker, your butcher, your cook, or your chambermaid in a theft or a lie, and you are answered by a shrug—with perhaps the softening phrase "*Mon Dieu, Monsieur, que voulez vous?*" Now all great agencies, in morals as well as physics, are both cause and effect. This shrug of the shoulders is the offspring of that placidity which forms the basis of the French character, and which at the same time it fosters and establishes. A Frenchman does not consider it necessary to make up his mind whether the Bible be true or not, and hence he deems it no derogation from his dignity to dodge—or to shrug—the question. He does not deem it necessary to repel an infamous charge. Even a lady is not disturbed when her character is called in question. The lower classes consider an equivocation as a sufficient apology for fraud.

The shrug of the shoulder, then, exactly suits such a people. It is a simple evasion—a 'don't know,'—a 'don't care,'—now yes, now no—it is a bah, pshaw, nonsense! as the case may be; it is a mask to hide the mind, an ambush to veil the thoughts and purposes. It is any one, or two, or all of these together. Everybody knows what it means, and yet nobody ever could put it into definite words. It is no dictionary. It is a reply, but no answer. In one word, it is the oil on the axle of society—it makes everything easy; and that is Paris life.

If this be so, the shrug of the shoulder is a great national fact, and is to be taken into serious account by philosophers, statesmen, and moralists. Those who would just now comprehend the state of things in France and in Europe must begin by studying it. The first question in order to understand what is to be the course of political events, is this:—Will Louis Napoleon's dynasty stand?

Put the question to France, and the whole nation—Socialists, Republicans, and Legitimists—will reply by a shrug. If you ask, Will the French people, so fond of liberty, at least so fervent in its praise, submit to have their mouths stopped—the press silenced—the best of the land in exile—and all this at the dictation of one whose greatest and most conspicuous act is perjury?—and a shrug of the shoulder will be the reply; to which may be added the standard phrase—"*Mon Dieu, Monsieur, que voulez vous?*" And who shall translate this? Let Paris be put to the torture, and all you will get is, "We don't know—we don't care—bah! let us go to the opera!"

Such is the aspect just now. The French people submit, but behind

and beyond the shrug of the shoulder, is there not an interpretation? Who can read the riddle? Is there no Daniel to tell and to translate the nation's dreams? No doubt. But I shall not assume to be the prophet. Coleridge said, "The French are like gunpowder—individually, they resemble the grains—smutty and contemptible; nationally, they are like a magazine, whose explosion is terrible." We see them just now as grains—we may ere long see them as the exploding magazine.

But will they be as fifty years ago, under the Empire, making war on Europe? Will there be a Napoleon at their head, conquering the armies of the continent? Will there be fields of Marengo and Austerlitz? Will there be a continental system, and a general conspiracy for the destruction of England? I give a shrug of the shoulder in reply. Chances have favored Louis Napoleon, but the edifice he builds may prove to be of pasteboard. In the absence of all other hope of tranquillity, he is tolerated. Contempt and disgust may be really at the bottom of the submission of the people. The vote of 7,500,000 may be a mere popular shrug of the shoulder, a "*Mon Dieu! que voulez vous?*"

To treat the subject a little more according to the forms of logic, and supposing the question to be—"What is to be the future fate of France, and indeed of Europe?"—for the one involves the other—we must consider:

1. The actual state of things.
2. The personal character of Louis Napoleon.
3. The views of the leading nations as far as developed.

1. The actual state of things in France is this:—Louis Napoleon is voted Chief or President by 7,500,000 citizens. In all his movements he has been sustained by the army, the Church, and the property of the country. He has crushed the National Assembly, and so far at least has received applause. It is scarcely possible to consider this fact as any thing less than a condemnation—a repudiation of parliamentary representation—such as they have seen it—on the part of the people of France.

If this be so, France has rejected the only means, according to my views, of securing rational liberty. Louis Napoleon has crushed socialism, democracy, and republicanism in all their forms, with a ruthless hand; he has silenced the press and sealed the lips; he has destroyed the means and instruments of liberty, and sent its chief votaries to prison or into exile. In all this, too, he seems to be tolerated, if not approved.

On the surface, all is submission; the Republicans of all shades seem to have abandoned hope. The great middle class—the people of business and property—sanction and generally eulogise what the President has done. The higher classes declare his system to be the only one suited to France. There is some half-hushed grumbling, some gnashing of the teeth—some sense of national degradation and shame; but property

accepts Louis Napoleon as its deliverer and its champion. Since the first stunning blow, stocks have risen; the great staples have advanced in price; and business in general has become hopeful, if not profitable.

The Roman Catholic Church, still ubiquitous in its means and formidable in its power, sanctifies all this, and enshrines the person of the President in its masses. The army encircles him with its bayonets, and lends a ready and efficient hand to enforce his will. The press, so far as it is permitted to speak, sustains him. Public men of high positions and high names have been forced—or at least induced—to unite in his government; and adhesions from every quarter, including many who have formerly opposed him, come in like a torrent, and are ostentatiously published in the government journals.

The Northern powers, it is known from definite information, are rejoiced at the revolution in France. They consider it as having annihilated the dreaded progress of liberal ideas, and as having insured the stability of despotic institutions. Believing that the degradation of the mass of mankind is the fixed purpose of Providence—that their emancipation and elevation are nightmares of fanaticism, threatening ruin to civilization, they rejoice with a hearty and religious satisfaction over events which seem to place Heaven on their side and against the vast majority of their fellow-men.

2. The personal character of Louis Napoleon is somewhat enigmatical. His mother, Hortense Beauharnais, was a woman of exceedingly bad life, however history may have glossed her annals. It is perfectly well understood—admitted, indeed, on all sides—that Count de Morny is her illegitimate son. His relationship, as half-brother of the President, is, no doubt, one of the reasons for his being Minister of the Interior at the crisis of the *coup-d'état*. Louis Napoleon, though born during her union with Louis Bonaparte, king of Holland, is very generally regarded as the natural son of a Dutch admiral, notorious as the queen's lover. His physiognomy, his complexion, his air and habits are all Dutch; his manner is slow and taciturn, and he is constitutionally persistent, not to say obstinate.

Still, he seems convinced of his true Napoleonic blood and origin, and really has, or affects to have, an astrological faith in his high destiny. He believes himself born to walk in the footsteps of the great Napoleon, and hence we see him reviving the institutions of the Empire with a sort of Chinese fidelity of imitation. He has reached the point and power of the First Consul, and it is generally believed that he will soon put on the crown of the Empire. If he does, will he not try to play the Emperor at the head of an army? Borne on by military power, will he not be forced by the very momentum of his career to make war on the adjacent nations?

Will not the army demand the pay, the honors, the excitement, and the spoils of war? Here is a point of difficulty and danger; but the general opinion is, that Louis Napoleon may be kept in check by the fear and control of surrounding nations. He may threaten England, but England will pacify him. He will tell Belgium, Switzerland, and Sardinia to expel refugees and muzzle the press, and he will be obeyed. He will cajole Frenchmen with plans, projects, and spectacles—to tickle their fancy, and perhaps to content their ambition.

3. I have in some degree anticipated and answered the third inquiry as to the views of the leading nations of Europe respecting the state of things in France. It is known that Louis Napoleon has received the sanction of the principal states of Europe—either directly or indirectly. He is now seeking an alliance with some European princess, and hopes thus to melt himself into the charmed circle of monarchy. A princess of Sweden is just now the candidate for the palace-home of the Tuileries.

Such is the chronicle of the affairs of state. How little in all this do the daring masters of Christendom seem to think that there is a God in heaven, or a people reflecting his image on earth! For the moment power seems committed to them, and a gloomy veil gathers around the horizon. Yet all is not night. Even in the darkest we see the stars, and the moon shines to reflect the rays of the sun, even though for the time he has set. The people are not dead, though they may be sleeping. In the icy regions of despotism there is a constant march onward. Every part of Europe is gradually advancing, even under despotism. Justice is a fact—an axiom—even in the men who feed on the sod almost like quadrupeds.

If we take the measure of a few years, we shall see, in the oscillations of light and darkness, a wider and still wider swing of the pendulum of truth. Let us hope; this is our privilege. Let us believe; this is our duty. Property, armies, priests, kings, princes, thrones, dynasties, tell us that a long winter of despotism has set in for Europe. They chuckle over it, and laugh to scorn humanity, despoiled of its suffrage, its liberty of speech, its press, its high hopes and generous sympathies. But humanity will still have its vindication.

For a season, power is against it. The people must wait, and in the mean time let them reflect. How is it they have been cast down and bound hand and foot? The people of Europe have been led into extremes, into ultraisms. They followed false leaders and false gods. They are under reproof; but their chastisement comes from One who watches over them, and it will be the source of future success. Humanity will yet be relieved from the charge laid at its door—that in the mass it is base, foolish, ignorant and accursed, and that it is given to kings and princes to use it and abuse it as they please.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A LONG LIST OF EXILES—FATHER, SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST—LITHOGRAPHIC BLASPHEMY.

January 14th, 1852.

THE following are the names—familiar to most American readers—of some of the sixty-six members of the National Assembly "indefinitely banished," by a recent Presidential decree, from the soil of France. The greater part of them are Socialists:—

Victor Hugo,	Theodore Bac,
Charles Lagrange,	Dupont,
Nadaud,	Charras,
Schœlcher,	Pierre Lefranc,
De Flotte,	Jules Leroux,
Madier Montjau,	Mathieu (de la Drome),
Raspail,	Noel Parfait.

The following are exiled temporarily, or at the "discretion of the President:"—

Duvergier de Hauranne,	De Remusat,
Creton,	Jules de Lasteyrie,
Gen. Lamoricière,	Emile de Girardin,
Gen. Changarnier,	Pascal Duprat,
Baze, } late questors,	Edgar Quinet,
Leflo, } late questors,	Anthony Thouret,
Gen. Bedeau,	Victor Chauffour,
Thiers,	Versigny.
Chambolle,	

In this list are all the African generals of distinction, except Cavaignac; the most prominent Orleanists; M. Chambolle, late editor of the legitimist newspaper *L'Ordre*; and M. Girardin, editor of the *Presse*; the five last are Republicans. The whole party just set at liberty from Ham are included in this list, with the exception of Charras, who is one of the sixty-six doomed to perpetual banishment. The only prominent members of the ultra-democratic party, whose names I do not find in either of the two lists, are Michel de Bourges and Jules Favre. Cavaignac and Lamartine are unscathed. They are probably not considered dangerous, the one having lately married a young wife, and the other slowly recovering from a long and painful illness. Alexander Dumas has voluntarily left for Brussels.

The papers containing these two decrees were hawked about the

streets with the cry—"The new *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon!" They seem to have been received with indifference by the people, who have grown callous to all that transpires in the political world. If Lamartine were linked with a felon, and wheeled through the streets on a handcart, I doubt whether they would wake from their lethargy. Certain I am that a sycophantic press would applaud the act, as illustrative

Alexander Dumas.

of the clemency, or of the salutary severity, of the government. Listen to the *Pays*, in its remarks upon the exile of the African generals:—

"As for the men who have just been expelled from the country, we hope they will meet this trial with that dignity which constitutes the nobility of misfortune. Some of them have served France with striking courage, either by shedding their blood or exposing their lives. They will again serve it by the patriotism of resignation."

The *Patrie* says upon the same subject:—

"The hour of justice has arrived. The government has given the party of order and conservatism a great example. It strikes the wicked to protect the good. It rises above consideration of persons to the calm and serene region, from which, firmly regarding the general situation of Europe, it discovers the crime to punish, the evil to extirpate, and the peril to remove."

As M. Bonaparte does not condescend to specify the crimes of which these men have been guilty, or to adduce any proof of their guilt, we

may certainly doubt whether it is not rather malice than severe justice which has condemned them. But while stating that the *official* journal gives no reason for this measure, I ought to say that the *confidential* journal does. I find the following passage in the *Constitutionnel*:—

"In the second list are individuals, several of whom have occupied important positions in the government and in the army, and have even rendered services to the country. Carried away by the passion of parliamentary struggles, they have put France in peril. Their irritation naturally survives their defeat. Their removal is a measure of safety, taken in behalf of public tranquillity, and we may also add, *intended to protect them from themselves!*"

It may be supposed that half of the ninety exiles are men of means; but fully half will be reduced to penury, when driven into countries whose languages they do not speak. I know that one of them at least, who had risen from the position of a master-builder to a degree of consideration which rendered him a prominent candidate for the presidency, would be glad of employment, at two dollars a day, as a carpenter, to enable him to support a wife and two children. Of course there are many others in the same destitute condition. Before applauding such a measure of repression, I should like to be sure that it is just. I cannot take the *Patrie's* word for it. Till the guilt of these men is proved, and the danger of their stay in the country clearly shown, I shall believe them innocent; till Louis Napoleon acquaints the world with his motive for their exile, the world will have an evident right to believe that he was actuated by none better than vengeance, hatred, and malice.

It is rumored on all sides that two decrees will soon appear, to the following effect: the one declaring the confiscation of the Orleans estate, and the other ordering all civilians, all but military gentlemen in fact, to cut off their mustachios, and forbidding their cultivation in future. This is legislation in earnest. It is said of Julius Cæsar, that he could at the same time employ his ear to listen, his eye to read, his hand to write, and his mind to dictate. Louis Napoleon can shave with both hands, the House of Orleans with one, and a nation's upper lip with the other.

The papers in Louis Napoleon's interest do not hesitate to publish the following anecdote, as if it were on their side of the question:—

A peasant presented himself at the polls on the 21st of December, and requested the mayor to give him a voting ticket. "For whom do you wish to vote?" asked the mayor. "Why, for the emperor, of course." "The emperor is dead, my fine fellow." "Well, for the son, then." "The son is dead too." "Well, then, I'll vote for the Holy Ghost; for I suppose he's yet alive, though the Father and the Son are dead." The mayor handed a bulletin, bearing the word "Oui," to the applicant, who

straightway deposited it in the urn. You will not fail to be moved at the simple superstition of the honest rustic. But this is not the worst. An engraving has appeared, in which the Trinity are very prominent personages. The principal character is the President of the French Republic; in the sky, and peering forth from the clouds, are the three members of the Godhead. They form a sort of halo around the elect of seven millions and a half, and gaze on him with evident signs of approbation. The Father is smiling blandly; the Son is affected even to tears; while the face of the Holy Spirit is positively distorted by excess of emotion! What can you expect better than such lithographic blasphemy, after the declaration of the Bishop of Chartres that "God is with Louis Napoleon Bonaparte;" after the exclamation of the Dean of the clergy of Paris, "Prince, your heaven-blessed work shall succeed, in spite of all difficulties;" after the letter of the Pope of Rome, in which he says of the 2nd of December, that *God paid on that day the debt that the Church owed to France!* When bishops blaspheme, and popes are profane, it is no more than natural that a nation which illustrates everything should make their profanity pictorial. But it must not be supposed that the whole nation is caught by such devices as these. I have heard the President a good deal ridiculed for entering into partnership with the Pope. No longer ago than last night, a gentleman amused a highly anti-Napoleonic circle by saying, that if he ever had any children, he should teach them a catechism something like the following:—

Q. Who made you?

A. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

Q. Who is Louis Napoleon Bonaparte?

A. God.

Q. Who is God?

A. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

Q. Who are the three members of the Trinity, or Godhead?

A. Louis-Napoleon-Bonaparte, Bonaparte-Louis-Napoleon, and Napoleon-Bonaparte-Louis.

Q. What was the last plan of redemption for a lost world invented by this Holy Trinity?

A. The *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December.

The continuation of this catechism, which sounded very well in French, and was a very logical induction from what we see going on around us, seems rather too daring when rendered into uncompromising English; so I think it better to withhold it.

The President has twice altered his signature. Instead of signing his name in full, he at first adopted the formula of L. N. Bonaparte, but has finally concluded to drop the Bonaparte, and now signs Louis Napoleon. *All decrees are dated at the palace of the Tuileries.*

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CONSTITUTION FOR ONE CENT—M. DE MORNY ON BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION—FIRST MENTION IN HISTORY OF GOVERNMENT CANDIDATES.

January 22nd, 1852.

In the preamble of his Constitution just made public, Louis Napoleon affects to give his motives and reasons, in a lump, for promulgating the document, of which he is the author. He would have done well to continue giving his reasons throughout, and to specify, after each article, the particular train of argument which resulted in that article's adoption. We could easily imagine what some of these comments would have been. As thus:—

Art. V.—"The President of the Republic is responsible before the French people, to whom he always has the right of appealing."

Our illustrious predecessor Sam Patch once said that some things might be done as well as others: somebody else has said that what has been done once may be done again. I have appealed once to the people, and they absolved me from perjury, and acquitted me of massacre. The simple-hearted creatures will acquit me of any horror or folly that it may fall to my lot to commit.

Art. XIV.—"The Ministers, members of the Senate, of the Legislative Body, and the Council of State, officers on land and on sea, all magistrates and functionaries, will take the following oath:—'*I swear obedience to the Constitution and fidelity to the President.*'"

The idea of my making other people take a solemn oath, after the famous example I set about six weeks ago, would be ludicrous anywhere but in France. I should not have dared to do it, as it is, had I not taken the precaution to choke the *Charivari*. I had once thought of taking the oath myself; but Persigny told me that it would be running the thing into the ground.

Art. XIX.—"The number of Senators cannot exceed 150: it is fixed for the first year at 80."

Perhaps next year I shall be sure of 150 devoted followers. For the present, the ground being new and the path untried, I can only scrape about 75, to save my soul. Besides, if in the first 80 there is a majority against me, I can swamp it by new admissions of tried and true men.

Art. XXII.—"The functions of Senator are gratuitous, but nevertheless the President may grant, in consideration of their services or small fortunes, personal dotations, not beyond, however, 6,000 dollars a year."

Thus such Senators as quietly obey my will and do as I bid them, will

receive an annual salary: such as vote against me, or oppose my inclinations, will get nothing at all.

ART. XXXIII.—"In case of the dissolution of the Legislative Body, the Senate, upon the proposition of the President of the Republic, provides for all that is necessary for the maintenance of the Government."

So that, in case I turn the Legislative Body out of doors (as I frequently shall do, just to keep my hand in), the legislative right returns direct to me. For I suppose that everybody has remarked that the Senate, as I have arranged it, is nothing but myself multiplied by 80, or myself subdivided into 80 individualities.

ART. XXXVI.—"The Deputies are chosen by universal suffrage, and by secret ballot."

I have tried in every earthly way, and in several that were unearthly, to avoid investing the people with any voice in the difficult matter of government. But Persigny sensibly observed, that if I am a representative of anything, if I am pledged to one thing more than another, that thing is universal suffrage. I notice that *Punch* styles my system as "Universal Suffering and vote by Bullet." I must endeavor to obtain the suppression of *Punch*. Though I am obliged thus to consent to a popular election, I have nevertheless managed, by Article XXXVII., to control the selection of candidates, and thus pack the House.

ART. XXXVII.—"The Deputies receive no salary."

By this article I render it impossible for Republicans to become members of the Legislative Body. Gentlemen of that political faith are generally too poor to indulge in legislative sports for nothing. They can't have twenty-five francs a day during my time. But men that have property to lose and money to keep, all belong to the grand party of Order, Religion, and Family, of which I am the head and the front.

ART. XL.—"Any amendment adopted by the committee of the House charged to examine a bill, will be sent, without discussion, to the Council of State. If the amendment is not adopted by the Council of State, it cannot be re-submitted to the deliberation of the Legislative Body."

Having claimed, in a previous article, the initiation of all laws for myself, I deprive, by this article, the Legislature of the power of making any amendments to which I do not give my approbation.

ART. XLII.—"The sessions of the Legislative Body are public, but the reports in the newspapers will be nothing more than a literal copy of the brief official digest made out at the issue of each day's session, by the president of the Legislative Body."

The president of the Legislative Body will, therefore, control the reports of its daily doings; the following article shows how I get the entire control of the president of the Legislative Body:—

ART. XLIII.—"The president and the vice-presidents of the Legis-

lative Body are appointed for one year by the President of the Republic. They are chosen from the members of the body. The salary of the president of the Legislative Body is fixed by a decree of the President of the Republic."

So that I not only appoint the president, but I fix his salary according to his merits. If this is not getting a man under your thumb, I should like to know what is.

ART. XLVI.—"The President of the Republic convokes, adjourns, prorogues, and dissolves the Legislative Body."

Persigny says that he has a contempt beforehand for the two hundred and fifty representatives of the people, who will consent to accept an office from which they may be at any moment summarily, and, what is worse, constitutionally, ejected. I told him that I did this on purpose, in order to inflict one good and lasting disgrace upon the principle of representative government.

ART. XLVIII.—"The Councillors of State are appointed by the President of the Republic, and revocable by him."

As the Council of State is to prepare the laws to be submitted to the Senate and Legislature for acceptance, it is important that I should control the former body as completely as I do the two others. I rather think that the Council of State will acknowledge my supremacy, like everybody else.

For the general spirit in which my constitution was conceived, I refer the whole civilised world to the peroration. I consider it my triumph.

"May this constitution assure to our country many calm and prosperous days! May it prevent the return of those intestine struggles, in which the victory, however legitimate it may be, is always dearly bought! May the sanction which you have bestowed on my efforts be blessed by Heaven! Then will peace be secured within and without; then, indeed, will my desires be fulfilled, and my mission be accomplished!"

When I read this affecting passage to Persigny, I observed that he placed the end of his thumb upon the end of his nose, and played an invisible flageolet with his fingers. He thus expressed his disdain, and my own, too, I may add, for the foolish people that has accepted me for ten or twenty years, I forget which. I believe I said ten, but I meant twenty.

Such is my constitution. I foresee that it will be published in pamphlet form, and sold in the streets for one cent. My own candid impression is, that that is considerably more than it is worth.

Thus might speak M. Bonaparte, if he were inclined to make public the details of the manufacture of this constitution. His whole object

has been to enshrine the present dictatorial *régime* in an instrument purporting to endow the country with free institutions. It is nothing less than absolutism, rendered still more absolute by being clinched by a constitution. It is irresponsibility legalised; the one-man-power sanctioned and sanctified by seal and signature. It can but be evident to all who carefully read the constitution, I do not say study, for study it does not require, that the President will be none the less supreme, absolute, irresponsible, with his senators and councillors of state, than he was on the morning of the 2nd of December. The French Constitution of 1852 is, and was meant to be, a mockery of constitutional governments.

By comparing it with Napoleon's Constitution of the year VIII., it will be found that every departure in the former from the plan of the latter places power in the hands of Louis Napoleon which the First Consul never held or sought to hold. It has been so often said that the Nephew is a mere servile imitator of the Uncle, that it is remarkable to see the multiplicity of instances in which he not only follows in his footsteps, but actually gets ahead of him. I make a rapid analysis of the principal points of difference, for such as have not the means of comparing the two Constitutions for themselves.

The First Consul did not command the land and sea forces; the President does.

Napoleon did not claim the right of declaring war; such a declaration was discussed and decreed like a simple law: Louis Napoleon retains this right.

The Uncle could not conclude and sign a treaty of peace, alliance, or of commerce, without the sanction of the Legislative Body; the Nephew arrogates to himself that right in the 6th article of his Constitution.

The First Consul had the right of appointing to many offices, but not to all, as the President has. He could neither appoint Justices of the Peace, nor Judges in the Supreme Court (*Juges de Cassation*), and he could not revoke at pleasure the civil and criminal magistrates whom he had already raised to office. All this the President can do.

Napoleon did not hold the pardoning power, and there is no mention of this attribute of sovereignty in his Constitution. Louis Napoleon holds this power by the 9th article of his Constitution.

The State of Siege, or, as it was called fifty years ago, "the Suspension of the Empire of the Constitution," could only be decreed by a law. Louis Napoleon declares the State of Siege by his own individual signature.

Napoleon did not hold the power of dissolving and dispersing the Legislative Body. This monstrous privilege is claimed by Louis Napoleon in the 46th article.

By the Constitution of the year VIII., the citizens possessed the right

of petitioning to all constituted bodies. For the future, the Senate only can be addressed by the petitions of the inhabitants.

These are the principal differences between the two Constitutions, and it is evident that Louis Napoleon, though he has only arrived at that stage of the route which corresponds with the Consulate, possesses, by anticipation, the power wielded, some years later, by the Emperor.

The circular of the Minister of the Interior to the prefects, prescribing certain plans to be followed in the elections to the Legislative Body, has appeared in the *Moniteur*. The minister commences by saying that universal suffrage is a new and untried, and consequently dangerous element in France. It is, therefore, highly necessary to control it. For this reason, the Constitution forbids the publication of the speeches delivered in the house, thus forcing the members to attend to the affairs of the country, instead of being eloquent for Buncombe. The government is firmly resolved never to make use of corruption, and therefore desires to see men, independent by their situation and character, returned to the Assembly. It would prefer men who have made their fortunes by labor, manufactures, or agriculture, men who have endeavored to improve the condition of their workmen, or who have made a noble use of their property, to merely political men.

The prefects of the departments are to prepare a list of such candidates who seem to have a fair chance of obtaining a majority of the votes, and send it to the Minister of the Interior, who will then "*unhesitatingly recommend such as he shall select to the confidence of the electors!*" As there is to be but one candidate for each seat, electoral meetings to discuss the merits of that candidate would be entirely useless. The prefects are, therefore, to prevent any preparatory meetings or electoral reunions. M. de Morny concludes with a long essay on bribery and corruption. It is evident from this circular, that the government is to choose 250 men from the more prominent advocates of religion and family, and force the country to elect them by an irresistible majority. Thus, Louis Napoleon will have himself chosen, either directly or indirectly, every individual officer of the government, from the Minister of the Interior at Paris, to the game-keeper at Narbonne; the Ministers by undisputed right; the Council of State, and the Senate by assuming the right in the Constitution; all the offices, little and big, by the sixth article of that instrument; and finally, the whole Legislative Body by collusion with the prefects. Such is the last gasp of parliamentary government in France!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DE MORNY RESIGNS—THE EMPEROR GIVES A BALL—A GLANCE AT THE NEWSPAPERS.

January 29th, 1852.

EVENTS come thronging before us in rapid succession. Louis Napoleon's Constitution has been republished and digested on your side of the Atlantic. This amazing act of the drama once played, nothing can increase our wonder. Decree after decree is announced with impatient haste. These measures, taken together, seem completely to change the machinery of the Government. Let me notice one or two of the most prominent.

On the 23rd instant there was a material change in the Ministry. De Morny, Louis Napoleon's half-brother, the Minister of the Interior, was displaced, and was succeeded by M. de Persigny. The reason for this was, that the President had determined to confiscate the greatest part of the immense estate of the Orleans family in France, valued at 300,000,000 francs. De Morny was unwilling to participate in the measure, and hence he resigned. The sequestration immediately followed.

It is hardly necessary to say that this proceeding caused an immense sensation. The Radicals claim it as a Socialist measure, and many were seen chuckling at the corners of the streets as they read the President's proclamation of the confiscation. People of property, in whose name Louis Napoleon has seized power, took a very different view of the matter. The funds wavered and fell, and the people, before hushed into timid silence, grew bold and murmured aloud. So deep and general was the feeling of reprobation, that the *Moniteur* has attempted to allay it, by assuring the public that no more "exceptional measures" will be resorted to. This has been insufficient to appease the irritation. Even the *Constitutionnel*, one of the most servile Government supporters, revolted, and intimated yesterday, in its columns, that Louis Napoleon would recal the obnoxious decree, and leave the subject to the decision of the Legislature and the Senate. It is possible, though not probable, that this may be the course of things. If it be so, it will be a sign of weakness on the part of the Government, and will serve to break the charm which has gathered round the President, from an idea that he is unflinching in purpose.

The state of things here, just now, would appear less certain and settled than was expected. As I have said, the funds have been somewhat depressed. The shopkeepers of Paris are loud in their complaints of the

want of business. The manufacturers have become timid, and will only undertake work upon orders. Various signs of an uneasy state of the public mind are afloat. One of these is, a rumour that the President is going to follow out a series of revolutionary measures, designed to secure the favor of the Republicans and Democrats. The first step, according to the report, will be a reduction of the interest on the five per cent. Government stocks to four per cent., and this, too, without the condition of refunding the principal, in case the holder prefers to take it. It is well known that Louis Napoleon was once tinged with Socialism, and wrote in favor of it. It is expected by some that we shall yet see him exercising his despotic power in consonance with those ideas. It is certain that he intends to give work to the masses, which will differ little, except in form, from Ledru Rollin's exploded national workshops. At the same time, he has filled his Senate with men of high-sounding names and lofty pretensions, and he has also restored the interdicted titles of nobility. I cite these rumours only as evidences of the unquiet state of public affairs.

The grand ball at the Tuileries on the night of the 24th was intended as a means of restoring Paris to its gaiety, as well as to install the President in the palace of the Emperor. Some 4,500 persons were present. The splendid suite of reception-rooms was thrown open, and the programme of the pageant was much the same as in Napoleon's time. The diplomatic corps were received in the *Salle de Famille*. The ceremony lasted for an hour, and was found tiresome by those concerned in it. The President, followed by the great personages, then moved into the superb *Salle des Maréchaux*, or Hall of the Marshals. Five rows of benches, covered with red velvet, received the court ladies, twinkling with diamonds and other gems. Conspicuous among them was the Princess Mathilde, with a glittering coronet of nameless cost. There was a fair show of beauty, and our countrywomen maintained their accustomed ascendancy.

The ball was opened by a waltz, in which the Prince Poniatowski and Lady Douglas took the lead: others soon followed, and the mazy whirl was kept up till a late hour. But the general aspect of the scene was dull, not to say gloomy. The immense preponderance of military men, and the unfinished state of the apartments, gave the spectacle a kind of barrack appearance. The lights were dim, and altogether the palace saloons contrasted strongly with their cosy and comfortable look in Louis Philippe's time. There were other comparisons, I suspect, in many minds, not favorable to the passing scene. Louis Philippe and his stately Queen—a model of dignity and virtue—were but ill replaced by Louis Napoleon and the corrupt mistress of the present court. Despite the costly preparations and the great effort of the Government to make this

first reception at the Tuileries a brilliant affair, it was generally regarded as a failure.

The Prince himself appeared in tolerable spirits. I stood near him for some time, and observed him closely. In person he is of a vulgar mould—stout, and square-shouldered, and stiff in his manners. He never seems at ease, and when standing, he rocks slightly from one foot to the other, like a sailor. He often relieves a seeming uneasiness by passing his fore finger over his moustache. His hair is thin and brown, his countenance dull and stolid; his eye is half-closed and fishy. On the present occasion it was lighted by a sort of pearl-oyster radiance, but I saw no stronger demonstration of emotion. He eat and drank with apparent relish, and for the first time, he slept at the Tuileries. How many dreams of ambition were that night fulfilled!

Yet, after all, it is quite possible that he spent happier hours in his prison at Ham than he can now command either at the Tuileries or the Elysée. He cannot but be aware of the bitter curses that are every day called down upon his head by the thousand victims of his tyranny, in prison and in exile. Nor can he be unconscious of the bodily peril in which he constantly stands, for one attempt at least has already been made upon his life.

The condition of the press here is an interesting and suggestive topic. The suppression of the newspapers was synonymous with the *coup-d'état*. The *Patrie* and one or two other journals soon came out gingerly, with pithy bulletins, setting forth incidents, accidents, and events favorable to the government. The oracles spoke as they were bidden. The stately *Moniteur* proceeded steadily in its diurnal parade of the Presidential decrees. In columns, entitled *non-official*, it bestows on the government unbounded eulogy.

Some of the newspapers have arisen from the grave, but most of them stagger with palsied and timid step before the public. Others, including all the democratic journals, rest in the sleep that knows no waking. Among these are the *National*, the *République*, the *Revolution*, and the *Avénement*, all papers of high talent, and embracing in their editorial corps persons known all over the world for their literary abilities. The *Pays*, Lamartine's paper, is now on the side of the government. It is agreeable to state that this distinguished publicist has ceased to be connected with the organ to which his talents gave name and fame. The two Legitimist papers, the *Ordre* and the *Opinion Publique*, have ceased —the first through the exile of its chief editor, and the latter by positive suppression, because it appeared with blank spaces in its columns, where the censors had struck out condemned paragraphs. The witty *Charivari*, no longer permitted to feed on the crumbs that fell from the tables of the politicians, lives, lean and hungry, on bits picked up here and there

among the crowd. Leon Faucher has given place to the *Bal Masqué*, and Odillon Barrot to another series of *Les Enfans Terribles*.

The *Débats*—the sober, sensible, dignified *Débats*—discourses of the ironmongers' strike in England, and other topics as far off from Paris as possible. It often skips across the Atlantic to find some flaw in our institutions and manners, and to give a *coup de grace* to Kossuth. This man has nine lives, or he had died long ago of the lunges which the monarchical sheets have given him. The *Constitutionnel* and the *Patrie* are the chief working organs of the government, and are able and zealous in its behalf. As there is no voice to question their facts or pick a flaw in their logic, the despotism is represented as entirely successful; Europe is saved, and France in a state of millennium.

Galignani's Messenger, published in English, as you know, has a tortuous path to tread. Formerly its columns were filled with daily extracts from the London journals. It is now obliged to pick and choose with great caution. It reminds one of an ass feeding on brambles—content to take the sharp, serrated leaves, but a little chary of munching the thorny stalks. Nevertheless, by hook and by crook, its columns are filled. Taking long leaders from the London *Post*, eulogistic of Louis Napoleon and all he has done; snipping short passages, half-panegyric and half-condemnatory from the *Times*, *Chronicle*, and *Examiner*, mingling in interminable reports of murders, trials, shipwrecks, and steamers burnt at sea; dressing up the adventures of a cat that dashed into a confectionary shop, and rushed out again all covered with cream; and picking four or five columns from the American newspapers in bulk, it continues to make its daily appearance, and seems to be as plump and hearty as usual.

Such is the state of the newspaper press in Paris. You can readily conceive how weary and stale it must seem to a people who have been accustomed of late to the excitement of discussion, not only by the press, but at the tribune. The stillness of despotism, the difficult breathing of a stifled atmosphere, cast a gloom over Paris that no arts of the government, no *bals masqués*, no junketings at the Tuileries, can wholly dissipate. Kossuth, in one of his many happy illustrations, says—"If every one were to belong to one party, there would be only an unilateral consideration of every question. In order to grind wheat and make flour of it, two stones, you know, are necessary; one must rub against the other, and then comes out the flour. And so it is with truth—so it is with conviction." The press of Paris is a mill of one stone, and it grinds for the government. What but deception can be its product? Nevertheless there is another stone silently at work, and that is the common sense, the conscience of the people. Tyranny cannot long suppress these. The result of reflection is beginning already to manifest itself in France.

It is true that there are great interests and wide fields of inquiry distinct from politics. It is one of the characteristics of France that at all times, even amid the turmoil of revolution and anarchy, there are bodies of learned men quietly and steadily devoted to science. It is so now. The learned lectures on the Latin side of the Seine are proceeding, and a few days since Lord Brougham delighted an audience at the Academy of Sciences, by a dissertation on mathematical questions. It is also true that the theatre and the opera present their attractions. But the spirit of society is clouded. It is a curious fact, that, amid all the attractions of the great Napoleon's empire, literature did not flourish. Even his power could not make letters live and thrive under despotism. Genius must have air—a blessing given by the Almighty even to the sod. In the damp and clammy atmosphere of a state of siege, it cannot be expected that Paris should bloom with poetry or its kindred arts.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BULLFINCHES MAKE LOVE NEVERTHELESS—CONFISCATION AND CAYENNE—THE BULLET IS NOT YET CAST.

February 5th, 1852.

We have had a week without startling events, and without high excitement. The rocking of the ship of state seems to have subsided into a gentle swing, and the sea-sick heads and hearts are recovering their wonted tone of cheerfulness. It is not easy to keep the French nation—habitually "contented wi' little and canty wi' mair"—for a long time in a state of melancholy brooding. "Make the best of it" is their motto and their manner.

It is true that the old Legitimists in the Saint Germain quarter are pouting, and the Orleanists are said to be plotting. Many of the saloons are closed, and Paris is dull, comparatively. The climate, too, has partaken of the political gloom; for the last two months we seem to have exchanged with London. For many days Hood's description of the latter city in November—

> "No sun, no moon,
> No morn, no noon,
> No distance looking blue,"

has been the picture of Paris. For the last two days a greasy mud has covered the streets, and even the side-walks. The polishing of boots, performed by men and even women stationed at the crossings of the

streets, has been a thrifty business. The temperature has been very mild, however, and the buds of the lilacs and other shrubs are full of promised flower and leaf. Yesterday was a spring-like day, and the gardens of the Tuileries had a breathing of the joyous season along its avenues. There were hundreds of nurses with rosy infants,—children with hoops, dolls, and balls—and loungers in search of pleasure—scattered here and there in the sunny spots by the enclosures; the sparrows and bullfinches were hopping and chirping and making love, while, aloft in the tree-tops, flocks of pigeons, which claim this as their special dominion, were billing and cooing, preparatory to building their nests. While this is the state of things here, it seems that the stern clinching fist of Winter is squeezing the life out of you at home.

As to political matters, the chief event is the publication of the new electoral law, which made its appearance in the *Moniteur* of the 3rd inst. It is a work of great labor, and seems more thoroughly digested and studied than any other of the extraordinary decrees that have been issued by the Prince-President. It assigns one representative to every 35,000 electors. This gives to the department of the Seine, of which Paris is the chief portion, nine deputies. Any elector twenty-five years of age is eligible. The suffrage, in choosing the representatives, is universal, and the voting is to be in the usual manner—secret. The whole number of representatives will be 261.

It is well known, for it has been openly announced, that the government, or in other words the President, will nominate candidates for this mock Legislative Body, and thus for the most part will dictate and control the choice of the people. The reasons for this conduct are very frankly set forth by the government journals.

The Americans ask whether they will be accepted and acted upon by this nation, so full of science, and art, and native wit?—Certainly they will—not by the people of Paris, or Lyons, or Marseilles, who have cut their eye-teeth. They are not intended for them. Yet, with the great mass who are under the training of priests, prefects, mayors, and other paid or pensioned employés—while there is no one to present any other view—while no discussion is allowed, and where the great body of society are artfully set running, like sheep at the heels of the bell-wether, all in one direction—they will be regarded as most wise, conclusive, and statesman-like fact and argument.

The confiscation of the Orleans estate continues still to be the subject of serious conversation and indignant commentary. M. Dupin and several other gentlemen, who have had charge of it as trustees, have made a formal, argumentative protest against the sequestration. It is drawn up with ability, and presents a most crushing statement in opposition to the sophomorical excuses assigned for the measure by the

government. The conduct of the President in this matter is considered rash and vindictive; it is doubted whether the confiscation can ever be effected, as well from legal and political difficulties as from the want of purchasers. Who, it is asked, will buy palaces, cities, and forests by the square league, when the title must remain a matter of doubt, and when it is highly probable that some new government may speedily restore them to the proprietors from whom they have been wrested?

A circular issued by M. de Persigny, and intended for the newspapers and the public eye, instructs the prefects generally to relax the severity of their measures, and to release, as far and as fast as may be, such individuals compromised in the "late insurrection" as may seem to have been seduced and led away by the more guilty fomenters of the sedition. The ringleaders will, on the contrary, be huddled off to Cayenne with due and decent celerity. In a country without a press or any other avenues to publicity, it is of course easy to cause the circulation of such a document as this, tending to reassure the public, and at the same time drop a line to the prefects through the post, therein alluding to the circular as the production of Betty Martin. People have learned to understand the value of such manifests in the *Moniteur*. When we hear that the prisons are beginning to disgorge, and that the savage energy of the expedition to Cayenne is cooling off, it will be time to believe in the humanity and justice of the Prince-President.

I have to chronicle still another idea borrowed by the nephew from the uncle, this week. Several bullets (the best accounts say three) have been aimed at him, one by a practised eye, and all three have missed him. Louis Napoleon affects to see the hand of Destiny in this seeming immunity from destruction, and quotes for his own account, the famous expression of the Emperor: *The bullet is not yet cast*, etc. This egregious plagiarist is bent on pursuing the parallel into all the crooked highways and by-ways of his uncle's experience. I pity his first wife; he will be likely to repudiate her, and take a second from the house of Austria. He will shoot somebody yet in the moats of Vincennes, and if he does not die ignominiously in his bed, will finish his days gloriously at St. Helena. But the parallel will finish there. I doubt whether the Prince de Joinville will be sent to Longwood to bring back the crumbling remains of the President usurper, or whether his immortal dust will ever be sheltered by the dome of the Invalides.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A "CERTAIN SENSATION"—THE REVERSE OF THE PICTURE—THE MINISTER OF WAR GIVES A BALL.

February 9th, 1852.

In one of Landseer's pictures there is a rough dictatorial terrier, proudly seated upon a table, in the midst of abundance, while on the floor beneath is a lank, starving spaniel, looking up, begging humbly for a crumb from the master's board. This picture of canine life seems a sort of moral portraiture of the condition and relation of the government and press of France. A more miserable set of creatures can scarcely be imagined than the editors of the papers of Paris. Those newspapers which have given in their adhesion to the government are read with indifference—for there is no faith in their statements and no interest in their logic. Those who dare not utter what they think, that are continually tempted by this subject and that, are, like Landseer's spaniel, standing on the floor, looking wistfully at the churlish despot who keeps them, at the same time, hungry, lean, and in bodily fear.

To give you an instance. Louis Napoleon granted the thirty-five millions of people of France a Legislative Body, called an Assembly. This was to consist of 261 representatives chosen by the people. As every other vestige of liberty was taken or voted away, the people were determined to make the most of this. The note of preparation was sounded. The press hinted at the importance of this Assembly. The great men—all over France—prepared to offer themselves as candidates. It is said that even the Leon Fauchers, the Montalemberts, etc., were looking about to choose the districts for which they would offer themselves.

But, alas, all this was reckoning without their host. Louis Napoleon had no idea of permitting the people to choose their representatives; all he meant was they should choose his. He was to name certain men, and the people, under the gentle guidance of prefects and bayonets, were to vote them in. He had tried this in respect to himself; he was determined to try it in respect to the Assembly. He knew, of course, that his men would be elected by this show of suffrage, and that this would put a new chain around the liberty of the people; thus completing their enslavement and their degradation.

Now it was in the full bloom of opening hope and discussion, that the *Patrie*, in one of those brief and pithy paragraphs which, like percussion caps, are very small, but are connected with mighty consequences, announced the Prince-President's mode of electing the Assembly. How

must the members of the press, burning with indignation, have yearned for the liberty of speech and print at such a moment! What a theme for discussion! Yet their lips were sealed, and how did they treat the occasion? Like Landseer's spaniel, they cringed, fawned, and looked up to the Dictator with abject reverence. One or two dared to utter a low whine, but this was all. "The announcement of the *Patrie*," says the *Débats*, "caused a certain sensation." Even that proud and powerful paper dared no more.

And such has been the state of things from the beginning. The press of France is degraded—prostrated in the very dust. The utmost licence allowed to it, when the streets are converted into battle-fields, is to say the event caused a "*certain sensation*." If hundreds are banished and thousands imprisoned—without trial and without law—it is only permitted to remark that the occurrence occasioned a "*certain sensation*." If the estates of a royal family are confiscated, the press may only say of it that it caused a "*certain sensation*." If a nation, paralysed in the tightening coil of a despot, evinces a fluttering spasm of life and hope, and is crushed by the contracting folds of the monster—of this the press may only say, that it caused a "*certain sensation*."

Some may say "This is really no business of ours; if the French like it, let them keep it." This is very true; every one to his taste. But will the French keep it? Will Paris—so fond of talking—so long indulged in the habit of discussing, caricaturing, pasquinading—consent to be squeezed into those rectangular lines of thought and speech? Already, as I have said, Paris is dull—insipid. It has indeed almost lost its wonted elasticity—that charming and sunny gaiety, which penetrated, warmed, and melted all into its own happy image. It is now the season of festivity, yet the festive spirit is not here. The opening of the Tuileries could not bring back the departed charm. Louis Napoleon called the spirits of St. Germain—the haughty *noblesse*—to his levee, but they would not come. Many of them sent back their invitations. The Prince-President lost temper, and it is said there are to be no more receptions at the Tuileries. The ministers and public functionaries are giving grand balls, but these do not awaken the genial spirit of the city. The people do not seem to breathe at ease. Trade languishes. Thousands, in spite of the number of men kept at work by the government, are out of employment, and many are suffering from want. The strangers here are not satisfied, and many will leave as soon as spring opens.

This is the dark side of things. On the other, it may be remarked that there is a dull tranquillity over France. The submission to the government is complete. It is one of the wonders of this anomalous era, that nobody is pleased, yet nobody resists. There is some talking under the breath, and this reaches the ears of the government. Several times of

late its organs have taken pains to deny certain rumors afloat,—rumors, of course, uttered only in whispers. Still there are no visible traces of any organized or organizing opposition to the President.

The recent attempt on the life of the Queen of Spain was a suggestive event, and sent a general thrill over Paris. The idea has prevailed very generally since the *coup d'état* that the President will be assassinated. It has been supposed that, among the multitudes who have been rendered desolate and desperate by his recent acts, some reckless Louvel may be found to strike the fatal blow.

But the assassination of a man on his guard is a very difficult matter. Louis Philippe was shot at eight times, and without injury. Napoleon escaped all the infernal engines destined for his destruction. George the Third died a natural death, in spite of Peg Nicholson and the rest of his assailants. The Duke of Berry is the only royal personage who has fallen a victim to assassination in France in the present century, and yet many murderous attempts have been made. It may be fairly inferred that Louis Napoleon, with the great precaution he is said to take, is little likely to end his career by this means. He has more to fear from the recoil of the violent measures he has adopted, and the want of foundation to sustain his lofty position, either in his character, his deeds, the nature of things, or the traditions, associations, and genius of the French people. If he can conquer these difficulties, he will prove himself the greatest man of the age.

The grand ball given last evening by General de St. Arnaud was the most brilliant and successful festivity that has taken place in Paris during the winter. Three thousand persons were present. It quite surpassed the President's fete at the Tuileries. It would appear that numbers of the *haute noblesse*, who declined the Prince-President's invitation, shone out in full costume last night. Diamonds, coronets, crosses, badges and orders, and other idle ornaments and toys, which have lain in eclipse for years, were here again brought out. The military, as usual, predominated; but the whole scene had much of the flush of wealth and refinement.

Among the men of mark I noticed Larochejaquelin, a broad-shouldered man, radiant with smiles; the Prince of Canino, fat and florid as usual; Bois-le-Comte, who spoke with much interest of his late residence in the United States; and General Magnan, six feet high, very robust, with a small head tapering upward. He possesses a keen, cunning, and rather unpleasing countenance. Our host the Minister of War, about fifty-five years of age, has a face shaped like that of "honest John Davis," but without his beaming benevolence. He has the appearance of a man of thought, and is deemed one of the ablest, though one of the most unprincipled, members of the government. The old Marshal Exelmans,

bending beneath a load of decorations and a blaze of diamonds, went round as usual, quizzing the rows of ladies, and smiling benignantly at those who were young and pretty. General d'Hautpoul, his chest encrusted with orders and costly gems, displayed his usual aspect of good humor and good breeding. He is now the *Grand Referendaire*, and takes possession of the Luxembourg next week, where he is speedily to have a house-warming.

There were still other striking lights and shades in this assembly of notabilities, but among them I did not see the President. The ladies were resplendent with beauty, natural and artificial. The Princess Mathilde, who has had some passages at arms with the Prince-President, and came near being exiled, was there; but she seemed in bad humor. Her diamond coronet, however, carried its blaze through the mazes of the assembly.

The rooms of the Minister of War were beautifully fitted up and decorated. The *Salle d'Armes* was curiously furnished. All the ornaments and fixtures were composed of the instruments and trappings of war, skilfully and harmoniously woven together. The chandelier was a mass of guns, pistols, casques and swords, blended in most artistic groupings. The walls were dressed in armor, and all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" were blazoned from the ceiling to the floor. But a spirit of peace seemed to have been breathed over the guests, spite of the martial decorations and the military trophies by which they were encompassed. The hatchet was buried leagues deep for this particular occasion. It can be dug up, however, at a moment's notice. Next week, comes in its turn, the ball of the Minister of Finance. The bare fact that the man who knows best the vacuum in the Treasury, and lives in daily communion with the budget, can make up his mind to receive company, and set the example of hilarity and unconcern, ought in itself to reassure the country, and contribute to a lively rise in the funds.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MONITEUR APPOINTS THE FASHIONS—A DISAPPOINTED EDITOR—THE CHARIVARI—PUNCH—THE PRESIDENT AT THE OPERA.

February 12th, 1852.

THE gloom continues. Never, in the memory of man, has Paris been so dull. Never has there been such a dearth of news—even of rumor. I have seriously debated the question, whether I would not spend the day

in skating on the artificial pond at the Jardin d'Hiver, rather than in composing a tedious chronicle of our half-week's labors. Ten years ago, the pond and the skates would have most certainly carried the day; and playing truant would, I can conceive, even at this late period, retain something of the zest it used to have, when the rule of three and the objective case seemed an especial invention of the arch-enemy of schoolboys. After a hard battle with a pretty serious inclination to omit you for once, I send you this letter as witness of the triumph of a sturdy conscientiousness over a desperate longing to steal a holiday and cut my initials on the ice. I'll sign them on this sheet of paper, instead. T is a hard letter to make with skates, but it can easily be done with a pen.

Senator, in costume.

I think that I have rarely, if ever, alluded to Paris fashions, and this has been because I hardly believed that any such allusions would reach the eyes of that portion of the creation for whom fashions were invented. But the President has prescribed a court costume for the councillors and the senators, and the *Moniteur* has acquainted the public with the fact. So that I depart, for once, from a long-established practice. The senators

are to wear a dark-blue velvet coat, ornamented with gold embroidery, representing branches of oak and palm interlaced—the ribs or arms of the leaves to be made of gold spangles. The councillors are to sport a coat of light-blue broadcloth, single-breasted, and to be worn buttoned, with nine gilt buttons; a white single-breasted waistcoat, with five gilt buttons; white cassimere pantaloons, with gold braid upon the seam. The embroidery upon the coat will represent oak-leaves mingled with an olive-branch. Certain slight variations of the embroidery distinguish the vice-presidents and the presidents of the sections. The hat is to be of black felt, ornamented with gold cord and black velvet. The plumes are to be white for the vice-president and the presidents of the sections, and black for the members. The sword is to be straight, and the hilt gilt. This is to be the state costume, worn on all occasions of ceremony: the undress consists of the coat just described, and black waistcoat and pantaloons, without ornament of any kind.

The inauguration of the Senate and Council of State will be attended with vast and imposing ceremonials. Dr. Veron, the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, had intended to play a prominent part in the display, and fully counted on revealing himself to an astonished city, in the rig of a full-blown senator. His name was not found among those of the eighty-four gentlemen first raised to that dignity, nor has it been consecrated in the columns of the *Moniteur* since. The obese doctor vented his rage one day in a paragraph upon two outgoing ministers, and was told, in the *Patrie* of the same evening, that the "government had seen the article with surprise and regret." I am afraid that the injudicious wrath of the confidential editor has ruined him. Yet he deserves some extraordinary mark of esteem. He has told a great many falsehoods and done a great deal of dirty work. He ought to be made senator immediately. He has been bottle-washer, lickspit, tool, toady,—long enough to merit promotion, and I trust he may get it, as an encouragement to others who are struggling for advancement over the same rugged and tortuous path.

Have you heard of M. Dupin's jest upon the confiscation of the Orleans property? It is untranslatable, and French scholars only will appreciate the play upon words. Speaking of this achievement of the Dictator, he said, "*C'est le premier vol de l'aigle.*" This is not only a pun, but a criticism, and a stinging one too. Thus, though the *Charivari* is choked, and *Punch* stopped at the frontiers, we have them both, in the salons and the streets. A sharp joke, a telling satire, is passed from mouth, to mouth and circulated with pertinacity from one end of the city to the other. Charivaris in private life, and amateur Punches, supply the place of their immortal prototypes. Lithography is often resorted to as a means of printing something too good to

lose, but which would yet be penal if put in type. *The London Punch* is kept out of the country with remarkable success. It is not to be seen at the reading-rooms. It was nominally contraband in Louis Philippe's time, but was received regularly by all its subscribers in Paris. But now, it is rare that a number crosses the line, unless buried deep in the recesses of a trunk, or hidden in the profundities of an over-coat pocket. Gentlemen that have a copy, show it gingerly to their particular friends, but hastily put it out of sight when interrupted by a stranger.

The representations of William Tell, which has just been revived at the Grand Opera, may perhaps be suspended by authority. On one occasion, when the President was present, the applause following Arnold's exclamation, "Liberty, or Death!" was so general and overwhelming, that M. Bonaparte was forced to withdraw into the interior of his box. Ladies stood up, waved their handkerchiefs, and clapped their gloved hands, as they never would do unless for a pointed political allusion. The Director has already received notice, that, however loth the government would be to stop the performance of Rossini's *chef-d'œuvre*, it certainly should do it, if the manifestations of Wednesday last were ever renewed.

Louis Napoleon is well known to be angry and discouraged at the course of events. The confiscation affair has shocked and disgusted all persons of honorable or enlightened minds. The series of balls at the Tuileries is to be discontinued, owing to the wretched failure of the first. Hundreds of invitations were returned, unopened, and the very persons whose presence was the most desired and courted, were the most eager to refuse. Some of their replies were positively insulting, both in manner and matter. The ball was certainly not of a character to bear repetition.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE COUNTRY PREPARES TO VOTE AGAIN—A LAW ON THE EDITORS—THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY—OUR SAVIOUR AND THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

February 20th, 1852.

THE government's system of nominating the candidates for the Legislative Body, flows, after all, logically, from the condition of affairs, and from the vote of December last, authorizing the President to construct a government upon a plan and basis of his own. However monstrous this dictatorial interference in a legislative election may appear to us at home, I cannot but think, that if it be accepted and

acted upon by the mass of the people, we ought to take it as one more proof that the yoke sits lightly, and that the nation is pleased and content to walk in the path traced out for it.

The government journals use but one argument, and as the premises are granted, the conclusion follows naturally. The nation has authorised the President to found a government; and in this government a Legislative Assembly, to be elected by the people, has a necessary, though not prominent, part to play. A hostile assembly would clog the movement of the machine, whose motion it was meant to facilitate. Therefore, all chance of the return of an adverse body of legislators must be avoided, and this for the express purpose of carrying out the wishes of the country, which in voting for a ten years' term voted for a permanent, progressive, working government, and not for a halting, laggard, and retrograde government, as it certainly would be were there an available majority against it in the Legislative Body. Therefore the elector's hand must be guided, his intelligence assisted, and his vote enlightened.

He must be told that such a man will impede the action of the government, while such another will materially advance it. "How can a husbandman, or a workman," asks the *Pays*, "be properly edified and instructed as to the merits of this, that, and the other candidate, whom he has never seen, and of whose very names he is totally ignorant! The government will say frankly to the country what it expects from its reason and its prudence; and the country will reply by a vote of confidence, which will have all the more authority from its being a vote of dignity and patriotism." Upon this plan will the election be held on the 29th of this month; and as the majority will thus be certainly secured to the President, he will have a fair opportunity of founding his dynasty, and inaugurating his policy, while we shall be better able to judge of his sincerity, his ability, and his patriotism.

The law upon the press appeared in the *Moniteur* of yesterday. No foreign paper can be admitted into France without an authorisation, and even when this is obtained, every number will be subject to a stamp duty, as if published in the country. The manner of collecting this duty —one cent and a fifth—will be announced in a future decree. It amounts, virtually, to an increase in the postage. The caution-money on indigenous papers is considerably increased, the penalties for offences of all sorts are largely augmented, and the journalists are hedged in by as formidable a set of repressive laws as were ever directed against any class of decent and respectable citizens. The comments of the parties concerned, in their editorials to-day, are various. The government journals are, of course, abundantly complimentary in their remarks.

The *Débats* dares to say but little, but it is decidedly hostile. The *Pays* is highly laudatory. The *Assemblée Nationale* declares that the press deserves what they have got—a *régime* that binds them hand and foot. Journalists have had the arrogance of late to assume the title and the privileges of "the Fourth Estate," and their pretentious foppery requires rough handling. The *Presse* manages to utter its opinion with sincerity, and at the same time skilfully avoids giving offence.

A decree in the *Moniteur* abolishes henceforth and for ever all the holidays, anniversaries, and fête-days that the French nation has successively adopted and kept sacred, after its several revolutions and political earthquakes. The days of February, which inaugurated the Republic—the days of July, which brought the Orleans family to the throne—the days of December, in which month the *coup d'état*, and the first and second elections of Louis Napoleon were effected—are all henceforth suppressed. The 15th of August is hereafter to be the only national holiday. The official journal did not state what great event of universal interest had happened on that day, and those whose memory was treacherous were fain to jog it by a reference to a Cyclopedia, article Napoleon, well knowing that they should find the famous date somewhere in the uncle's memoirs. On the 15th of August, 1769, the Emperor was born. Orleanist, Legitimist, and Republican may unite in celebrating this anniversary, and find themselves on neutral, if not hallowed, ground; just as Whig and Democrat have an equal right and an equal interest to remember and revere the 22nd of February.

The *Patrie*, in commenting on this decree, takes occasion to remark, that the 15th of August, besides being the birthday of the Emperor, is also Assumption Day, or the fête of the Virgin Mary—"one of the most sacred and touching feasts of Catholicism." "France is, therefore, to a certain extent, confided to the protecting influence of the Virgin and the Emperor!" It is a very good thing, for nations, as well as for individuals, to have two strings to their bows. So thought the old lady when the horses were running away with her; she put her trust in Providence till the breeching broke, and then she gave way to despair. The *Patrie* is imitating the pope and the bishops, and is waxing blasphemous. To declare that France looks for protection to the Emperor and the Virgin, is placing them, and, by implication, their offspring, in one and the same category. Our Savior and the Duke of Reichstadt are thus brought into close communion. It will not be long before the *Patrie* will tell us that the latter suffered crucifixion on Mount Calvary, while the former died some years ago at Schoënbrunn. One would think that the censors had been sleeping, if it were not known that they wink at whatever the *Patrie* thinks proper to publish, and that therefore their

eyes must have been open, and not shut. As the *Patrie* is soon to be printed with entirely new type, and as it has met with a flattering success since the *coup d'état*, we may judge that its course is approved and its blasphemy highly relished.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE FUSIONISTS TAKE COURAGE, AND ASK, WHO IS LOUIS NAPOLEON? THE PRESIDENT DECORATES SISTER ROSALIE—THE BEAR, MARTIN, A CANDIDATE FOR A SIMILAR DISTINCTION—THE HOUSE OVER THE WAY.

March 1st, 1852.

It is barely possible that a fusion will soon be effected between the Orleanists and the Legitimists—the two branches of the house of Bourbon. Such a fusion, impracticable while the Republic existed, inasmuch as it involved the overturn of the Republic by violent means, is less impracticable since the downfal of that form of government. The two parties interested have fewer difficulties to contend with. The Republic is uprooted to their hands, and they are ready to take advantage of the change, without having incurred the odium of the Revolution. To substitute Henry V. for Louis Napoleon, is a vastly different thing from juggling away republicanism and setting up royalty in its stead. The removal of a dictator, and the installation of a courtly, legitimate heir to the throne,—since it appears that throne there must be,—might be brought about by a bloodless *coup d'état*.

The conditions of the fusion would be few and simple; the throne of France secured to the Count of Chambord during his life, and the succession settled upon the Count of Paris at his death. No sacrifice is thus entailed upon either branch. The Count of Paris loses nothing, for although he might be compelled to wait some 20 or 30 years, it is his only chance of ever becoming legitimate. The Count of Chambord loses nothing, for in thus consenting to authenticate the Bourbon branch, he only consents to what will be inevitable upon his death. Henry the Fifth has no children, and never can have any. When it shall come his turn to die, the Count of Paris will be the only heir to the throne. There will then be no division of the house of Bourbon, for nature and the laws of descent will have fused both Orleanists and Legitimists into one common loyalty. Why not anticipate and accept what is unavoidable, and what is so clearly foreseen? In presence of the glaring improbability that Louis Napoleon will succeed in making his dynasty hereditary, and the exceeding likelihood that France will prefer to remain in the path of a traditional monarchy rather than rush again into the mazes of an

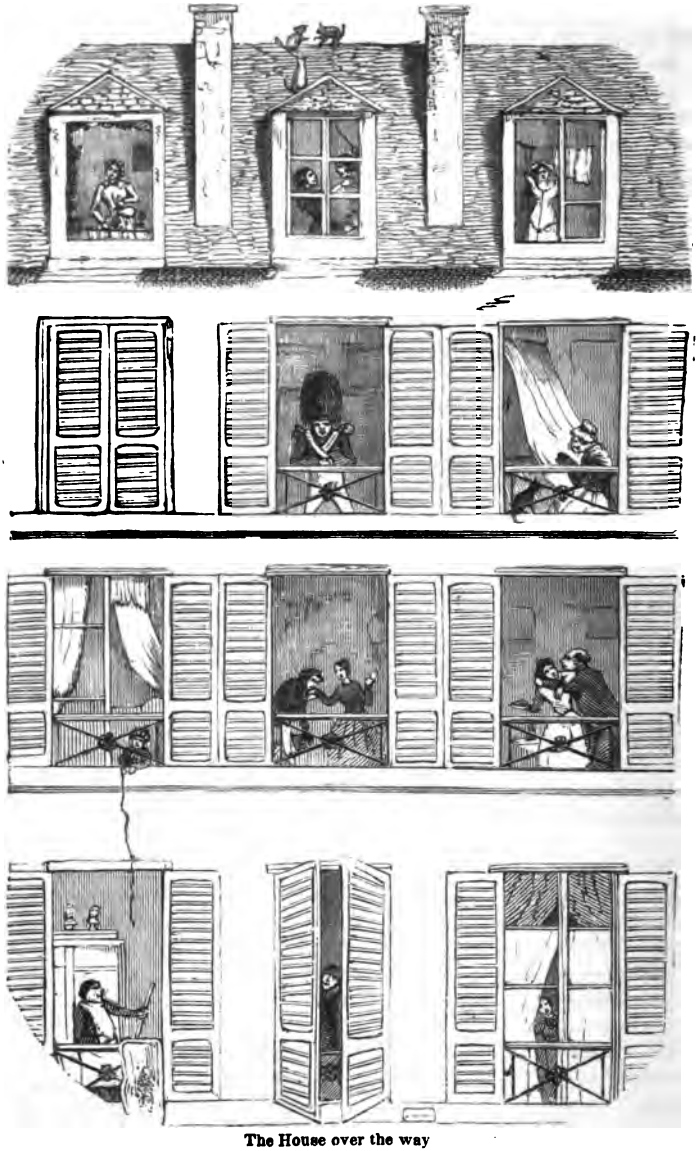
unintelligible republic, what have the branches of the right divine better to do than to amalgamate? Thus argue the Fusionists, and their arguments are certainly not without force.

To get rid of Louis Napoleon would certainly be a consummation indispensable to the execution of any project of fusion. The aspirant to the throne would not sanction assassination, as a means of forcing a revolution. Neither France nor Christendom would, in this age, tolerate a dynasty that should commence by regicide. The next of kin cannot wield the avenging steel, though history does not refuse to enshrine, in eulogistic pages, an act of retributory justice, when committed by a fanatic, or an inspired peasantess. Louis Napoleon may yet be killed by ridicule. He has dressed himself in feathers borrowed from the eagle. He owes everything he has, or ever will have, to his relationship to the Emperor. He has contented himself with aping or counterfeiting his uncle.

Now if it could be proved that he never had any uncle, what would become of his imperial pretensions? We hear in various quarters, hints of documents, seals, signatures, and other witnesses that cannot misrepresent, which prove unmistakeably his illegitimacy, and settle his paternity upon that Dutch Admiral, of whom everybody has heard. To be the son of Hortense Beauharnais is not necessarily to be the son of Louis Bonaparte; or else why does not de Morny set up his claims to the cocked hat and the iron crown of the Lombards? The Ex-Minister of the Interior is older than Louis Napoleon; and this, as far as it goes, is argument against the legitimacy of any of the younger children of Queen Hortense. And though that lady was doubly connected with Napoleon—being the daughter of Josephine his wife, and the wife of Louis, his brother—I imagine that all this is insufficient to make a Bonaparte of Louis Napoleon, unless he had a Bonaparte for his father. And if he is the son of a Dutch Admiral, it seems to me that he never had any uncle, or, at best, any to boast of.

Now suppose that this could be put in black and white, or that the evidence of the bar sinister amounted to a palpable fact, what would be the position of the French people before the world? They will have submitted to an imposture, which has never claimed but one right—and that—the right divine; and now it seems that this may perhaps be a usurpation. The usurper never made any pretensions, except such as he derived from his name, and now it appears that he has not any name at all—not even that of Smith. If the Legitimists can lay their hands on evidence such as this, they will unseat the nameless one, or at any rate give him a pretty severe joggle.

Every Frenchman who has mingled in society, or has interested



The House over the way

himself in politics, is aware of the suspicions which attach to the President's birth, but, of course, thus far they are not authoritatively proved. It remains to the pretenders to prove them not unfounded. The nation that confided its destinies to the direct, or at least legitimate, descendants of Hugh Capet, from the 10th to the 19th century, would hardly be willing, at this late day, to submit to the yoke of the bastard son of a faithless Dutch queen and an officer in her navy. Offer M. Bonaparte to the French people, without the name he bears; or call him by some name to which he is more fairly entitled—such as Hans Klopper, or Peter von Spoon, and if he is elected then, he may annex France to Holland, and remove Paris to the Zuyder Zee.

The President has conferred the decoration of the legion of honor upon sister Rosalie, a nun of the order of Saint Vincent de Paul. She has been for many long years the providence of the poor and afflicted, and her name is synonymous in France with charity and devotion. The President's red ribbon can add nothing to the esteem and veneration with which she is regarded by all who appreciate her rare qualities. But why has the nephew decorated sister Rosalie? Because, half a century ago, the uncle decorated sister Martha. So says the decree.

To confer this distinction upon a woman is certainly an eccentricity, and only occurs once in about fifty years, but if the President wishes to be original, he ought not to imitate his uncle at every turn and corner. There is room still left for singularity. Let him decorate Martin, the intelligent and popular bear of the Garden of Plants, and I am sure that the whole world would applaud so courageous an innovation.

The House over the Way, an object of interest in all cities, is especially so in Paris. In New York, an observer of his opposite neighbors would find his investigations confined to the proceedings of one single family, and a certain degree of uniformity noticeable in its daily avocations, would largely detract from the interest of the view. But in Paris, where each edifice is a caravansery, inhabited by as many families as it has stories, and sometimes by as many households as it has windows, the dwelling on the other side becomes invested with a variety of interest, a multifariousness of attraction, a diversity of charm, which effectually prevents it from ever becoming a monotonous object of regard. The door-way, avenue to perhaps forty fire-sides, egress from forty dinner-tables, presents a constantly changing physiognomy, that both awakens curiosity and stimulates attention. Balzac has analysed a house-front both with pen and pencil. Twelve windows present twelve different spectacles; a valet shaking the rugs; a gentleman peering through the half-closed blinds at *his* house over the way; a lady drawing aside the muslin curtains, in a similar design; a child trailing for the busts of Molière and Lafontaine; a visitor with his hat in one

hand and a lady's wrist in the other; an old bachelor taking liberties with his waiting-maid; a pair of blinds hermetically sealed, thus opening a wide vista to the imagination; a national-guard in all the splendor of cross-belts, epaulets, and schako; a pious dame absorbed in devotional reading, with a cat at her feet, and a crucifix in the alcove; a seamstress watering her flowers; an unworthy husband breaking his window-glass, and strapping his wife; a grisette gathering her form into corsets, and her hair into braids; with three grimalkins on the roof-top. Such is an example of private life in Paris, on a warm spring day, when a house is out at windows. "Paris," says Balzac, "is a city which shows itself half-naked at any hour you like."

CHAPTER XL.

247 OUT OF 261—MANUFACTURED ATROCITIES.

March 8th, 1852.

THE *Moniteur* has not yet published the official returns from the eighty-six departments. This is of no consequence as far as the immediate result is concerned, which was foreseen from the beginning. But it would be an instructive task to analyse the vote in connexion with that of December last, to go through a course of comparative anatomy with the two, and see what may be learned from their dissection. If I am not greatly mistaken, the government vote has fallen off, while the opposition vote has increased, and while the whole vote is smaller. The government has succeeded, nevertheless, in carrying 247 out of its 261 candidates. The opposition has prevailed in four circumscriptions only, as the democratic candidate at Lyons wants ninety-eight votes, it seems, of a majority. A second trial will be made in ten circumscriptions, where there was no choice at the first, on Sunday next, the 14th. The democrats confidently expect to elect M. Carnot in the fourth circumscription of this city, having carried Gen. Cavaignac in the seventh. The Senate and Legislative Body meet on Monday the 29th.

During the month succeeding the *coup d'état*, I did not detail, in your columns, the intelligence received from the departments, of rapes, murders, thefts, arsons, burglaries, and other republican pastimes, with which the government journals were filled. I never believed that such a state of things in reality existed; and as far as I had an opportunity of conversing with persons who had been eye witnesses of some of the pretended scenes, I uniformly found that they had been exaggerated some nineteen-twentieths of their bulk. The military tribunals, and the mixed

mmissions, which have been sitting for some weeks past in the depart-
nts, have clearly proved that the arrests, the charges brought against
e prisoners, the letters, news, and despatches published by the Paris
rnals during the month of December, were part and parcel of the scheme
revolution. They were a necessity of the case; and in pursuance
the plot whole communes were calumniated, and whole departments
aced in the state of siege. The proceedings of these courts and the
rdicts rendered by them, would open the eyes of the people to the truth,
proper publicity were given to them. Thus, in one shire-town, *six
ndred and fifty prisoners*, arrested during the first fortnight of Decem-
r, have been released, the government having been able to bring no
anner of charge whatever against them. Yet, doubtless, at the time,
ese six hundred and fifty prisoners figured in the *Constitutionnel* as
anton rebels against property, family, and religion, and enabled the
ditor of that paper to point an impressive moral upon the "courageous
nitiative of the heir to the Emperor's glories."

I have seen in many American papers which have transferred the
ictions of the *Patrie* to their columns, the famous narrative told of the
Democrats of Clamecy, who set a chateau on fire, and threw an infant
nto the flames. The military tribunal at Clamecy—the sorest spot in
ll France, said the official papers—has not been called upon to investi-
gate any case of incendiarism or child murder. It has pronounced upon
a few instances of organised resistance to the *coup d'état*, and to the
authority of a usurper. The government sheets have never taken the
pains to acknowledge their errors or confess their impositions, unless I
except one case of retraction which was forced upon the editor of the
Constitutionnel. During the three days of December, that paper stated
that the General-in-Chief was driven to the use of cannon on the Boule-
vard by the raking fire which proceeded from M. Sallandrouze's carpet
warehouse: and that when the soldiers forced an entrance into the build-
ing, they found five brigands armed to the teeth, barricaded behind a
breastwork formed of bales of carpets. Of course, they were immediately
put to the sword. Some days afterwards, M. Sallandrouze obliged the
editor of that journal to take back the whole of this statement, and to
acknowledge that it was entirely destitute of foundation. The provincial
tribunals are, in their turn, amply proving to the few that are made
aware of their verdicts, that the country has been calumniated as well as
the city, and that *coups d'état* are only practicable when based upon
perjury, executed by violence, and excused and palliated by a system of
wholesale falsehood.

CHAPTER XLI.

EVERYBODY MUST SWEAR FIDELITY TO LOUIS NAPOLEON—A GLOWING PERIOD—THE TRIBUNE IS SUPPRESSED.

March 15th, 1852.

WE have intelligence from eight out of ten circumscriptions in which second trials have been held for the election of deputies to the *Corps Legislatif*. M. Carnot, the republican, was triumphantly returned in Paris, having received 3,000 votes more than at the first trial. M. Carnot is a voluntary exile in Prussia, and therefore this election is the more remarkable; M. Moreau, the government candidate, was lately mayor of the ward in which the vote was held, and confidently reckoned upon success. He visited all the polls on Sunday, and seemed to consider himself already deputy-elect. The government used all possible influence in his behalf, and even propagated what its subject knew better than any one else to be an unscrupulous falsehood, among the laborers of the quarter,—that M. Moreau had been largely influential in achieving the success of a measure lately decided upon, which will give employment for years to the workmen of Paris, and improve the city both in appearance and convenience. But even this assertion failed of its object; M. Moreau's votes fell off some eleven hundred, while M. Carnot's increased, as I have said, more than 3,000. Lille also elected the republican candidate, while the government has carried its point in the other six circumscriptions. The second trial at Lyons has been again postponed. The Republicans have won seven members out of 261; but it is not supposed that Cavaignac and Carnot will take the oath of fidelity to the constitution.

A decree has appeared in the official journal, dictated most evidently by the rumors that have been circulated upon the course that these gentlemen intend to pursue, upon taking their seats in the Legislative Body. The President declares that inasmuch as the oath of office is an essential preliminary to the exercise of public functions—as it is an indispensable condition, a sort of completion of the character of all public men—refusal or omission to take the oath of fidelity to the President and obedience to the constitution will be considered as a resignation, and that any addition, modification, restriction or reserve will also be so regarded. The oath will not only be required of elected officers of the government, but also of all appointed employés down to the clerks in the departments and the agents of the post-office. Under the late republic, the oath was only administered to such as were elected by the people, and a few of the superior officers, appointed or removed by the executive power.

The *Moniteur* has published, in anticipation of the 29th, the rules and regulations by which the Legislative Body is to be governed. It cannot reject a bill at one vote, but will be required to discuss and vote each article separately. Two reports of each sitting will be drawn up; the one, very summary, giving merely the results, will be sent to the newspapers in time for their next morning editions; the other more explicit, containing the names of the orators and the substance of their speeches, will be handed to the editors the next day. These reports are to be made by official stenographers, and are to be revised and expurgated, or may be even suppressed, by M. Billault, the president. No speech can be published in full, unless the chamber expressly authorises its publication. Every member will speak from his place, as the tribune is suppressed.

The usual formula commencing a decree, "Louis Napoleon, In the name of the French people, etc.," has been dropped. It has given way to a form much more expressive of the arbitrary and uncontrolled power wielded by him from whom the decrees emanate. They now read, "Louis Napoleon, President of the Republic, to all present and to come, greeting." There is but one more step possible to make—"Napoleon, by the grace of God, Emperor of the French;"—but this must be delayed for further developments.

I had occasion, lately, to find some fault with the slipshod way in which the columns of *Galignani's Messenger* are huddled together. As I desire to be just to all parties, let me quote, as a sort of antidote, the following daring paragraph from the desultory editorial remarks in that paper of to-day. I never could have imagined that the readers of the journal would have been treated to such a genuine burst of indignation. Listen to the wrathful editor:—

"The *Constitutionnel* devotes a very large portion of its first page to an article by M. Granier de Cassagnac, laudatory of the elections, laudatory of the new Legislative Body, of which he is a member, laudatory of the Minister of the Interior, and laudatory, in fact, of all that has taken place. Considering that M. Granier de Cassagnac stands in no danger of contradiction, it would perhaps be more reasonable to show some degree of reserve, and to allow the acts of the government, to a certain extent, to defend themselves."

It is possible that I overrate the importance of this glowing period. But the editors have fed us so long upon spoon-meat, that we cannot return, without great caution, to the high food and spicy aliments with which they used to load their table. If I were M. Granier, and had read the above quotation, I should feel like burying my head in the dust, and calling upon the rocks to cover me; and if I were the government, I should get together my odds and ends, abdicate in favor of my eldest son, and at once flee the country.

CHAPTER XLII.

LOUIS NAPOLEON REVIVES THE YEAR 1302—THE COMMUNIQUE IS INVENTED—THE STAMP DUTY AND THE AMERICANS—GUERONNIERE IS ELECTED, AND THE "CHARIVARI" CARICATURES HIM—MARMALADE AT CAYENNE—MI-CAREME.

March 22nd, 1852.

THE 39th article of M. Bonaparte's constitution enacts that the appropriations for the public service shall be discussed and voted by the Legislative Body. As a natural, though certainly unforeseen consequence of this proviso, the Legislative Body does *not* discuss and vote the appropriations for the public service. The President regulates the budget by decree; the Minister of Finance sets before him a statement by which it appears that the expenses of the current year will be 1,071,000,000 francs, and submits to him a decree authorising that expenditure, which the President signs incontinently. The excuse made by the government for this almost unprecedented course is, that the public service would suffer by waiting for the assembling of the Legislative Body. Now the Legislative Body meets in just one week from to-day, and in three weeks certainly the budget might have been regularly discussed and voted. To decree the appropriations is to return to a period anterior to the year of our Lord 1302, when the people of France were consulted for the first time upon the taxes they ought to pay.

We shall retrograde soon to the time of Noah, and shall deserve a deluge quite as much as did the sinners of that remote antiquity. I am aware that the course of the President cannot be stigmatised as unconstitutional, inasmuch as the constitution does not take effect till the "great bodies it constitutes are organised;" which will not be done till next Wednesday. But if the President had desired to leave the matter to be examined and decided by his legislature, he could easily have done so; and his failure to leave it to them to adjust, is but one more proof of his disposition to treat these exponents of the system of a national representation and of universal suffrage, with all possible indignity. The right to vote the taxes was positively the only tangible right guaranteed to the Assembly; and of this it is cheated by a quibble just seven days beforehand. The Legislative Body must decide, says the *Siècle*, "whether the situation thus forced upon it and upon the country is a decent situation. As for ourselves, we shall remain content with saying that it seems to us an abandonment of the most ancient rights of the nation."

You recollect the endless lists of adhesions published by the *Moniteur* during the six weeks succeeding the *coup d'état*. The insertion of these documents represented the whole respectable, titled, rich, honorable population of France, as giving their cordial assent to the measures of the President. The government has hit upon a method of doing the same thing over again, in a somewhat different manner. This consists in depicting all departments of the administration as overrun with applications for employment—the whole country, in fact, knocking at the doors of the public offices, clamoring for place, eager to gain a situation under the present government, and consequently willing—nay, glad to take the oath of obedience to the constitution, and fidelity to the President. This is done by means of the *communiqué*, or communicated note, inserted in the *Moniteur*, and from thence copied into all the other journals. As thus: "The Marshal Jerome Bonaparte, President of the Senate, Governor of the Invalides, receives every day numerous and pressing applications for employment, as clerks, ushers, wardens, &c.; he finds himself compelled to inform the public that hereafter no attention will be paid to such requests, as every disposable place in the gift of the Marshal Jerome Bonaparte, President of the Senate, Governor of the Invalides, has been already conferred upon some more early applicant." *Communiqué*. Then follows the President of the Legislative Body, M. Billault; he, too, finds himself obliged to turn away an army of importunate office-seekers. All the ministry in successive *communiqués*, proclaim their inability to accommodate any more hands; the administrator of the presidential stables wants no more grooms; the director of the national printing-office and editor of the *Moniteur* desires no more compositors. In short, the government has as many men already in its pay as it can keep comfortably at work; and though it is grateful for these renewed proofs of esteem and confidence, it is forced, unwillingly, to decline these very flattering offers of service, which pour in upon it from the four winds of heaven,—and so forth and so on.

The promised stamp duty upon foreign journals is now regularly levied upon the American incoming mails. One sou besides the postage is required for each newspaper delivered. A circular red picture, impressed upon the paper, is assigned as the cause of this augmented tax. We bear it, and, what is more, pay it. When our fathers were saddled with a stamp duty of a similar sort, they resisted, protested, fought, bled, and died. We, their children, a degenerate race, mollified by a lengthened residence in a European capital, and among enervating manners—spirit-broken by long endurance of a harsh, degrading tyranny, we, their emasculated offspring, put our hands into our pocket, take out the change, and submit. We neither fight, nor bleed, nor die. We are very glad to get our papers even at this augmented rate, and feel

grateful that they are delivered to us at all; it would be so easy to withhold them altogether.

M. de la Gueronnière spent several days in the Department of the Cantal, previous to the election, in order to drum up the voters, and insure his own success. On his return from the field, crowned with victorious laurels, he resumed his post as editor of the *Pays*, in an article which has afforded no small amusement. M. de la Gueronnière bears his apostacy well; he does not write Napoleonism like a man chained to a task that he must accomplish or starve; his is evidently no unwilling service; he is no loth, reluctant renegade; he works with a will, and his heart is evidently in his toil. Not that the music that he grinds is not machine-music, after all; but the grinder turns merrily away at the crank, like a hand-organ-man that sees his monkey is doing a brisk business, and picking up an abundant grist of coppers. No one doubts that Gueronnière was bought, and bought for cash down, with place and consideration afterwards. The place he has obtained; he is henceforth Deputy in the Legislative Corpse, as we sometimes call the still-born Corps Legislatif.

A singular instance of the changes in men and things brought forth from year to year, was the publication of an obituary upon Marrast, by Lamartine, in the *Siècle*. Lamartine's own journal, the *Pays*, had gone over to the enemy, and could no longer find in the life or death of a Republican matter of interest to its readers, or food for reflection for itself. When Ben Franklin went home from Philadelphia, his mother did not know him; she locked him into the room where he slept, that he might not decamp with the teaspoons. Had Lamartine sent his tribute to the *Pays*, M. Gueronnière would have held it out at arms' length, asked who this Lamartine and who this Marrast were, and finally stuffed it into the receptacle of things lost on earth, to keep it from breeding mischief. But I leave you to judge, from a portion of the article of the elected editor, whether his panegyric does not come from the heart, *via* the pocket, and if he has been bargained for, whether he has not been paid for. Hear the member for Cantal:

"We have just received a great honor. We have been elected in a Department where we were personally unknown, and which has been kind enough to prefer us to six candidates, our honorable competitors, all belonging to the neighborhood, supported by local feelings, numerous relations, important interests, habits of long standing, and influences legitimately acquired. And all this without constraint, without pressure, without corruption, without intimidation. Every vote was free. The departmental administration of the locality, as loyal as it is devoted, the prefect, the sub-prefects, merely indicated the desires of the government, without forcing them upon any one. They appealed only to the con-

science of the electors, and made use of no other influence than that of persuasion. While a considerable number of functionaries voted freely against the candidate of the government, the whole of the peasants, grouped behind their mayors, their priests, their justices of the peace, dropped into the urn, with the name of that candidate, their spirit of order and their vote of patriotism.

"Yes, indeed, we are proud of this result, and we have a right to be so, since we do not draw from it any profit, or any flattery to our vanity. But we learn from it the full extent of the duty before us. This duty we shall fulfil."

How many admissions in this short extract! M. Gueronnière's individuality made subordinate to the government; his own insignificance in presence of the question whether the government had not the right to propose any candidate it liked, Mr. Smith or M. Gueronnière, no matter which, and force the election of either; the inevitable inference that, had M. Smith been presented, he would have been elected, and, therefore, that M. Gueronnière, of himself, is nothing; the old story of the voters following the priest to the polls, and of the crucifix being put upon the ballot-box, to instil a healthy dread of a speedy purgatory to all refractory electors. M. Gueronnière protests that there was no political intimidation resorted to in his department; but he speaks of the grouping of the peasants behind their mayors, their priests, and their justices. This may not be intimidation, for the French rustic does not need to be roughly handled to keep him in the traces. Cajolery, whether by the mayor or the priest, will usually answer all purposes. And probably M. Gueronnière's election, like that of his two hundred and sixty colleagues, is due to the combined influence of the authority of Church and State.

The *Charivari* makes occasional excursions upon the political arena, and now and then its shafts do telling damage. It lately burlesqued an article by this same Gueronnière upon the nature of a political oath, from which I translate a pungent passage. Gueronnière is supposed to be discoursing:

"You say, for instance, aloud, I swear fidelity to Peter and his government.

"But you add, in an under tone—provided that neither one nor the other do anything contrary to the interest of the country or to my own private interest. In this case, I steer off at a tangent, without, however, at all violating my pledge.

"Let us develop this idea:

"Peter is in power; from this I naturally conclude that he and the country are in sympathy together, that he represents the ideas and the needs of a majority of the citizens.

"He summons me to take the oath of fidelity.

"Patriotism commands me to comply without delay.

"But, all of a sudden, Peter is thrown from power. I conclude from this that he and the country are no longer in sympathy, and that he has ceased to represent the ideas of the majority.

"If, in such a state of things, I remained faithful to him, it is evident that I should betray the interests of my fellow-citizens. I therefore join, immediately, the winning party.

"A certain period elapses, and it happens that the conquerors are in their turn conquered, and that a counter-revolution restores Peter to power. It is manifest that Peter has become again dear to the nation, and that he represents once more the ideas of the majority.

"I make haste to return and swear renewed fidelity to Peter and his government.

"An oath, therefore, by means of mental restrictions, is merely a method of swearing fidelity to the conquerors, and desertion to the conquered.

"There are in history several celebrated oaths:

"The oath of the three Swiss;

"The oath of the Horatii;

"And the oath that old mother Johnson took to avenge the death of her cat.

"The oath that I, the Casuist Gueronnière, intend soon to take faithfully to serve M. Louis Bonaparte, will make the fourth celebrated oath."

This discourse, says the *Charivari*, has produced an immense sensation, and is to be forthwith translated into Latin.

It seems that the Administration of the Colonies expects a good deal of sickness in its new penal settlement in Guiana. A military and a civil hospital are to be immediately erected there, and ships are already loading with provisions and sick men's diet. During the last month, 40,000 rations of flour, vegetables, salt-pork, wines, preserves, and concentrations have been placed on shipboard—one single house having received an order for 13,000f. worth of preparations for making thin soup, preserved milk, etc. A hundred thousand quarts of wine will be sent within a month, together with a quantity of butter, chocolate, apple-jelly, quince marmalade, and prunes! So it seems that the sick are to be royally dieted, but, as it probably will not prevent them from dying, the government will doubtless take the precaution to send out a cargo of grave-stones, at the same time giving orders for the laying out of a spacious cemetery. The convicts are never called by their names, and are only known by their numbers, felon No. 11, sleeping in bed No. 11, and so on. The grave-stones can thus receive their inscriptions in

advance, and can be engraved before they start. It will serve as a healthful moral lesson to the culprits to know that their granite head-pieces are on board the same ship with them, expectant and inevitable. The future tourist at Cayenne will read many a touching memento of the virtues of the deceased, and will stop to shed a tear over the mound of the irreproachable No. 99, or will heave a sigh as he gazes at the last resting-place of that excellent citizen, No. 10!

I have just learned to my dismay, that to-day, being Mi-Carême, the post-office closes at a much earlier hour than usual. I am compelled to omit several matters of interest, and sacrifice part to save the whole. You probably know what Mi-Carême is; it is a half-way-house erected mid-way between the beginning and the end of Lent. This virtuous race of Frenchmen undertakes to fast for forty days and forty nights, but invariably gives out on the twenty-first, and this day of abandonment of duty and desertion of principle has now become one of the most firmly-established feasts of the Church. The Carnival recommences his reign, and wields a precarious empire for twenty-four hours—just long enough to upset society and overturn the most respectable traditions of the post-office.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A LITTLE MUTUAL ADMIRATION—LOUIS NAPOLEON BECOMES A MILLIONNAIRE—A TREMENDOUS SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURE—CONGRESSIONAL MANNERS.

April 5th, 1852.

YESTERDAY, Palm Sunday, was a great day for the sight-seers. There were no less than three most attractive ceremonials succeeding each other through the day. At half-past eleven, M. Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, lately appointed cardinal by the Pope, received from the hands of the President, in the chapel of the Tuileries, the baret, or red cap, brought from Rome by the delegate of his holiness. There was a great parade of senators, cardinals, ambassadors, etc., along the quay, and a vast crowd of spectators collected by the novelty of the spectacle. A high mass was sung by the artists of the Opera and Opera Comique, under the direction of M. Adolphe Adam. The new cardinal made a long address to the President, who in his turn replied; it is needless to say that mutual admiration was conspicuous in both of these gentlemen's discourses. The one was lost in rapture whenever he reverted to the *coup d'état*, and the other aimed in all his efforts at the triumph of reli-

gion and the glory of God. After this ceremony the President went down stairs and reviewed a quantity of artillery, and distributed several handfuls of favors and decorations. It was then his intention to have gone to the steeple-chase at Ville d'Avray, where an elegant tribune, gaudily hung with flags, was waiting for the chief of the state. But it was already late, and affairs of state recalled M. Bonaparte to the Elysée. But the race went on without him.

The Senatus-Consultum fixing the annual salary of the President was passed, in an extra session, on Saturday last. There were 79 members present, and 79 gave an affirmative vote upon the proposition presented for their acceptance. Twelve millions of francs a year—2,400,000 dollars—is the annual dotation granted to the Prince-President, together with the right to occupy, or use as he pleases, the following Royal palaces:—

Palace of the Tuileries	Palace of St. Cloud
" " Louvre	Chateau of Compiegne
" " Elysée	" Meudon
" of Versailles	" Pau.
" " Trianon.	

Together also with the exclusive right to hunt in the forests of Versailles, Compiegne, Fontainebleau, Marly, and St. Germain. Louis Philippe's civil list amounted also to 12,000,000 francs, but he was obliged to keep the palaces in repair, and the woods, gardens, and grounds in order. Their products,—wood for fuel, hay, building-stone, etc.,—were sold for his account. The state now assumes the charge of maintaining the palaces and the grounds, and claims whatever revenue the forests and parks may yield. Monseigneur has thus snugly feathered his nest.

I have said that the published reports of the sessions of the Legislative Body are such as emanate from the bureau of the chamber charged with this duty. The papers of the next day contain a "summary" of the doings of the day before; the day after they are allowed to give publicity to a somewhat more extended report, the chamber having, for instance, to-day to vote and accept the report made out of its labors of yesterday, to be given to an impatient city to-morrow! When the legislature takes a holiday, or a succession of holidays, time enough elapses between the event and the report to create a world, and have one day to rest in beside. Thus, last Friday, the deputies adjourned over till Monday, to-day; we shall, therefore, know to-morrow, Tuesday, what they did on Friday! In the mean time we have to be contented with the following "summary," which I translate bodily from the *Moniteur*:—

"Opening of the Session at 2 o'clock, 2d of April.

Reading and adoption of the report of the session of April 1st.

Admission and oath of M. Bucher de Chauvigné.
Admission of MM. Dauzat and Paul Dupont.
Report of M. Lanquetin upon the election of M. de Saint Hermine.
Discourse of M. Bouhier de l'Ecluse tending to annul that election.
Reply of M. de Saint Hermine.
Speech of M. de Kerdrel.
Election of M. de Saint Hermine declared valid.
House rose at half-past 3.
To-morrow, Saturday, no session."

Now, certainly, what we already know of the occupation of the deputies, last Friday, is quite enough. The details thus given of a rather dry day's work are amply sufficient. But had the session been of the most interesting and important nature, we should have been told no more. What, in fact, is the advantage of knowing that M. Bouhier de l'Ecluse made a speech, if we don't know what he said? Where is the use of being informed that M. de Saint Hermine replied, if we don't know what his reply proved or refuted? But the effect of this system will, in the end, be what Louis Napoleon had in view, when instituting these regulations—the diversion of the public mind from all interest in the legislation of the country; the gradual abandonment of politics to the government; the speedy abdication of the people of all authority and influence in questions of state, and their committal to hands that are predestined to hold them, and made capacious enough, by Providence, vigorously to wield them, and resolutely to cling to them!

One inevitable result of the new system of regulations will be to render the legislature the best-behaved political body extant, and the deputies the most bland, easy, amiable gentlemen to be found holding any political capacity. And, indeed, what else can you expect of individuals who have neither initiative nor responsibility; who have no favorite measures to carry, no hostile policy to defeat; whose course is so chalked out that each one knows the crack he is to walk and the line he is to toe? How can a man lose his temper when every body is on his side? How can a man fail to preserve an impassive mien, when he can neither turn, nor stir, nor swerve, nor budge? Where you have a Legislative Body that really possesses power, and really enjoys independence, there you may expect, and you rarely fail to find, great indecorum, perhaps occasional brutality, as in the Congress of the United States; where you have a Legislative Corps belonging, body, soul, and vote, to some superior power above—which has no power to enforce good or to correct evil, which has no share in the credit of the beneficial measures it may be called upon to pass, and no responsibility in the pernicious councils it may adopt—there you will find serenity, composure, dignity, decorum, as in the French Legislative Corps. When shall we see an

independent body that is uniformly decorous? And when shall we see a decently dignified body independent? The French constitution says that there is no hope here, under ten years.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PRESIDENT LETS THE INSURGENTS OUT OF THE JAILS—A BANNER TOWN—TWO GENTLEMEN FROM BOURBON HEAR OF THE COUP D'ETAT.

April 15th, 1852.

M. QUENTIN BAUCHART has lately been sent to the southern departments by the President, on an errand of interposition between the prisoners, convicted by the mixed commissions, and their impending fate. Gen. Canrobert has been charged with a similar mission in the central departments. They were both clothed with full powers to pardon, unconditionally, or to commute one sentence for another, according to the merit of the cases submitted to them. From the manner in which this duty has been fulfilled, there is but one rational inference to be drawn: that the arrests and imprisonments made on the heels of the *coup d'état* (40,000 it is said) were called for only by M. Bonaparte's position, not by the guilt of the parties arrested; that the sentences passed by the councils of war and by the mixed commissions were hastily and unjustly rendered, merely to fortify M. Bonaparte in his self-imposed mission. The only way of proving that there was a vast conspiracy a-foot, was to show up a vast assemblage of conspirators.

It may be fairly supposed that since the late elections and the course of events have tended to settle the President firmly in his seat, there is no longer any advantage in prolonging the confinement of the hordes of political convicts. Consequently, Messrs. Bauchart and Canrobert have been deputed to act as dispensers of the executive clemency. The former gentleman has profited by his *carte blanche*, and has made a royal use of the pardoning power entrusted to him. The scale on which his jail-deliveries have been executed is utterly irreconcilable with any supposition of guilt on the part of the convicts thus set free. A hundred Socialists here; fourscore red Republicans, of the deepest hue, there; the prison doors opened wide somewhere else, and all the occupants dismissed with a lecture; sentences to Cayenne commuted to simple surveillance by the police; exile mellowed down into a month's incarceration; and the whole end and object of trial, conviction, and punishment—the removal or withdrawal of dangerous persons—neutral-

ized by the indiscriminate use of the pardoning power—such have been the features—such the result of M. Bauchart's visit to the south.

If these men had been as guilty as the councils of war declared them, it would be no clemency to release them; and the President would have taken care not to send back upon society the pestilent reptiles it had ejected from its bosom. I can see but one explanation of M. Bauchart's extraordinary operations upon his late mission; that the prisoners whose chains he has unloosed had served out the term to which the exigencies of Louis Napoleon's position had condemned them. I did not at the time believe one quarter of the individuals arrested, guilty of the crimes laid to their charge. I never could find that the government made good its allegations against them; and I cannot to-day, when the majority of them are unconditionally sent about their business, and let loose upon the society they had threatened to overwhelm, regard the charges against them in any other light than that of a highly-coloured but convenient and effective fiction. It is, of course, needless to pass any strictures upon this wholesale system of incarceration, as part of the *coup d'état*; all I can say in its favor is, that it has been eminently successful, inasmuch as it enabled the Dictator to bind the nation, hand and foot, in submission to his will.

The following is the text of the paper signed by the prisoners liberated:—

"I, the undersigned, declare that I accept with gratitude the pardon granted me by the Prince-President of the Republic, and my release from expulsion from France, to which I was condemned by the mixed commission of the——, and I promise never to belong to any secret society, nor to meddle any further with politics, but to be faithful to the government which France has given herself by her vote of December 20 and 21, 1851."

General Canrobert seems to have fulfilled his mission in the central departments with a little more reserve. He even wrote a letter to the President from Clamecy, denouncing the Socialism everywhere present in that department. I have said that this place was a sort of banner-town after the 2nd of December. More horrors were told of its inhabitants, more calumnies were heaped upon them by the government journals, than certainly upon any other twenty communes in France. Clamecy has, in consequence, a reputation which it will find it difficult to shake off.

General Canrobert visited the jails of at least a hundred towns, in his rounds, and made a report to the President of the course he had pursued in each. One of these only is published, that from Clamecy! Where are the other ninety and nine? The inference would be that only one was thought likely to tell in the President's favor, and that the prisoners

in the other jails were guiltless of the crimes laid to their charge for a momentary purpose.

We have news from Ile Bourbon to the 22nd of January. There is one feature of the intelligence that leans slightly toward the burlesque. An election had taken place, in which two gentlemen, MM. Sully Brunet and Adrien Bellier, were elected the representatives of Bourbon to the *late* National Assembly. The honorable delegates were to set off immediately for France, to take their seats and fulfil their mission. Somewhere on their way, they will hear of the *coup d'état*, and if they have the courage to come any further, they may perhaps, at the next relay, be gratified with the perusal of the new constitution;—in which they will find that Algeria and the colonies will send no deputies to the present legislative body.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE PRESIDENT MAKES A JOURNEY—THE CHARIVARI GETS A WARNING—A NEW STYLE OF PORTRAIT—THE MARKET-WOMEN HAVE A CAROUSE.

April 22nd, 1852.

THE President has left us, and is probably at this moment many miles from Paris. Do not give way to needless exhilaration, for he is coming back again to-morrow. He took his departure last evening by special train upon the Orleans road, in company with the Ministers of Public Works, Interior, and Justice, upon a tour of inquiry in the ancient province of La Sologne. This unhealthy district, half of it parched to a degree of aridity almost without parallel, and the other half so marshy, that the unwary bog-trotter is engulfed at every step, has long been praying for a system of drainage which may relieve its most pressing needs. The President and M. Lefebvre-Duruflé have gone to see whether it is possible for the state to undertake the digging of a canal through the tract, for the purpose of diverting the moisture from the bogs into the desert. It is probable, too, that the President will make a speech, after which they will return to Paris, highly edified with the results of their tour.

The *Charivari* received on Monday a "warning" from the Minister of Police, on account of an article published in the issue of Sunday. I translate a portion of the article. It forms part of a series of supposed extracts from a Paris journal of the year of our Lord 1902, and represents the state of society and the pass that we shall have come to at

that period. The extract particularly incriminated by M. de Maupas, is entitled "Inauguration of the statue of Hippolyte Fortoul." Now, Hippolyte Fortoul, ex-Minister of the Marine, is at present Minister of Public Instruction.

"An imposing ceremony took place to-day.

"The statue of Hippolyte Fortoul was inaugurated in presence of an enormous crowd collected upon the Place du Carrousel.

"It is well known that this great minister, struggling against the prejudices of his time, snatched France from the darkness of Greek and Latin, and opened to new civilization the path in which it has ever since marched.

"Fortoul's statue is made of wood. Sculpture in stone, marble, or bronze, which was very well in primitive ages, is not up to our ideas. Wood comes nearer to nature, which is the end and aim of all art. The frock-coat of the minister, his pantaloons, and his waistcoat, are all painted with the most scrupulous fidelity; his watch-chain is gilt; two enamelled eyes imitate the human orbs with remarkable success; and an ingenious mechanism in the interior of the statue opens and shuts them from time to time. Fortoul can also lift his two arms.

"The minister is in the attitude of a hero, trampling bachelors of letters under foot, while a Latin dragon endeavours to burst his fetters, and a Greek hydra squirms in vain with his innumerable heads.

"No discourse was pronounced on this interesting occasion. Public loquacity has gone out of fashion. A serious and practical nation like ours would find no entertainment in listening to a string of more or less sonorous phrases. We no longer live, happily, in the time of the orators. When the veil was withdrawn from the statue, the crowd gave three cheers and struck up a frantic rigadoon around the monument. This is better than all the rhetoric in the world."

The article then goes on to enumerate the various blessings which will have accrued to society from the partial innovations of fifty years ago. The papers of the 17th of April, 1902, announce that the Palais des Quatre-Nations is to be demolished, as the Academy being abolished, there is no further need of it. The well-known reading-room on the corner of the Rue Vivienne is to be converted into a shop for the sale of brandy-plums. The statues of politicians, authors, artists, etc., ornamenting the façade of the Hotel de Ville, are to be removed. These ancient idols are to be replaced by mementoes of gentlemen who have really benefited society: such as Lantimèche, the inventor of the magneto-electric India rubber great-coat; Cabassol, the discoverer of purgative chocolate: Verdural, well known for his hybrid vegetable, entitled the tomato artichoke. The Sorbonne is to become a manufactory of lamp-black; a troop of Chinese actors is performing at the Comedie Fran

çaise, the Grand Opera is giving exhibitions of pugnacious fleas, and the government is getting up a bull-fight.

Now all this seems to me a good humoured extravaganza upon the results likely to flow from M. Fortoul's presence in the cabinet. I have given the article at length, that your readers may see what in our time constitutes a "*délit de presse*." One more warning, and the *Charivari* is wound up.

The workmen in the manufactory of Gobelins' tapestry are soon to complete the full-length portrait of Louis Napoleon, designed by Horace Vernet, and commenced in 1850. I thought that I had already seen M. Bonaparte in every imaginable form, but this is a pleasure I had not looked forward to. We have him in oils, pastels, crayons, and water-colors: in plaster, marble, and biscuit; on bas-reliefs, on cameos; on medals, on coins; on handkerchiefs, on badges; on post-office stamps, and on the crust of apple-pies. His features have been made palpable to the blind man's touch by being impressed strongly upon Bristol board,

Two Dames de la Halle.

and made to ooze out on the other side, thus giving the paper the appearance of suffering from a blood-blister. The hospital of the Quinze-Vingts is furnished with a supply of these tangible miniatures for the use of its sightless inmates. The *Charivari* has, in times gone by, given us burlesques of the imperial features done upon stone, and I have seen others executed with a piece of charcoal behind a kitchen door. Sketches of this sort, however, are not to be relied on for fidelity of imitation; unsightly distortions and unseemly disfigurements being

usually considered indispensable characteristics. And now the President is to be done in carpet, and to be immortalized in tapestry!

The market-women of Paris, who are *Bonapartistes enragées*, are ornamenting their stalls with busts of the President to quite a considerable extent. Two ceremonies are invariably performed on these occasions. The viragoes form a procession—the handsomest of them carrying the bust crowned with laurel—and headed by a priest, march in state to the market, where the plaster cast is deposited with all due solemnity on a shelf; the priest then blesses it, and invokes the divine favor upon the fish-women who have "inaugurated" it. I have heard of swords being blessed, and of benedictions pronounced upon locomotives and balloons. This hallowing of busts is the latest novelty. *Les dames de la halle*, having got a bust on their mantle-piece, always conclude with one on the floor, for the religious rites are followed by a glorious carouse.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE IN THE STREETS—THE FETE OF THE EAGLES—A MONSTER BALL—THE COUP-D'ETAT DANCES A QUADRILLE—AN EDITOR EMERGES FROM PRISON.

May 13th, 1852.

LIKE the Ides of March, the Fêtes of May have come and gone. The distribution of the Eagles, the ball at the Ecole Militaire, the dinner at the Tuileries, have passed off as was announced in the programme; the monster fireworks will be lighted upon the Trocadero to-night.

Sixty thousand men under arms, massed together upon a level space large enough to hold them easily, is certainly an imposing sight, and one that perhaps Paris only is able to offer. But in a country whose army comprises nearly 400,000 soldiers, it is not remarkable that a seventh part of the whole force should be collected in the capital, upon an occasion like the present. Though the ceremony was strictly military, it was the civilians that presented the most striking spectacle. A city let loose upon itself, and the neighboring provinces let loose upon the city, a million of people in the streets, and four hundred thousand of them at least in the immediate vicinity of the Champ de Mars,—without disorder, without drunkenness, without accident—everybody cheerful, polite, yielding unhesitating obedience to the stringent regulations of the police—no scrambling for places, no loud or profane talking, no vulgarity, no excess, no practical jokes,—such was the marvellous scene

that withdrew my attention from the gorgeous pageant upon the plain, to the crowded embankments and hill sides that surrounded it. A people that will not get drunk upon a holiday, that practices temperance, forbearance, decorum, on occasions of a grand festivity, is always wonderful in the eyes of an Anglo-Saxon, whether Briton or American.

The temperance, contentment, and frugality of the French are qualities that cover a multitude of sins—many more than charity can excuse. What it is in the French that makes them upon general holidays such a remarkable exception to the rest of the world, it would be difficult to tell. It is not the effect of any repressive law, for there is none upon the subject; and if there were, the people would not be as gay and cheerful as they are. It is not the want of means, for though few on Monday, for instance, drank brandy-and-water, or any really spirituous fluids, the consumption of mild-beer, liquorice-water, lemonade, coffee, ice-creams, etc. etc., was really enormous. All the disposable ground in the neighborhood was covered with benches and tables; gates were taken off their hinges, and wide breaches made in stone-walls, to give access to tented fields where the dust might be washed from thirsty throats. Every body spent from ten sous to a franc, which would have paid for glorious bacchanals, had the consumers been uproariously inclined. We can learn many a social lesson from the French, although they do allow themselves to be led by the nose in politics, and hardly dare say their souls are their own in religion.

The weather was as faultless as that which uniformly ushers in and out the fourth of July throughout the United States; hence we may infer that Heaven smiles upon the *coup d'état*. The Americans generally hoped for rain, while some of the more vindictive prayed for a thunder-storm, and a flash of lightning down the altar. But all these tokens of celestial displeasure were studiously withheld, and the sun shone benignantly all day long. The sixty thousand soldiers were there, infantry, cavalry, artillery; the six hundred priests and the archbishop of Paris were collected on the steps leading to the elevation on which the holy sacrifice was to be performed; the band of 1,500 executants stood ready; the 400,000 spectators lined the embankments and crowded the tribunes erected on either side; while the distant hill of the Trocadero overlooking the whole was covered with a sea of heads, if by any figure of speech you can suppose a sea to have risen some 200 feet above its own level.

Opposite the altar, and built against the front of the Ecole Militaire, were the tribunes of the President and of the great bodies of the state. With such taste and elegance was this temporary structure erected, that it almost put to shame the severer architecture of the Military School behind it. Eagles, statues, velvet, mirrors, Gobelin tapestry, Brussels

carpets, had been used as unsparingly as if they were to remain during the President's ten years' term. The two sides of the Champ de Mars were lined with tribunes, erected by the different ministries and public bodies at their own expense. The embankments not thus occupied were open to the non-paying public, and were crowded at an early hour.

Cannon began to announce the approaching solemnity at a quarter before twelve. At twenty minutes past that hour, the President and a brilliant staff were descried crossing the Pont d'Iéna and entering the plain. Louis Napoleon was mounted on an English horse, lately purchased by him for 300 guineas. He rode rapidly along the columns of artillery, then passed to the infantry occupying the right of the plain, and to the cavalry posted upon the left. There was but little cheering, and very few cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* This is certain and contested by no one. Dismounting behind the altar, he went on foot to the front, bowed low to the clergy, who replied by a unanimous *Vive Napoléon*, and from thence walked to his own tribune. He was dressed as a lieutenant-colonel, and wore the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor. He sat down in front of the tribune, and waited for the colonels of the three arms of the service, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to assemble before him. To them were given the eagles destined for their respective regiments.

The flags which they surmount bear the initials of the President and the words *République Française*, besides the names of the principal campaigns and battles at which each regiment has been present since its formation. At a quarter past one, the distribution being terminated, and the colonels being all gathered upon the steps, Louis Napoleon pronounced a short address. The standard-bearers then returned to the foot of the altar, and a cannon announced the commencement of the religious portion of the ceremony. During the elevation of the Host, the drums beat to arms, the trumpets sounded the charge, the troops presented arms, the flags were lowered, the non-commissioned officers stood uncovered, and a hundred and one cannon were fired in quick succession. The Archbishop then blessed the eagles, and delivered an address upon a text taken from Jeremiah vi. 4—*Sanctificate bellum.* Monseigneur Sibour has never pronounced a more remarkable discourse. The Holy Catholic Church has formally sanctified the *coup d'état*; there is, therefore, no inconsistency in the head of the church invoking the divine blessing upon the trappings of war.

Immediately after the benediction, the filing off of the troops before the President commenced. Again the paucity and feebleness of the imperial shouts were noticed by all. At three o'clock, the Champ de Mars was empty, the ceremony having occupied considerably less than three hours. As the crowd returned home it found the President's address posted in profusion about the streets. An army of bill-stickers had bee

silently at work since noon, and in many parts of the city the printed speech was read before the words had been uttered upon the plain.

The ball given upon the following night by the army to the President, was the most marvellous fête ever yet seen in Paris—by our generation at least. It had been announced that the guests would dance in a tent; that may have been the original design, but the tent swelled, under the tasteful hands of the architect, into a temple of solid foundations and massive proportions. But this is not the beginning of the story. At half-past ten, the line of carriages (except those of official personages, which were allowed to follow a route closed to all others) extended from the Ecole Militaire—the scene of the ball—across the Faubourg St. Germain, the bridges, the Place de la Concorde, to the Maison d'Or, a good two miles. It required, on an average, three hours to go the distance from one's house to the tent. But every body appeared to think that the result was worth the effort, when they had fairly arrived under the cover of that miraculous marquee.

The Court of Honor of the hotel had been covered over, and converted for the occasion into a series of spacious saloons or naves to receive the company invited, the dancing taking place in the hall occupying the centre. The entrance for the guests was by the large gate on the Place Fontenoy. The first room was a vestibule, at the corners of which were pilasters, the base of each being supported by four large pieces of cannon —the barrels upright—one at each corner, and a mortar between each cannon, surrounded by natural flowers. The upper part of each pillar was formed of sabres, holster-pistols, and battle-axes.

In the muzzle of each cannon was placed a large bouquet of flowers—geraniums instead of grape. Before the door leading from this vestibule of the ball-room, stood two knights on horseback, in complete armour, with lance in hand as if guarding the entrance. Inside the ball-room, on either side, rose a column six yards high, formed of cannon-balls, musket-barrels, and sabres: the summit being formed of lance-heads with their pennons, and crowned, one with a bust of the Emperor, and the other with that of the President. Behind these two columns were to be seen the cross of the Legion of Honor and the recently established military medal, in colossal proportions, formed of military weapons of every description.

The ball-room was 70 feet high, 400 feet long by 240 wide. Down the whole length of the hall were placed 80 pillars formed of arms interlaced, rising to the roof and supporting two large galleries, encircling the room, and to which the company ascended by wide staircases The excessive heat, however, rendered them completely untenable. At one end was the public entrance, and the other, that reserved for the President and his immediate attendants and the *corps diplomatique*. A

slightly raised platform was constructed here, upon which were lofty columns, made of gun-barrels and trophies, and some dozen knights in "complete steel." The draperies seemed of red velvet, trimmed with gold, and so rich and heavy were they, that it was impossible to believe they had been put up within the week, and would be removed before another se'nnight. Opposite, and over the public entrance, was the most formidable dancing orchestra ever yet collected in Paris. Strauss's wand was never armed with such a volley of sound before. What think you of a band 300 strong?—besides 20 drummers and 3 church bells! The latter produced a remarkable effect, especially in the marches. Cannon would have been used, also, after the example of Musard at the Opera, but for the difficulties attending it. The scene was lighted by 24,000 candles in the ball-room, and as many more in the adjoining apartments. The supper was abundant, and was served to 800 ladies at a time, who found seats reserved for them, and a servant for every two. The gentlemen took their refreshments standing, at two interminable tables, to the other end of which no one was known to penetrate. Thirty thousand ice-creams were provided, and I dare to say, consumed, for there were 15,000 guests. I can say at least that the two which fell to my share were religiously disposed of. There were also 2,500 bottles of champagne—or six persons to a bottle. I am sure that somebody went without champagne.

The Duke of Reichstadt's Waltz was twice executed in the course of the night, or rather morning; and as I have never before heard this piece of music—such a favourite at home—in France, I cannot but think that the resuscitation of this souvenir of the King of Rome was ordered for the occasion. The President's March was also several times played. This is an old air, and is known, I doubt not, to many of you, for it is the music to which is sung the ballad,—"It was Dunois, the young and the brave." The dancing commenced at two o'clock, the President and a select party of fifteen others opening the ball with an official quadrille—the whole *coup d'état* indulging in a little harmless amusement. Louis Napoleon danced with Mme. Arnaud, the Ministress of War. This was etiquette, as the ball was given to the President by the army; but I could have wished, nevertheless, to see him fraternize with Lady Cowley, as whenever he does, John Bull forgets the Chasseurs de Vincennes, and thinks the danger over; whenever the President's arm encircles the waist of the British Ambassadress, the sea-girt island breathes again, and the nightmare of invasion gives place to sweet and pleasant dreams.

The space occupied by these frivolities leaves me but little room for the sterner realities of the week. Happily they have been few, as it was understood beforehand that this was to be a period of relaxation, and

that there would be no chance for the solemnities of life. There are one or two items of interest, however. Arago, the astronomer, has refused, in a letter to the Minister of Public Instruction, to take the oath of fidelity to the President, accompanying his refusal with the resignation of his presidency of the Observatory. His letter is the most energetic and bitter protest against the President's system that has yet been made public. M. Fortoul has replied in a most disrespectful if not insulting note, when it is remembered that M. Arago is at the head of the scientific men of France. He says, however, that "the President has been pleased to admit an exception in favor of a savan whose works have thrown such lustre on France." Here is M. Fortoul, a man of known and flagrant incapacity, placed by a curious political coincidence in a position to tyrannize over the most distinguished of French natural philosophers.

M. Vacquerie, late editor of the *Avénement*, and imprisoned last November for a *délit de presse*, was released from his six months' confinement on the morning of the 10th of May, just in time to go to the Champ de Mars, and see how little the people care for the sufferings of political martyrs, and what a great favorite the President is, and what a wondrous fête he had gotten up for his own glorification.

For three days before the fêtes, the windows of the print-shops were filled with pictures and engravings of the Emperor Napoleon. Whether it was hinted by the prefect that this would be in harmony with the character of the festivities, or whether the dealers imagined that the visitors to the Champ de Mars, fired with military ardor, would greedily purchase any souvenirs of the mighty soldier that might be offered to their gaze, I cannot say; but certain it is, that all the passages and scenes of Napoleon's life, that have been illustrated upon copper or preserved by lithography, were on Monday exposed to the view of the promenaders. Goupil's spacious windows upon the Boulevard were hung with First Consuls, Emperors of France, and Kings of Italy. There was Bonaparte at Toulon, Bonaparte at St. Cloud, Bonaparte in Egypt; Napoleon at Austerlitz, Napoleon at Marengo, Napoleon at Waterloo; there was the return from Elba, the Retreat from Moscow, the last Review, the Adieux at Fontainebleau; there was Napoleon at St. Helena, Longwood and the Weeping Willow. Not, however, to be unjust to the living, while seeking to do honor to the dead, M. Goupil's clerk had placed a scene in the life of the nephew, in one corner, in close proximity to the fragments of the career of the uncle. The scene chosen by the artist was "Louis Napoleon riding on horseback in the Bois de Boulogne!" This remarkable achievement will doubtless live in history, as long as any of the horseback rides of the elder Bonaparte. Their juxtaposition was certainly

suggestive, and had any sensitive gendarme seen it, he would, probably, have been reminded of the remark of Dogberry upon a similar occasion, and have hastened to withdraw the incongruity out of sight.

CHAPTER XLVII.

HENRY V. ISSUES A CIRCULAR—A NEW ARGUMENT—AN AMERICAN ROCKAWAY.

May 19th, 1852.

THE letter of Henry V. to the faithful, which, by the way, no French paper has published, and which is not admitted into the country when printed in French by foreign journals, contains one striking feature. He attempts, after the manner of Louis Napoleon, to "do the prophetic," and declares, like the illustrious incumbent of the Chair of State, his confidence in his star. "Better days are in store for France and for us. I feel it—I am sure of it." This idea is developed to a considerable extent. Whether it will succeed in his case, as well as in Louis Napoleon's, is, to say the least, problematical. Another point of interest is the reference, though obscure, to the plans and prospects of a fusion of the two branches. In the first place, he speaks of monarchists as if there were only one hope and one loyalty among the upholders of the right divine. He speaks as if there were but one branch—as if the two orders had already melted into one. And this occurs throughout, except towards the end, where he advises his disciples to receive with open arms all such as may desire to take shelter under the holy doctrine of legitimacy—a very seductive leer at the Orleanists.

It is curious to see the Paris journals commenting on a letter which they cannot publish, and gravely discussing a matter that ninety-nine hundredths of their readers know nothing about. The *Constitutionnel*, which is waging a bitter warfare with the Carlist journal, the *Union*, is transparent enough to ask that paper to quote from Henry's letter a certain passage to which it had referred!—thus inviting it to undergo voluntary suspension, or incur the certain penalty of a warning from the Minister of Police! But the letter will be brought to the knowledge of all those whom it concerns; the request of the writer, that it may be circulated with all due energy, will be satisfactorily complied with. It has been lithographed, and manuscript copies pass freely from hand to hand. Those that understand English can find it in the London papers, and those that can read German, can peruse it in any Zeitung of the Confederation. Did you ever see a boy under age, who had got

a picture of Venus and Adonis, of Leda and her Swan, or of Danaë and her golden shower, show it round gingerly to his play-fellows, and tuck it under cover when the schoolmaster heaves in sight? In some such way, and with the exercise of similar caution, does the Manifesto of his Gracious Majesty, Henry the Fifth, go the rounds of his friends and admirers. Put the Man of Feeling into your pocket, said Lydia Languish to Lucy. Keep the Frohsdorf circular dark, says Berryer to Legitimacy.

The *Memorial Bordelais* has invented an argument in favor of Louis Napoleon's government which has at least the merit of being new. Some time ago, they were the most skilful rulers who managed to maintain an *entente cordiale* with all their neighbors. But now, says the Bordeaux editor, "The highest encomium that can be passed upon the policy of the Emperor, continued by a prince of his family and of his name, is the *disturbed and reserved attitude of all the European powers in respect to France.*" The *Memorial* is too devotedly Bonapartist to receive the honor of a warning, but such harum-scarum editorial comment as this would seem to call for a little official rubbing down.

You can have no idea in how small a compass a Paris-made vehicle will turn round if it tries. I had a good exemplification of it yesterday, and resolved I would mention the fact for the instruction of American carriage-builders. We were in a narrow street, where two vehicles might possibly have passed abreast. The wheels, in turning, went between the body of the carriage and the coachman's box, and it was really quite delightful to feel them pass without grinding against anything, prying the hind wheels up into the air, or threatening to lodge the traveller in the gutter. I could have given the horse a handful of oats as he went by the window. I noticed that he looked in, probably to see how many passengers there were. Why, I remember driving about the State of Massachusetts a two-seated waggon called a Rockaway, in which the front wheels were quite as incapable of swivelling as the back ones. In order to turn round, it was necessary to describe a circle, big enough to give a beginner in astronomy a graphic idea of the orbit of the earth. I could never venture into grassy lanes or byroads through the woods, for I knew that there would be no way of getting back, except by taking down a stone wall, obtaining access to a ten-acre lot, and executing therein the round-about required. These imperceptible turnings would have been called by a railroad engineer curves of two miles radius. I hardly know how I came into possession of such an equipage. It may have been left to me by will. But the Paris builders never turn out any such melancholy specimens of their art. Indeed, the prefect of police would have forbidden the introduction of my rockaway into Paris. A vehicle that would require the width of six

Boulevards to manœuvre in, and could with difficulty execute a right-about-face in the *Champ de Mars*, would have been detained at the Custom-house as an infernal-machine.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE EMPIRE POSTPONED—THE PAYS KNEW IT WOULD BE SO—A BALL BY DAYLIGHT.

May 31st, 1852.

WE are to have no Empire *for the present*; set your minds at rest on that point. Though we may not know the precise nature of the obstacles, it is evident that they are deemed insurmountable, or at any rate it is judged imprudent to attempt to do battle with them. This running a tilt against windmills may do very well for Don Quixote, but the consequences to that adventurer have furnished an everlasting example to all his followers. The *Moniteur* speaks boldly, and, it is thought, frankly, upon the expected change in the government; asserts that the situation of the country calls for no such change, that the President contemplates none, but that France is none the less resolved upon modifying its institutions whenever it judges proper, without thinking it necessary to ask the consent of any foreign nation. This last clause is skilfully inserted, for the French would be deeply mortified if they supposed that any threats from other nations had had the effect of frightening the chief of the state from the execution of any plan he had formed.

Louis Napoleon would certainly be unwilling to assume the title of Emperor, did he know that Russia and Austria were hostile to such an act. But he would be equally loath to allow the country to become acquainted with the motives of his hesitation. It would seriously compromise him in their estimation as a man of courage and proper independence. Though it is certain that the people are not anxious for an imperial restoration, and treat the whole subject with a sublime indifference, it is highly probable that if they supposed any foreign government pretended to say that France should not become an empire, they would at once insist on its proclamation, in the single desire to show that they can do as they like with their own, and that France belongs to the French. It is very well, then, to declare formally, that there has been no manifestation of hostility, on the part of foreign cabinets, to the restoration of the empire, and to assert that if a change does not take place, it is because the country itself does not need it, not because th

neighboring sovereigns do not wish it. The journals have generally copied the *Moniteur's* article without comment. The *Pays*, however, which, three days ago, called upon the President to take the fusionist intrigues of the Legitimists as rebellion against his authority, and make himself Emperor at once, quotes the *Moniteur*, and says it is just what it has advised all along. "I told you so, I told you you'd better take your great coat," as the old woman said to her husband, when he had got wet through in a shower. The forgetful old lady had made him go out in his shirt-sleeves not half an hour before, as she was sure it was not going to rain.

The Minister of Public Works gave his long-expected daylight fête yesterday—Sunday—on the grounds of his hotel. The 2,500 tickets issued had upon them the simple word "Divertissemens," which was far from suggesting to the guests the variety of the amusements which were in store for them. A theatre was erected under the magnificent lime-trees of the garden, with seats for a thousand persons. Upon this improvised stage, and before one of the most aristocratic audiences ever collected together, a farce and a comic ballet were performed by the actors of the Palais Royal and of the Grand Opera. The trees lining the alleys were entwined with wreaths of flowers; tables covered with every kind of summer refreshments were laid out in the groves; two or three Marionnette theatres amused the juveniles with the miseries and buffooneries of Punchinello; lotteries, for which the ladies received tickets on entering, dispensed apple-sugar and ginger-bread-lions to all that applied therefor; servants, dressed in the costume of venders of liquorice-water (*marchands de coco*), supplied the thirsty with champagne, iced lemonade, roman punch, etc. After the theatrical performances, Strauss's band struck up one of its most seductive polkas, but the day was altogether too hot to take advantage of the opportunity. Near the entrance was a steam-engine at work, or at play, as I ought to say, for I could not find that its energies were employed to any useful end, except, perhaps, to amuse the ladies. The President was not present, having gone to Satory to witness the Versailles Races. Towards five o'clock a black cloud in the west warned the guests of an approaching shower, and a peal of thunder cleared M. Lefebvre's gardens most effectively. The rain held off for an hour, and everybody was safely housed and just sitting down to dinner, when the fountains of heaven were opened, and the dusty earth rejoiced with a very bountiful soaking.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AN EDITOR MEASURES HIMSELF WITH THE GOVERNMENT AND GETS THE WORST OF IT—LOUIS NAPOLEON COMMITS BURGLARY.

June 7th, 1852.

THE *fait capital* of the week has been the quarrel between the *Constitutionnel* and the government, and the warnings served by the latter upon the former, for, of course, in the progress of the struggle, Dr. Veron found that he was the weaker power, although he certainly commenced the dispute in the full expectation that the President would be worsted. Here are the facts reduced to proportions as compact as those of a boned turkey.

M. Granier de Cassagnac, promoted to the position of editor in chief of the *Constitutionnel*, by Dr. Veron the proprietor, who wished to devote his whole time to legislative labours, wrote a long and venomous article upon the course pursued by the Belgian government towards France. M. Granier was known to have written many previous articles at the dictation of the President, and it was supposed that this too emanated more or less directly from the Chief of the State. The effect at the Bourse, and among the diplomatic corps, was so bad, that the Minister of Foreign Affairs disclaimed all knowledge of, or participation in, the aforesaid article, to the Belgian envoy. In the mean time, there appeared a second tirade against Belgium in the *Constitutionnel*, from the pen of M. Granier, in which he stated, in so many words, that the President approved of its spirit, and that, in fact, it was written at his dictation.

The next day, the *Moniteur* published a "*communiqué*," denying this assertion of M. Granier, flatly. An article followed in the *Constitutionnel*, from Dr. Veron himself, in which, among other things, he declared his firm belief, even after the article in the *Moniteur*, that M. Granier was fully authorised to publish his Belgian fulminations. He received the same day a warning from the Minister of Police for the "injurious suspicions" expressed in the passage quoted. Dr. Veron, whose garrulity will be the death of him, published the next morning another column of comment and protest, in which the only salient point is the relation of the fact that M. Mocquart, one of the heads of the interior economy of the Elysée, sent to purchase one hundred copies of the number of the *Constitutionnel* containing the first article upon Belgium, thereby giving him to understand that it was vastly in favour at court, since so many copies were required for distribution. For this column, and for telling tales out of school, the *Constitutionnel* received last night a

second warning—the first paper that has received its second since the promulgation of the law upon the press. To-day's issue contains the text of the warning, but not a word of remark. The *Zollverein* furnishes the theme for the necessary quotum of leading editorial. The present condition of the *Constitutionnel* is this: it may be suspended at any moment for a period not exceeding two months, by a decree of the Minister of Police, or it may be suppressed altogether, by the decree of the President.

It is curious to see with what different eyes calamities are regarded when they fall upon others and when they fall upon one's self. The *Constitutionnel* has always been an ardent stickler for the "principle of authority." It has contended that the government ought to be above doubt, suspicion, or reproach, and that all its acts should be accepted with submission, and in the full satisfaction that whatever it does, is well done. The Republic was the direct negation of the principle of authority, for the ministers were continually subject to interpellation by refractory representatives, and the cabinet was often forced to retire by what was called a vote of censure. The mission of the present government is, Dr. Veron has maintained, to restore the principle of authority to its ancient integrity. When the *Charivari* received a warning, some months ago, the *Constitutionnel* bore it with sublime resignation, and advised the *Charivari* to do likewise. When M. de Maupas notified the *Presse*, Dr. Veron counselled submission. But when the *Constitutionnel* was told to beware, Dr. Veron commenced his column of elegiasis in the following words: "A warning, that is to say, a public reprimand, and one that actually menaces the very existence of the *Constitutionnel*, etc. etc." Some fifty Parisian and provincial journals have been officially warned during the last three months, but Dr. Veron never found out, till the day before yesterday, that a warning was a "public and menacing reprimand!" The principle of authority had heretofore led him to coincide with the views of the government when other papers only were attacked; but he throws the principle of authority overboard when it comes to his turn, and cries lustily for mercy, instead of meekly folding his hands upon his breast and bowing to the stroke. As may be supposed, his case meets with no sympathy from his brother journalists. "In war," says Girardin, "one cannot waste his time in lamenting the wounds of his companions in arms; everybody employs it in dressing his own. Dr. Veron deserved his gash, and he has got it."

The Chateau of Eu, near Dieppe, which forms part of the inheritance of the Duke of Nemours, was seized on Saturday, the 5th instant, the government still continuing to execute its decree of confiscation, though the whole matter is in abeyance before the Council of State. On Monday, the furniture, agricultural implements, etc., belonging to the chateau,

were to be sold by auction for the duke's account; notices to that effect having been posted in Paris for a month past. It occurred to the President that it would be a deed worthy of his position and his name, to seize the chateau a day or two before the sale, and thus confiscate the personal effects with the real estate. The seizure comes so near to burglary, that the keenest eye can hardly detect the difference.

At ten o'clock, the director of the public domain for the arrondissement of Dieppe, a sheriff and a squad of police, presented themselves at the outer gate, and found all the approaches closed, by order of the steward, who replied to the demands of the sheriff, that he only recognised the right of his master, the Duke of Nemours, to give him orders. The sheriff then sent for a picklock, and, on his arrival, the steward was called upon three times, in the name of the law, to open. In the name of what law? The pleadings before the Council of State have yet to be heard, and the law yet to be made. The steward steadfastly refused, and the locksmith set to work. He broke the chains, but being a very humble disciple of Hobbs, could not pick the lock, so he took a big stone, and smashed it. They thus penetrated to the first court, and proceeded to attempt the castle itself. The lock again resisted their efforts, but a pane of glass was broken, and a policeman gently introduced through the aperture. The key being found upon the inside of the door, the agents of the law were admitted.

Thus did the French Government force an entrance into the Chateau of Eu. Its tools and appliances were those of house-breakers and shoplifters: keys, picks, wrenches, ladders. The exact technical definition of the offence is *escalade avec effraction*,—punishable by sentence to the hulks for any term between ten and twenty years. *Punch* long ago called Louis Napoleon the Burglar of France, and it will not be the President's fault if the name does not stick.

CHAPTER L.

A WORD ON THE THERMOMETER—A SUNDAY-LAW: WHAT WOULD BE ITS EFFECTS.

June 12th, 1852.

"PARIS threatens to melt, and the Column Vendome will soon liquefy," says an enormous placard pasted about the streets, offering thin coats for sale at the reasonable price of twenty-five sous each. The placard is not far from right. The heat is unusual for Paris, though I have no doubt your sufferings are more intolerable in New York. At two o'clock every day during the past week, M. Chevalier's Centigrade thermometer

has stood at 33 deg., or at 93 deg. Fahrenheit. A degree somewhat higher is marked upon the instrument as "the mean summer heat of Algiers." I should like to know the mean summer heat of Cayenne, and the mean summer coolness at St. Cloud, among the groves and cascades of the park, so as to understand the exact difference between the atmospheres enjoyed by a transport*er* and a transport*ee*.

Fahrenheit's themometer, as compared with the Centigrade and that of Réaumur, is a very bungling contrivance. It indicates to-day some 90 degrees; 90 degrees of what or above what? Above zero, or nothing. What is this zero, or nothing? It is an arbitrary point, selected, nobody knows positively why, and which might have been just as well an inch higher or lower. Nothing particular occurs when the mercury falls to zero. At other fixed points, certain changes invariably take place; water boils, snow melts, brandy freezes, or eggs turn to chickens. But zero means nothing whatever but a pretty tolerable degree of cold, and, according to tradition, was taken by Fahrenheit as his starting point, because the top of the column stood there during a certain hard winter in Iceland. I have seen the mercury fall five degrees lower still in Boston, so that zero is a very vacillating standard to be made use of in an instrument of science. The zero or starting point in the Réaumur and Centigrade themometer is fixed at "freezing-water," or more properly "melting ice"—our 32 degrées. The only difference between them is that the former makes 80, and the latter 100 degrees between zero and boiling water. The Centigrade is the national and official thermometer in France, harmonizing, as it does, with the decimal system in use in the currency, and in weights and measures. Fahrenheit's zero is a gross absurdity. Why is the zero in longitude fixed at Greenwich, and every other place said to be so many degrees east or west of that point? Because the observatory is at Greenwich. Fahrenheit's plan would be to fix the zero some halfway across the Atlantic, and then make Greenwich 32 degrees East. The equator would also be, by the same system, 32 degrees North or South, according as the starting point was located in New Zealand or the Loo-Choo Islands.

The *Moniteur* announces by a *communiqué*, that the government has no intention of enforcing the observance of the Sabbath by law. Some zealots have been indefatigable in their efforts to obtain such a law, but Louis Napoleon has too much judgment to undertake to legislate against the habits and conscience of the nation. A law closing the gardens, the balls, the arenas, the shops, the thousand and one places of amusement in Paris on Sunday, would, if attempted to be enforced, lead inevitably to street fights and bloodshed; and if not enforced, would simply become a dead letter. In England and the United States, the habit of the people, founded upon religious principles, is to observe the Sabbath, almost with

Jewish severity. It is just the opposite in Catholic countries, and especially in France, where the church regards the Sabbath as a *holiday*—that is, a day set apart from labor, and devoted to amusement, relaxation, rest. Such has been the theory and practice, as to the Sabbath, from time immemorial, throughout Christendom, with the exception of England and the United States. In France, the genius of the people

Sunday at the Chaumière.

has given a somewhat peculiar modification to Sabbath manners. The morning, as every where else in Catholic countries, is devoted to mass, that is, to prayer; the rest of the day is occupied first in a little cleansing and clearing up of the household, and then in amusement and recreation.

The quiet cheerfulness with which amusement is pursued is exceedingly striking. The husband and wife, among the lower classes, are seen sauntering in the fields, and along the promenades with their children, or perhaps seated in a garden, odorous with flowers, holding lively conversation, and sipping lemonade or liquorice-water. About Paris in the pleasant seasons, hundreds of thousands may be seen seated or lounging

in the public gardens, the Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, the Garden of Plants, along the Boulevards, the Place de la Concorde, the Place de la Bastille, or some other quarter where the public congregate. In all these places there is nothing rude, noisy, rowdy; everything, on the contrary, is decent, respectable, proper, mingled with a universal air of cheerfulness and vivacity.

To attempt to change these habits by a secular law would be in the highest degree ridiculous. In the country it is the habit of the people to flock to the larger places, where they attend mass, sit and chat in the public promenades, and do the week's shopping. Take the whole of France together, and more money changes hands on Sunday than any other day. A Sunday law, therefore, would break half the small traders in France, to say nothing of the cafés, restaurants, and gardens depending on Sunday recreation.

The plain truth is, that a change from a secular and festive observance of the Sabbath seems impossible in France. Many persons, regarding the question in the light of the social well-being of the people here, irrespective of the religious question, would deem such a change rather a misfortune than otherwise.

At all events, Louis Napoleon, as I have said, is too shrewd to attempt any such violence upon the traditions of the nation, as a Sunday law proposes. But as the church hallowed the *coup-d'état* by Te Deums,* and as the bishops forgave his bloodshed and perjury, and sanctified his person and his policy, he has promised to set good and pious examples. The *Communiqué*, above mentioned, declares that this has been already done by the government, in regard to the Sabbath. An anxious public asks when and where? It is matter of notoriety—and the fact has excited no little remark—that the Orangery upon the site of the terrace of the Tuileries was commenced upon a day held sacred by the church—either Ascension Day or Whit Sunday, I am not certain which. The races that the government patronises and supports take place on Sunday, and the President is usually present. The grand picnic of the Minister of Public Works, of which I wrote you, was held on Sunday. Louis Napoleon has been twice elected on Sunday. The present Legislative Body was chosen on Sunday. I cannot find that the number of ministerial Sabbath-breakings has at all decreased of late; and the example that the government pretends to have set, is altogether invisible to the common eye.

* The *coup-d'état* was accepted and sanctified by the church—with its violence, its bloodshed, its imprisonments—by solemn Te Deums, performed with vast pomp at Notre Dame, and in the churches throughout France. This was done on the 1st of January, 1852, less than thirty days after the event thus hallowed occurred. Surely, Louis Napoleon could afford to pay something for this service.

CHAPTER LI.

A TUMULTUOUS DEBATE—WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?—THE SAME DEBATE, AS THE MONITEUR REPORTED IT.

June 24th, 1852.

THE discussion of the budget of 1853 commenced the day before yesterday in the chamber, in presence of the President, who went, I cannot but think, with a desire to awe the refractory deputies, and to frighten down the opposition, which is well known to exist, on the subject of Louis Napoleon's extravagance. The debate was the most earnest that has yet taken place; the opening speech, by M. de Kerdrel, was altogether more daring and hostile than I should have supposed possible under the circumstances. The irony was telling, and at times bitter. The gentleman commenced by expressing his astonishment at seeing upon the seat of the Councillors of State, appointed to sustain the budget before the chamber, individuals known in former times by the eagerness with which they always proposed reductions. He quoted language used by M. Billault, the president, on some former occasion, and by M. Stourm, one of the government commissioners, strenuously advising retrenchments. He then read a passage from one of Louis Napoleon's ancient publications, in which that personage represents himself as an earnest advocate of a reduction of the army.

He then spoke at some length on the position of the Legislative Body. It could originate nothing, and its amendments, if rejected by the Council of State, are null and void. The labors of the chamber upon the budget are therefore illusory. The Council of State were the real dispensers of the public fortune. The councillors ought, therefore, to be appointed for life, and not be removable at will by the President. M. de Kerdrel concluded by declaring that a change ought to be effected in the mode of examining the budget. M. Billault hereupon remarked, that he regretted he had not stopped the gentleman in his observations, which were singularly out-of order, and wide of the mark. M. Billault's regrets were received with murmurs of disapprobation. M. Devinck (Bonapartist) then rose, and accused the committee on the budget of endeavouring to foment a factious opposition.

This brought the committee's reporter to his feet, who protested against the charge of hostility, declaring, nevertheless, that the committee had felt it its duty to set forth the financial situation of the country with fairness and sincerity. These remarks were received with applause, and M. Devinck did not rise again. A gentleman then read

a speech in favor of the President's constitution, and then M. Montalembert delivered a sledge-hammer argument against the same constitution, in all that related to the voting of the budget. At this point of the proceedings, Louis Napoleon was observed to come forward from the obscurity of his tribune, in order to hear and see with greater ease. It really looked as if the *coup-d'état* No 2. were coming, and as if the boatswain were going to pipe all hands below for mutiny. But M. Montalembert went on. He proceeded to enumerate the various impediments thrown in the way of the examination of the budget by the Council of State; and then narrated the fate of the various amendments that had been proposed, and declared that the way in which they had been treated amounted to a positive "Massacre of the Innocents!"

The Assembly were fast getting worked up to a tolerably high key. M. Stourm, Councillor of State, and one of the supporters of the budget, next spoke, and took occasion to remark that the speeches that had been that day delivered would have been better suited to a certain contiguous and lately demolished chamber. The gentleman meant Pasteboard Hall, the scene of the stormy debates of the late National Assembly. This allusion was received with marked disfavour, and the individual guilty of it was murmured down. The general discussion was here declared to be closed.

Now, having read the true account of this day's proceedings, you will be glad to know what report of the session was allowed to be published by the next morning's papers, for the instruction of the Parisians. I give you the *procès verbal, verbatim,* as it was sent to all the daily journals:—

"Session of June 22, 1852.

"Discussion of the budget for 1853.

"Speeches by MM. de Kerdrel, Devinck, Chasseloup Laubat, the reporter, de Montalembert, de Parieu and Stourm, government commissioners.

"Reply of the reporter to M. Stourm.

"Close of the general discussion.

"Adjournment of the debate on the articles till to-morrow.

"The House rose."

There is brevity for you, but without the wit, of which brevity is supposed to be the soul. I question whether any government ever went such lengths before in withholding intelligence and distorting facts. In the papers of to-day a more extended report is given; but after a careful perusal of it, I consider it, if possible, a more violent dislocation of truth than the other. Every thing that was said has been slurred over, and the hard hits are pocketed and kept out of sight. The spirit and animation of the debate are lost. Irony, repartee, *bon mot,* are all

studiously expurgated. M. de Montalembert's "Massacre of the Innocents" is of course not reported. The Belgian papers were this morning seized at the post-office, as they contained an extended and ungarbled report. The English papers containing also a report are admitted; being in English, the French will never be the wiser for it. This is Louis Napoleon's government!

CHAPTER LII.

ARE THE DEPUTIES INDEPENDENT? THEY PRETEND THEY ARE—A NINE MONTHS' INTERREGNUM—WILL ANY ONE BUY A PALACE?

June 28th, 1852.

AFTER all, and upon second thoughts, we have a right to be amused at this attempt on the part of the deputies to assert a little independence. It can hardly be considered, however, as a gratifying spectacle, calculated, as many contend it is, to increase our hope for better things of human, and especially of French human, nature. For the deputies to assert their independence, is to assert what does not exist; it is to violate the conditions of their election; to execute *coups-d'état* of their own on a small scale. They complain that the Council of State dispenses the public fortune; that the Council is omnipotent, and that they themselves are reduced to insignificance; that their amendments are systematically rejected, and they hence infer that the constitution ought to be altered. All this is undoubtedly true; but they knew it as well before they were elected to the chamber as they do now; and if they did not like the system, they should not have accepted it.

It is a most extraordinary mode of asserting one's independence, for a man to solicit the support of the government at the ballot, to become the official candidate, to issue professions of faith of the most orthodox creed, to swear obedience to the President, fidelity to the constitution, and in a few weeks call for reform and revision, and get up an opposition in consequence. The constitution, defining the privileges and powers of the Legislature, was promulgated on the 15th of January; the deputies were elected on the 29th of February. They had, therefore, six weeks in which to consider the consequences of accepting the position. If they deemed the conditions stringent and humiliating, and had any independence to assert, there was only one way to do it; to abstain from all relations with the new *régime*; to refuse to take office under it, and to swear no fidelity to it. This is independence rightly understood and energetically asserted. I have no doubt, however, that many of the refractory members are utterly disgusted with themselves for having

yielded to such terms, and that this dissatisfaction has been of a gradual growth for some months. Even if it be so, they have none but their own folly to blame, and they ought by all means to keep their disgust to themselves.

The gist of the matter is, the members of the Lower House have committed the vital error—I once committed it myself—of supposing themselves clothed with a certain degree of power upon this matter of the budget. The difficulty here arose from the extravagant manner in which the Council of State proposed to dispense the revenue, and the heavy appropriations allowed to the army and other branches of the public service. As the Council of State elaborates all the laws, of course it draws up the budget; but the chamber meant to have a word to say on the subject, in virtue of the 39th article of the Constitution. Now this article is thus couched: "The Legislative Body discusses and votes the laws and the taxes." (The budget is considered a law here—a *projet de loi*.) Now this clause, with M. Bonaparte for an interpreter, can only be read one way; it does not mean that the chamber votes *on* the laws; which would imply the possibility of its voting *against* them; but it means simply that it *votes* them, *i. e.* votes for them, passes them. It never was intended that a bill offered to them should be rejected; and it never was meant to give them the power of garbling a bill—and for this reason all their amendments are to be returned to the Council of State for acceptance or refusal. All this the deputies knew before taking the oath, and having once taken it, rebellion is exceedingly out of place.

It was a different thing, in the case of the Tribunal of the First Instance, when it gave judgment against the President in the affair of the Orleans property. It was gratifying to see them assert their independence, and prove that they could render a verdict according to their conscience, in spite of the pressure from high quarters. The judges were already upon the bench long before the advent of Louis Napoleon; they owe him neither their place nor their consideration, and never bound themselves to humiliating conditions. The judiciary is to all intents and purposes unshackled; but the legislature has sold itself for a pittance; it has come to Paris to *do chores* for its master; its position is neither dignified nor honorable, and its protests against the constitution which it has sworn to obey, raise it but little in the estimation of those who take into consideration its origin, and the nature of its functions.

Spite of the opposition manifested, the appropriations have been very generally voted as they originally stood. The Council of State accepted a few of the amendments proposed, but resisted the larger portion. The Assembly adjourns to-day, having accomplished its first session of three months. The interregnum of nine months will be a period of severe

trial to the journals; their interest will diminish materially, and it will be a matter of exceeding difficulty to obtain the wherewithal to fill their columns. It will be a favorable season for the feuilletonists, the reviewers, the travellers, the romancers, and the play-wrights. Lamartine, Dumas, Méry, Sue, Geo. Sand, Alphonse Karr, are to be laid under contribution to an extent really fearful. The *Siècle*, *Pays*, *Presse*, etc., announce forthcoming works of transcendent interest, and it is evident that the impending exodus of subscribers is to be combated by every available means. It is very likely that some of the journals will die of want of breath, whereat M. Bonaparte will heartily rejoice.

The cession of the Bois de Boulogne to the city, on condition of its spending two million francs in embellishments during the coming four years, has been ratified by the chamber. There is a good deal of anxiety as to the nature of these embellishments. Municipal authorities are such known enemies of nature and the picturesque, that I should not be astonished to see them put up notices warning people not to walk on the grass, which would effectually ruin this famous resort. The report presented to the Assembly speaks of an artificial river, to be fed by water raised from the Seine, or brought from the Canal de l'Ourc; of lawns and groves, lamp-posts, statues, and fountains, macadamized roads, and a vigilant police.

The customs to which the Bois has become habituated are so peculiar, that the *juste milieu* will be very difficult to hit. The improvements and the regulations should be just such as will drive away the duellists and the suicides, without frightening the pic-nics and champagne parties. A certain portion might very well be laid out with elegance, for carriages and promenaders, and the native wildness of the rest preserved for those who like to escape, from time to time, from the etiquette and rigidity of the Champs Elysées, and lie down flat on their backs, under the shade of a wide-spreading beech, like Tityrus of old.

The Council of State has at length voted upon the Orleans confiscation affair. The confiscation of the estates is approved and ratified. The report allowed to be published states the fact of the ratification, without giving the majority in favor of it. The yeas and nays are withheld. It is known, however, that the sixteen votes of the *section du contentieux* were given eight for and eight against, and that M. Baroche, the president, came to Louis Napoleon's rescue with his casting vote. When a man's acts are so exceptionable that his salaried adherents, and those adherents Frenchmen, cannot be brought to sustain them, they must be bad indeed. So Eu and Neuilly, and Chantilly and Monceaux, are to be sold to the highest bidder. But who will the highest bidder be? Would such an investment be a safe one? Is the title sound, or will it be sound for any length of time,

with such a flaw running through it? The buyer would unquestionably hold his purchase till the next revolution, and then he would be tolerably sure to lose it. If the Orleans branch returns to power, all the property thus alienated will be confiscated back again; if the Legitimists come in, it will doubtless be restored to the exiles, as a matter of simple justice. And so, too, if a fusion brings both the branches back together. There would be no more sympathy for the ousted tenants than for receivers of stolen goods. Investing one's money in Orleans stock, would be like buying land upon the sea-shore, between high and low water-mark; you would never be sure when the land was yours, or when you were liable to be lifted off your feet and set adrift, by an irruption of the first owners. I have seen no one yet anxious to purchase a palace. M. Bonaparte can make some very splendid presents, but it is more than doubtful whether a tithe of the three hundred millions is ever realized in coin or paper, or any other known medium of exchange. The last act in this wretched drama has yet to be played out.

A small paper published at Montpellier has received a warning from the prefect of the Herault, for presuming to declare a certain theatrical representation a poor one, which the said prefect had honoured with his presence, and therefore thought a good one. This prefect, M. Durand St. Amand, was mayor of the first arrondissement of Paris, under the provisional government. I have heard that a reformed rake makes the best husband, and I learned long ago that the most rabid reactionist is your repentant Republican.

The miners of Rondou have struck for higher wages. They are getting up a subscription to send delegates to state their grievances to Louis Napoleon, whom they have chosen for their umpire. The *Patrie* calls this "a touching instance of the immense popularity of the Prince-President with the working-classes," and hopes the miners will have justice done them. A short time ago the journeymen in the carriage-building trade struck, and chose a private citizen for their umpire. The *Patrie* advised the authorities to make short work with these desperate disturbers of public order, and loudly expressed its joy when several of them were incarcerated at the Prefecture. The gulf between Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee is getting wider every day.

CHAPTER LIII.

A GAS-PIPE PLOT—A STEAMER CLEARED FOR CAYENNE—A VOTE OF GRATITUDE AT CHERBOURG—PENTECOST AT NANTERRE.

July 5th, 1852.

You will hear much this week of the conspiracy known to fame as the "Gas-pipe Plot." The police were on the look out for something in the rue de la Reine Blanche, and when they found out what it was, were so ashamed of its insignificance, that the confidential journals were instructed to say nothing about it. But the *Patrie*, being out of matter, and having nothing to write about, seized the opportunity, as one too good to be lost, and very much exaggerated the details of the discovered conspiracy. This came out in its latest evening edition, just as all decent citizens were thinking of going to bed, and I have no doubt spoiled the night's rest of many an old woman of both sexes.

The account was peculiarly frightful, for the very reason that no one could imagine how a gas-pipe, with one end stopped up with coarse duck besmeared with tar, could ever be used as an engine of war; and therefore it seemed all the more like the "infernal machine" that the *Patrie* declares it in reality to have been. The *Constitutionnel*, of the next morning, copied the *Patrie*, but said that the report given was much overdone. The *Moniteur* kept silent till yesterday, when the imperturbable organ declared that "the conspiracy did not present the importance or the gravity that certain journals had thought proper to attach to it." On the morning of the discovery, nineteen persons were arrested; just the number of 'gentlemen like himself' that Bobadil wanted to take with him against an enemy forty thousand strong.

These nineteen madmen probably had some swaggering Bobadil among them, if they really contemplated any demonstration. But he has not been found, if, indeed, there was any leader in the affair at all. No one of any note, no name of any prominence, is compromised in the affair.

The last steamer-load of felons has left the harbor of Rochefort, and the hulks of that town are now empty. Three criminals, too sick to travel, remain in the hospital, but the hulks proper are depopulated. *Le Laborieux* has sailed with the last detachment, numbering 222, for Cayenne. The plan of sending out large numbers of female convicts, and of encouraging inter-marriage, will speedily be put in execution. When the intention of the government was made known to the ladies kept in durance in the interest of society, the applications for passage were so numerous that the directors of the prisons were considerably

embarrassed. However they set to work, and picked out 350 of the best conditioned, and the whole batch will shortly be shipped upon their mission.

"Each married couple," says the *Patrie*, speaking of Cayenne, "will receive a small grant of land, with the implements necessary for its cultivation." I should not be surprised to see a very frightful increase of crime under the inducements offered by this novel method of 'voting yourself a farm.'

The people of Cherbourg were very highly elated at the reception of the news that the Legislative Body had passed the bill connecting them by railway with Paris. The national flag was displayed from the public buildings and from the masts of the shipping in the port. At night there was an illumination and one or two bonfires. The Municipal Council, wishing to distinguish itself and to testify its gratitude to the Prince-President, immediately resolved that a bronze statue of his uncle should be erected on the Quay Napoleon!

Pentecost, this week, was the fête-day at Nanterre, a village seven miles to the west of Paris. This is celebrated every year by the ceremony of crowning a rosière. The girl who, during the past twelvemonth, has been the most distinguished for good conduct, the most marked for virtues of every kind, receives from the mayor, in presence of the whole population, a crown of white roses. M'lle Louise Brulé was the young lady who wore the wreath on this occasion; she was crowned in the church of Ste. Genevieve. This saint, the patroness of Paris, was born at Nanterre in the 5th century. The origin of the custom, which has been traced as far as the middle ages, is lost in the darkness of that period. "Be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny," says Hamlet. If any one ought to be secure from insinuations, one would think it should be the rosières of Nanterre. But there is a famous ballad in France, in which, I regret to say, an allusion is made to a damsel who was to be crowned the next day, which would lead one to imagine that discretion is a virtue which might be safely practised, even by a rosière. A young lady and a young man are alone in a wood. With this remark, and merely observing that the ballad is entitled "Le bouquet du page," I give you the verse in question. The young lady is speaking.

"Mettez le moi vite, je tremble,
Qu 'on nous surprenne tous les deux;
Mettez le moi vite, ii me semble,
Que quelqu'un approche en ces lieux.
Dans ce bois sombre et solitaire
Mes craintes sont justes, je crois;
Demain je dois être rosiere,
Mettez le moi, oh! Mettez le moi!"

The rosière of last year has married a a Parisian, and as Louise Brulé is said to be a charming brunette, I suppose she too will soon quit Nanterre. You will understand that rosières must always be possessed of a certain degree of personal charms, for no mayor in France would be such a simpleton as to reward the virtues of a lady who had had no chance to go astray.

CHAPTER LIV.

AN EXCURSION EASTWARD—MELTING PARTIES—CHEESE—FOUNDLINGS.

July 18th, 1852.

At this present writing, the President is at Strasburg, giving the *éclat* of his presence to the inauguration of the railroad between that city and Paris. He left yesterday morning at nine o'clock, and at intervals through the day telegraphic messages were received from the party upon the route, detailing the progress of the Prince, and the delirious joy of the population along the line. The prefect of *La Meurthe*, I notice, speaks of the President as *Son Altesse*, whilst the five others through whose dominions he passed designated him as *Le Prince*, simply. The distance between Paris and Strasburg by railway is 360 miles, and the Minister of Public Works, who traversed it twice last week, made the distance in twelve hours, an average speed of thirty miles an hour. The President it was intended should make even better time than that; but he lost many precious moments in reviewing detachments of dragoons, and pupils of sundry Lyceums. He spent the night at Nancy, and made his triumphant entry into Strasburg this morning. Four trains left Paris, within the twelve hours succeeding the President's departure, carrying to the scene of the fêtes over 5,000 passengers.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has made two expeditions to Strasburg. The first, in 1836, was somewhat of a failure; the second, in 1852, will naturally be a triumphal progress. As far as we can judge, he has been received, at every point upon the route, with great enthusiasm. I consider the French journals as anything but trustworthy, being, as they are, one link in the great chain of mutual admiration; but the special correspondents of the English journals, commissioned to follow the Presidential *cortége*, bear witness to the gratification of the rural populations. We who remain in Paris can, of course, hear but one version of the story, even if there be two. The President is borne away from the

capital over a railroad that may safely enough be said to belong to the government; he is received at the other end by government agents of his own appointment. These send back to Paris, over government wires, highly wrought and skilfully condensed paragraphs of the incidents of the route; and these, arrived at their destination, are published in government newspapers, and read by a government public.

For want of something better to do, the Parisians have been amusing themselves with a *canard* of the most formidable dimensions. The 15th of July had been fixed upon for the end of the world. The heavens were to roll together like a scroll, last Thursday. Fire was to be the agent of this terrible consummation; the gradually increasing heat of the last ten days was to arrive at a climax on this occasion, and spontaneous combustion to introduce us all to another and a more durable state of existence. "Melting parties" were formed, and the Damons and Pythias that wished to die in company, took care to remain together on the day in question, that the wreck of matter might not surprise them alone. Invitations were issued for the final earthly entertainment in the following style:—

"Madame Louvois would be happy to have the Count d'Ardennes come and melt with her, and a select party, on Thursday, the 15th, at noon!" And I do not imagine that those who assembled for the purpose of melting were disappointed, for Fahrenheit rose nearer to 100 degrees than it has been before or since. The Chateau Rouge announced a Grand Infernal Soirée to celebrate the end of the world. Underneath, a Fête Extraordinaire was announced for the following Sunday. This is very much in the style of the managers at home, who advertise the "last appearance of this distinguished tragedian before his departure for the South," while the bills for the morrow, already prepared for posting at the printer's, announce his "re-engagement for five nights only."

Nothing escapes the attention and solicitude of the government in France. Under all *régimes*, there is the same zeal in the bureaux of the various ministries to try experiments that promise to result favourably for the agricultural or commercial interests of the country. If there is any product in the world that one would imagine unlikely to awaken the sympathies of a statesman, that product is certainly cheese. And yet here is the Minister of Marine giving orders to the prefect of the Doubs—the centre of the cheese district—to encourage the making of cheeses fit for sea-consumption, and able to endure change of climate without injury. We learn from Besançon that in every canton of the Doubs, the cattle-raisers are engaged in making sea-proof cheeses, to be sent to Mr. Theodore Ducos, at Paris, and by him to be put on board ships bound upon long voyages. The object of this is to obtain for France a market long monopolized by the Dutch. French ships are

ocked with Holland cheese, which stands all weather with that perturbability which is peculiar to the nation. The annual value this supply is so large, that it would be a fortune for the east-n departments of France if it could be diverted from Holland to em.

One hundred foundlings are to be sent to Algeria to-day, as an expe-ment, for the purpose of settling them in a newly-formed colony on e plain of Algiers. If it should succeed, it will open a new path of efulness to the directors of the foundling and orphan hospitals. The ys, from ten to thirteen years of age, have been selected by the head the establishment, in connexion with the founder of the colony, and e physician of the hospital. The strongest have been chosen as most likely to become speedily acclimated. A doctor of Algiers, who has come for the purpose, will accompany them on the journey. Each child starts with an equipment of clothing and forty francs; the hospital agrees to pay sixteen sous a day for each, up to the age of eighteen: it is understood that they are to receive the best agricultural education that the colony and the state of the art can afford; that each child is to receive at the age of eighteen a certain extent of land, of which he is to be sole proprietor, and which he has the right to alienate, or leave by will, at his discretion. If the experiment succeed with the foundlings, it will be repeated on a larger scale for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum.

CHAPTER LV.

THE PRESIDENT RETURNS TO PARIS—A HUGE EXCITEMENT IN THE STREETS—A PETITION FOR THE EMPIRE—MORE FOUNDLINGS—ANOTHER FETE ON A SUNDAY.

July 26th, 1852.

THE grand series of official rejoicings awakened by the progress to Strasburg and back again, has been concluded by a pageant at Paris, vastly more artificial, probably, than any that has taken place upon the route. There are persons that pretend to find evidence of popular enthusiasm in these military spectacles, and imagine, that because people collect at favorable points of view, where a brilliant cortege is to pass, that their sympathies are with those in whose honor the display is made. The *Moniteur* and *Patrie* would lead you to suppose that Paris was converted, and had rushed to throw itself at the feet of the President like the clod-hoppers down-east. Now, so far from the reception having

been a popular one, it was altogether factitious. The Minister of War telegraphed from Strasburg, directing that a double file of troops be placed from the station at Paris to the Arch of Triumph near St. Cloud. Now the troops belong to the government, as you are well aware. At the President's arrival, a deputation of market women was admitted to congratulate him upon his return. Now the markets belong to the government, and the viragoes consider themselves as occupying important official positions. Each of these ladies had a bouquet, and with these the hero's carriage was liberally filled. Is not this pellucid? Of course, it was very generally supposed that this carriageful of flowers had been tossed by fair hands from balconies and windows. The Boston papers say that Daniel Webster's carriage was, in good earnest, filled with floral tributes of admiration, on the occasion of the late reception extended to him; and I can believe it easily. But it is untrue that any bouquets whatever were showered on Louis Napoleon, except from interested quarters.

When the President's train entered the station, the intelligence was at once communicated to all points of the city by telegraph. The telegraphs, as you know, belong to the government. The cannon at the Invalides immediately commenced a salute of 101 guns. Now the cannon and the Invalides belong to the government. The big bell at Notre Dame began to ring. Now this bell and all the other church bells, big and little, belong to the government. In the neighborhood of the station, and in the densely populated quarters in the vicinity, the crowd was large; but upon the boulevards, and in the wealthy districts, the streets were as empty as usual, at six in the evening, when the city has gone home to dinner. From the position from which I viewed the spectacle—taking in perhaps an eighth of a mile of the route—I did not see a handkerchief waved, nor a bouquet thrown, nor did I hear a cry. With one's eyes shut, one might have imagined that the funeral cortege of Marshal Exelmans, just dead, was passing, and that instead of welcoming the new year in, the people were conducting the old year out. The spectacle seemed so cold and cutting, that it at once occurred to me that the President must regret having ordered it. It could but contrast unfavorably with the boisterous clamor of his country friends. But it seems that the *Moniteur* and the *Patrie* are satisfied, and that "the demonstration was in every way a fitting conclusion to the expedition, now so happily terminated." French—but, fudge!

It is rather a matter of wonder, that, with the immense resources at his disposal, Louis Napoleon did not secure a more imposing demonstration. Take it all in all, it was very much on a par with Miss Snevellicci's bespeak, on which occasion, you will remember, a rush of two men and a boy, to the side door, was deemed an event of sufficient importance to

he communicated, in breathless haste, to the fair beneficiary behind the scenes.

A petition for the restoration of the Empire is actively circulated in the department of the Charente, on the Bay of Biscay. Information upon this point comes from the prefect himself, who has taken the movement under his especial protection, and has announced, by means of a *communiqué* in the official journal, that no one will be allowed to oppose the demonstration with impunity. I cannot say with what

Mothers of Foundlings.

success subscriptions are solicited. The notification of the prefect excited great interest in Paris, from the fact of its being the first instance of the use of the *communiqué* by a prefect. It is, however, certain that instructions have been given to all the prefects to adopt this means of publicity themselves, but not to sanction its use by the mayors or any of the subordinate authorities.

I spoke in my last of a detachment of 100 foundlings to be sent to a

colony lately established in the vicinity of Algiers. They left Paris on that day by railroad, and arrived at Chalons the same evening; the little fellows were then put on board a steamer, and sailed down the Saone to Lyons, where they stayed over night; the next morning they continued on, by the Rhone, to Marseilles. They are now, probably, upon the Mediterranean, on board a government vessel, on their way to their place of destination. I heard a young washerwoman say, yesterday, that her heir-apparent had gone out to Africa on a mission for the government; and that when he became a land owner, she should go and help him cultivate it. I found out that she had tied the young man up in a towel, some ten years ago, and with an earnest letter of recommendation to the police, had left him in the middle of the street, just in the path of a patrol that was advancing in the distance. The foundling has prospered, and, as I said before, is now on the Mediterranean, in full cry for Algiers.

The national holiday of the 15th of August falls upon Sunday, but the rejoicings are not to be postponed. It would have been more consistent to have deferred the celebration for a day, considering the "example" that the government professes to set of a proper observance of the Sabbath; but it would have been a very unpopular step. When holidays fall of themselves upon a Sunday, it seems to a Frenchman as if nature and the almanac had conspired to produce so happy a conjuncture, and to interfere by decree with so successful an arrangement, strikes him as a wanton infraction of one of the harmonies of the universe. For centuries the moveable feasts of France have been fixed upon the seventh day, and the government that should transfer a fête from a Sunday, upon which it has chanced to fall, to one of the working days of the week, would be likely to gain but little credit, if it did not even lose caste.

The love of the French for caricature is abundantly evinced in the windows of the print-shops. Nothing is too high—nothing too low—for the *Journal Pour Rire*, the *Charivari*, and other pasquinaders of the pencil or the burin. There are various points in the city where a crowd of persons of all sizes and sexes may be seen from morning till night, gazing at the funny pictures set forth outside, as samples of what may be bought within. There is something irreverent and mocking in the very heart of a Frenchman—and this natural proclivity is abundantly cherished by the hungry necessities of authors, artists, and picture dealers. The institution of marriage—too respectable in most countries for legitimate ridicule—has given scope for a whole book of raillery, admirably illustrated by Bertall and Johannot—by the keen and cutting Balzac. I have seen a series of engravings by Gavarni and Henri Monnier, painfully true to life, yet having something ludicrous withal, in which the

present condition of certain *figurants* and ballet Cupids of the Opera in 1804 is represented. I cannot better illustrate the topic than by a selection from this gallery of portraits. Here they are!

Cupid, Zephir, and Flore of 1804.

CHAPTER LVI.

ELECTORAL INDIFFERENCE—THE PETITIONING BEGINS IN EARNEST—THE AKHBAR AND MONITEUR HOLD DISCORDANT OPINIONS UPON FOUNDLINGS.

August 5th, 1852.

THE elections for the general councils and ward councils have taken place throughout France. The candidates of the administration have been generally returned, where a choice has been effected, but the abstention from the polls has been such, that a failure to elect has been in many cases the result. The abstention is altogether unprecedented. Even the *Constitutionnel* acknowledges that "electoral indifference is the feature of the election." The motive which impels the government sheet to so prompt a confession, would seem to be a desire to draw the inference that the people are sick of universal suffrage, and would fain withdraw altogether from any responsibility in the government of the nation. One word will suffice to show that the *Constitutionnel* is wrong. If the voters had been desirous of handing over the entire gestation of the country to the present government, they would in all

cases have supported the government candidates; had they wished to give the existing *régime* a *carte blanche* to act as it judges proper, they would, I should suppose, have hastened to give that *régime* such subordinate officers in the provinces as would render its action harmonious and effectual. But they declined voting at all, and the result is that many offices are left vacant.

I spoke in my last of the petitions circulating in the department of La Charente, for the restoration of the Empire. The *Charentais*, published at Angoulême, gives the text of the petition. The gist of this rather wordy document is that "an elective government is unstable, hostile to the establishment of public confidence, and to credit, and even to the most legitimate and sacred rights of families; that it excites ambitions, and foments party spirit, and is, consequently a cause of excitement for the bad, of affliction for the good, and of scandal for the undecided and the weak; that the family of the Bonapartes is alone in a position to represent and guarantee the principles for which our fathers fought; that between this family and modern France, an indissoluble alliance has been established, by victory and misfortune; that the present heir of the family has sufficiently proved that he is capable, with the help of God, of becoming the continuator and the founder of a new hereditary power." From these various considerations, the petitioners beg the Senate to adopt a *senatus-consultum*, by which the nation may be consulted upon the "re-establishment of hereditary empire in the person and descendants of Napoleon III., now Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, President of the Republic."

The warnings served upon the journals are now so numerous that they cease to attract attention; the instances of second notices upon the same journal only are looked upon with interest. *Le Petit Courrier de la Bretagne* has just received its No. 2, for insinuating that the telegraphic messages sent to Paris by the prefects on the route to Strasburg were a little bit strained. The editor of the *Courrier* was at liberty to doubt the strict historical truth of the bulletins of the prefects, but he ought not to have said so in print.

The detachment of foundlings has arrived at Algiers. The *Akhbar*, of that city, considers these children as altogether the superiors of the young men born in wedlock who went out with them. It says that they seem to have been well cared for, and that they are in a very satisfactory moral condition, while their companions appear to have been utterly neglected, and to have the "most eccentric and deplorable habits." The *Moniteur* could not, of course, allow such a scandal to pass unrebuked. When foundlings are represented as better than persons legitimately begotten and baptized, society is attacked at its base, and morals are sapped at their foundations. The *Moniteur* declares that

the administration protests against the "erroneous appreciation of the *Akhbar*." This may lead to difficulties, as the *Akhbar* is the official journal of Africa, and may not relish a threat from a journal in no manner its superior. It doubtless meant a compliment to the government, as the foundling hospital is a government institution, and the morality of its youthful tenants is a circumstance greatly in favor of its management.

Happening to be at the Ministry of the Interior the other day, I found the employés in a state of considerable excitement over a telegraphic message just received from St. Cloud. Information was asked relative to the attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon. The St. Cloudians had been hoaxed, and thought their President had been shot at. He was in Paris that day, and an unexpected detention led to a report that an infernal machine had been discharged at him. Word was sent back that nothing had been heard of the attempt in Paris. From this circumstance a rumor to the same effect was current for a time in the city, but I do not see that it has anywhere gotten into print.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE PREFECTS AND THE PETITIONERS—THE CITY MARRIES FOURTEEN COUPLES—THE COMING FETE—AN ENGINE-DRIVER DECORATED.

August 12th, 1852.

Two petitions, similar to that of the Charente, have been issued in the department of the Meuse. A paper published at Bar-le-Duc gives the text of both of them; from which it appears that the profound conviction of the signers is, that "our present institutions are not yet precisely what we could wish;" that "the essence of parties is, never to be discouraged, and to plot without cessation;" that "the path is still left open to ambition and to intrigue;" wherefore they pray the Senate to allow the French nation to place the imperial crown upon the brow of Louis Napoleon. The same journal states that 20,000 signatures have already been attached to these two petitions. The movement, it would seem, then, has begun in good earnest; and the position held by the prefect of the Charente, who has taken the petition under his official protection, would fairly lead to the conclusion, that if the government is not a party to the project, it is at least not a stranger to it.

The fourteen couples to be married under the auspices of the city, on the occasion of the national holiday, have been chosen in the fourteen wards. Virtuous poverty seems to have been the grand condition

exacted, as the professions of the parties amply prove. Thus, the first ward furnishes Mr. Jean André, valet de chambre, and M'lle. Guillot, cook; the second, Mr. Aubinel, hairdresser, and M'lle. Haillot, seamstress; the ninth, Mr. Charton, scissor-grinder, and M'lle. Prieur, embroideress; and the thirteenth (St. Denis) Mr. Lamanche, grave-digger, and M'lle. Berthe, washerwoman. Each pair is to receive a dower of 3,000 f.; 1,500 from the city, and 1,500 from the Ministry of the Interior. The President, with whom the idea originated, at first intended to pay the scot himself, and it was announced by the *Patrie* that the funds would be furnished from the *cassette particulière* of the President; but from this costly resolution he seems to have retreated in time, and to have graciously declined the privilege in favour of Messrs. Persigny and Berger.

Little is thought of at present in this city, except the approaching celebration of the 15th. The preparations making for the fête are fast approaching completion. The colossal eagle upon the arch of triumph already overlooks the Champs Elysées; Mount St. Bernard has reared its snow-capped summit between the Chamber of Deputies and the Seine; the Place de la Concorde is filled with flagstaffs and statues; the grand avenue is lined with fountains, covered with flowers, and the jets of water are to be illuminated by differently-colored electric lights; the banks of the Seine are crowded with platforms for the accommodation of the spectators of the regattas and the naval combat. The sea-fight is to take place between the frigate *La Ville de Paris* and the *Calypso*, war steamer, and is to be divided into six episodes. The frigate was launched last year at Neuilly, and as you may imagine, from your knowledge of the waters it frequents, has no keel whatever; the Calypso is a broken-down ferry-boat that plies between the Quay d'Orsay and St. Cloud. I have travelled in her myself at the rate of seven miles an hour.

The combat will last fifty minutes, and will be seen by the President from an especial tribune. One hundred and fifty sailors have been brought from Cherbourg, to man the two vessels; they were sent by M. de Persigny to the Grand Opera last night, where they saw the ballet of Giselle. The boulevards are lined with sheet-iron palm-trees, which, if one can judge from a rehearsal a few nights ago, will produce a most gorgeous effect when lighted. Around the Column Vendome is twisted a heavy gas-pipe, which, ascending spirally to the top, is to convey red fire to the emblems that are already visible there in outline—four eagles, a crown, and the initials L. N. B. The pipe is also pierced at every foot, or thereabouts, so that it will emit lucid intervals all the way up. A ball-room, destined to eclipse even that of the 10th of May, has been built at the Marché des Innocens; the Dames de la Halle to be the

lady patronesses. These ladies took the President formally under their protection a little over a year ago, when he laid, in person, the corner-stone of the new central markets; ever since then there has existed a remarkable sympathy between them. He carries his condescension so far as to promise to attend the ball; perhaps he will even dance.

In point of refreshments, this ball will put the Ecole Militaire into the shade; 50,000 ice-creams, 60,000 glasses of punch and lemonade, and 80,000 cakes have been ordered for the occasion. There are to be fireworks at three different points; games, greased poles, races, rustic dances, orchestras, and ballooning. The Emperor's birth-day, like Christmas, comes but once a year. In view of the extraordinary preparations making, I am not surprised to learn that the municipal councillors were rather hastily assembled yesterday, in consequence of a notice that the supplies had given out. Twenty thousand francs additional were voted, before the works were suspended. Louis Napoleon has ordered a morning *Te Deum* to be celebrated in every church in the country, that some appearance of respect may be paid to the Sabbath, for, as I have said, this gorgeous and profane festivity is to take place on *Sunday*, the fifteenth day of August.

The President, besides having decorated the engine-driver who conducted him to Strasburg, with the cross of the Legion of Honor, has presented him with a gold watch. The stoker has received a silver watch. What does Mr. Webster do for the engine-drivers who take him to the North from time to time, and more particularly for those who run him off the track?

CHAPTER LVIII.

A PLAY BEFORE THE CURTAIN WITNESSED FROM BEHIND IT—A FETE SPOILED BY A TORNADO—A GENTLEMAN PULLS THREE HUNDRED TEETH IN THE STREET.

August 19th, 1852.

THE fête of the 15th of August may be fairly said to have begun on the 14th, for on Saturday, by order of the Minister of the Interior, five of the twenty theatres opened their doors to non-paying audiences. When on previous occasions of the sort, gratuitous representations have been given, the tickets were distributed among the more deserving inhabitants of the several wards, by the mayors and the justices of the peace. Tickets thus secured in advance were often sold, and curious strangers, who visited the theatre in order to witness the novel spectacle, saw very

often nothing but an audience of well-dressed foreigners, in quest of the self-same object with themselves. The plan was altered on this occasion; the doors were opened at the hour fixed, anybody and everybody were admitted, and when the house was full, further ingress was stopped. The performances took place during the day, that order might be more easily maintained, and the curtains rose at two o'clock, or thereabouts. At nine in the morning, the lines began to form at the doors, and at noon, the queue of the Opera Comique extended round the corner, and lost itself somewhere in the neighboring ward. The performance consisted of the opera of *Giralda*, and *Bonsoir, M. Pantalon*; that of the Grand Opera of *La Favorite* and *Le Diable à Quatre;* that of the *Comédie Française*, of *Cinna*, and *Le Médecin malgre lui*; the Ambigu and the Gaité gave Napoleonic battle-pieces.

I had the pleasure of witnessing the irruption of the multitude into the Opera Comique from the stage of that theatre. The curtain was one-third raised, that the actors and perhaps a hundred invited guests might enjoy the unusual spectacle. The relations of audience and performers were for once reversed, for the play was certainly acted this time before and not behind the scenes. The doors of the boxes had been taken off their hinges and removed, but the velvet cushions, the sofas, the statues, the mirrors, had been left in their places. At half-past one the bolts were withdrawn, and the orgie commenced. The frantic crowd burst into the building like a besieging army through a breach in the wall. In three minutes and thirty seconds, the spacious opera-house was densely packed. Air rushing into a vacuum, or water seeking its level, could not have filled it quicker. A count was made by the police, who reported 2,800 spectators—nearly double the legal capacity of the house. Boxes of four, held eight; and in one for six persons, I saw a baker's dozen. A charcoal man supported his wife in his lap, sunk deep into the mellow embrace of an orchestra-stall. An uproarious good humor pervaded the assemblage, and a good deal of pleasant badinage was tossed over the footlights between our party and theirs. The door openers, the letters of crickets, the takers of shawls and umbrellas, the renters of opera-glasses, seemed to have vacated the premises altogether, expecting doubtless but a slender patronage from the friends of the Minister of the Interior.

The half-raised curtain was lowered when the audience was fairly seated, and the performance began precisely as the clock struck two. The applause was immense, and, what is better, proceeded from all parts of the house; generally it comes from under the chandelier only, where the *claqueurs* sit in a condensed square. "Ah," said St. Foy, "if our friends in the blouses only paid, I should not care if I never saw a black coat or a white cravat again." The gentlemen in the blouses did not pay, but

the city paid for them. Each theatre received a sum equal to the average nightly receipts, during the month of August, and an allowance besides, to cover any damages caused by the rough and tumble. The Comédie Française suffered considerably, and was obliged to remain closed for forty-eight hours afterwards. A bevy of washerwomen have since restored it to its former propriety.

As for the next day, Sunday, it was marred by the violent wind which had blown without cessation during the week. Heavy clouds were continually passing over the city, but it did not once positively rain. The dust was blinding, spite of the constant passage of water-carts over all the streets in which the ceremonies were to take place. At eleven o'clock, a sort of typhoon burst over Paris, and taking the Marché des Innocens in its way, ripped off the canvas roof from the immense tent in which Les Dames de la Halle were to have their ball. Notifications, issued at once from the prefect of police, informed the public of the disaster, and of the postponement of the ball until Tuesday. The *Te Deum* was performed at the Madeleine at ten, in the presence of the President, the Council of State, such members of the Senate and Legislature as were in the city, the Diplomatic Corps and invited guests. Nothing unusual marked this ceremony. The music was sung by the company of the Grand Opera, the voice of Mme. Laborde being recognisable at once. Louis Napoleon took occasion to repeat to the Abbé Daguerry his profane declaration of May 10th, that he placed himself under the protection of the Emperor and the Virgin Mary.

The immense crowds that were afoot seemed now to devote their attention to refreshing the inner man and woman, before taking places to witness the regattas and sham-fight on the Seine. It was about at this time that the wind commenced blowing, and it was really painful to witness the devastation it caused among the tasteful preparations for the evening's illumination. A hundred and fifty colossal fountains had been elevated on both sides of the avenue of the Champs Elysées. They were almost embowered in flowers, and thickly hung with glass and transparent paper globes; the wind tore apart and scattered the flowers, and shattered the glass. The artists prudently abstained from turning on the water, and thus the effect was wholly lost. One unamiable gust, probably the same that demolished the roof of the ball-room, got entangled among the Alps in front of the Chamber of Deputies, and made dreadful havoc with Mount St. Bernard. The carpenters had already completed a glacier, an avalanche, and two or three snow-capped peaks when the sou'-wester dashed by. Glaciers, peaks, and avalanche disappeared as if by enchantment, leaving only a few tattered, ice-bound crags behind. The Seine heaved and tossed, and looked more like a teapot in

tempest than I ever saw it before. The regattas offered but little interest. I did not see them myself, and have met no one who did. Still I believe a miniature silver oar, a few watches, and sundry articles of jewelry were won. The great point of attraction was further down the river, between the bridges of Gena and Austerlitz.

The sea-fight was to take place between the frigate *The City of Paris*, and numerous gun-boats and small steamers, supported by masked batteries on shore. The frigate was supposed to have advanced some distance into the enemy's country, and there forced to come to action. She bore the tricolor aloft, and represented the French side of the question; the gun-boats, the forts, and the steamers, were rather vaguely designated as "the enemy," without specifying who the enemy was. Considerable difficulty was experienced in inventing a flag for this enemy, for almost every combination of colors successively suggested, turned out to be the standard of some friendly nation. At last, a tricolor, composed of yellow, amaranth, and green, was definitively fixed upon for the banner of the foe. It was curious to see, however, to what extent the spectators had invested the hostile party with the character of John Bull. Everybody looked upon the combat as one fought between England and France; and as it was understood beforehand that the French tricolor was to win, such a view of the case was not attended by any chance of a mortifying finale. "*A bas les Anglais*," said one; "Roast beef had it flat in the face that time," said another. England is regarded as the eternal and traditional enemy, and will for ever remain so, unless Waterloo is fought over again and victory shall perch on the banners of the French.*

I have not space to recount the thirteen episodes of this desperate struggle off the coast of the Champ de Mars. To the Parisians the spectacle was doubtless interesting and even instructive. Every possible feature of a sea-fight was given, and often with really surprising effect. The frigate was manned by sailors brought from Cherbourg for the purpose. The opening fire from the forts, the reply from the frigate, the sending to reconnoitre, the disabling of a steamer and the lowering of the flag, the proclamation of a truce and the attempt to settle the dispute by arbitration, the rejoicings of the two forces during the suspension of hostilities, the breaking out of a mutiny on board the captured steamer and its fire directed against *The City of Paris*; the heroic conduct of the captain of the frigate, who nailed his colors to the mast; the boarding of the frigate by the enemy's whole force, and a terrific hand-to-hand fight in consequence; the blowing up of the magazines of both the steamers at

* The treaty of France and England, offensive and defensive, of 1854, was not foreseen at this period; and had it been, it would not have changed the views of the author, as to the feelings of the two countries.

once, and three cheers from the crew of the victorious vessel; such, very briefly, were the successive episodes of this grand battle in miniature.

Would to Heaven that the Hudson river steamers were as harmless as the *Arcas* and *Calisto*, the two champion vessels of the Seine! They vomited fire and gunpowder for two hours in succession, and neither hurt man, woman, nor child. Whenever any disaster like that of the *Henry Clay* shall again occur in your midst, do not send the papers narrating it to Europe. Keep it at home snug to yourselves. The *coup-d'état* was hardly a more cruel massacre, nor was the Boulevard Poissonnière the scene of more reckless selfishness, than were the peaceful banks of the Hudson. We wait now to learn what revenge society has taken, if any.

The cannonade of the sham-fight contributed largely towards clearing the atmosphere and dispelling the clouds. The dense masses of vapour that had overhung the city since the morning were powerfully shaken up by the concussions and shocks of the contending forces, and by nightfal all apprehensions of rain were over. But the wind still continued, and the illuminations, which, had the weather been fine, would have been wonderfully beautiful, were unfortunately a failure. Not one-fifth of the globes, the colored glasses, the jets, the transparencies, could be prevailed upon to burn. The colossal eagle on the arch of triumph remained invisible; the spiral pipe of fire around the Column Vendome burned as far as the statue of the Emperor, but the four eagles, the crown and the initials abstained from making their appearance. The electric light, which was to illuminate the 150 fountains, refused to flow when called for, and this portion of the spectacle, too, was an inglorious fiasco. When by chance a palm tree, protected by the intervening shelter, was able to retain its fire, the effect was singularly oriental, and had the whole series been equally successful, Aladdin would have been eclipsed. The fireworks succeeded better, though, as I have said, the scenery of the principal piece had been demolished by the wind. Napoleon, done in lance work, hung in mid-air mounted on his charger, which could find no resting-place for the sole of his foot. The fire balloon was a novelty, and a happy one; a huge illuminated N supplied the place of the car, and successive gushes of fire, of various colors, bursting from the bag, marked its progress through the clouds. The snow-storm did not take place, unless the snow was red, like that discovered by Captain Parry at the North Pole.

The squeeze that succeeded beggars description. Twenty-six women and children were carried into the Ministry of Marine, fainting or suffocated by the pressure. The President, unwittingly, of course, remained upon the balcony of the hotel, and the crowd becoming stationary underneath, a terrible compression was the natural consequence. At the Turkish Embassy, a little to the left, I saw a turbaned

attaché unlacing a chambermaid, and endeavoring to rub her back to life with a crash towel. The accidents of various kinds, some of them fatal, were not far from a hundred, during the whole evening.

The Bal de la Halle, postponed from Sunday to Tuesday, has consigned that of the Ecole Militaire, on the 11th of May, to everlasting oblivion. I would not have believed it possible, but so it is. The tent, or the palace, or whatever you may choose to call it, was twice as large; it held twice as many people; there were twice as many refreshments, and there were two orchestras instead of one. It was a matter of no small difficulty to obtain tickets, as they did not reach the public through the ministers and legations, as usual. The market women were the dispensers of the greater proportion, and to be able to say you knew a virago, was like boasting of having the entrée of the Elysée. For

Patrons of the Bal de la Halle.

myself, I had the good fortune to fall in with a flower-girl, whose rent, I am sorry to say, was three months behind: mignonette had gone badly, I believe, or verbenas had made a bad year of it. So we exchanged the signature of her landlady for the sign-manual of M. de Maupas. Other persons resorted to other odd methods of obtaining invitations. The President was not present, but the ministers not only attended the ball, but danced with the Lady Patronesses. I noticed the robust and bloody Magnan chassaying across with a lady that peddles chickweed! The company had not separated at daylight, waiting in the forlorn hope that the President might yet come, for it was rumored that he would waltz with the prettiest girl in the room.

I must not forget to mention that one of the great attractions of the fête at the Champs Elysées was M. Duchesne, the travelling dentist. During the progress of the sham-fight, he pulled 200 teeth; applicants for extraction formed a line that extended two or three times round his wagon. At the two hundredth he was obliged to desist, from sheer fatigue. But I shall speak again of M. Duchesne.

CHAPTER LIX.

AN EXPLICIT DOCUMENT—A PROFANE PREFECT—THE TIMES CAPSIZES THE MONITEUR—GUERONNIERE THE CHARLATAN—A WINTER AT CAYENNE.

August 29th, 1852.

SINCE my last, the councils-general have assembled, each at the shire town of its department. Several of the Ministers, and heads of bureaux, have been appointed by the President to preside over their deliberations. We have heard from forty-nine of these councils; all without exception commenced their labors by passing a vote of thanks to Louis Napoleon for the course he has pursued, and for the tranquillity which the country is now enabled to enjoy. Several of them have gone even farther than this, and have expressed an earnest desire for the restoration of the Empire, "in the desire to secure stability for the future." All of these votes of gratitude are forwarded by telegraph to Paris, and are published at once in the *Moniteur*. The sense of the whole may be gathered from one, and I translate accordingly the first that falls under my eye. It is perhaps the most explicit of all:—

"*Messieurs les Senateurs*—

"The French people manifested upon the 20th of December its tendencies, its gratitude to and love for the Prince Louis Napoleon. They supposed they were electing an Emperor, and not a President.

"The Republic awakens in the mind of the nation nothing but souvenirs of ruin and mourning. The Empire recalls a period of grandeur and of glory.

"A temporary power disturbs the security of the future, and sustains the hopes of factions and of parties who have refused the oath of fidelity.

"Deprive them, gentlemen, of all illusion on that score. Let the words, *Fidelity to the Emperor*, take the place in the Constitution, of the words, *Fidelity to the President*, and let Napoleon III. perpetuate a dynasty which his immortal uncle founded."

And so of the rest. It is now clear enough why the Cabinet take such pains to obtain the election of none but Bonapartists, though the bodies to be composed seem at first glance only remotely connected with the central government. Returning to Paris yesterday by railroad, from a distance, I met a gentlemen who professed to be acquainted with all the members of the council-general of a department through which we were passing. He held in his hand a paper containing the salutatory address of this council, which alluded openly to the Empire. He declared that not one of the gentlemen composing it desired any such change in the institutions of the country, and that a third of them at least were hostile *in their hearts* to the existing government—but that as some such expression of satisfaction was expected and even insisted upon by the President, it was judged expedient to make it—just as you give sugar-plums to a screaming baby—"*comme on donne du sucre d'orge a un enfant criard.*" This may perhaps be true of one department, but, as regards the rest, nothing is more natural than that Bonapartists—for none have been permitted to be elected but such as professed to be Bonapartists—should pass measures and vote addresses in harmony with their opinions. In the profession of faith just quoted, you will notice that the President is entitled Napoleon III., while by others his title is given as Napoleon II. When the time comes, the Emperor will decide which of the two to chose. The former is the more strictly just, the son of Napoleon having borne the royal title of King of Rome; and the idea of being one of a line—one of a dynasty—is much more forcibly suggested by a three than a two. A watchmaker usually omits the small numbers, and registers his very first watch among the ten thousands.

You have heard of the transparency of the prefect of the Dordogne, hung from a window of his Hotel de Ville, on the night of the 15th of August—*Dieu fit Napoleon et se reposa*—GOD MADE NAPOLEON AND THEN RESTED. Sycophancy has thus descended to profanity. The device is not new, however; it was said fifty years ago, of the Emperor, by a prefect named La Chaise, and gave rise to a bon mot that when Napoleon found himself falling, *il s'appuyerait sur La Chaise.* This same prefect of the Dordogne is, I see by the *Moniteur* of yesterday, authorised by the President to receive from the inhabitants of his department a sword of honour. No reason is assigned, and it is probable, therefore, that if we put this and that together, we shall arrive at the real motive.

You will notice from your files of the London *Times*, that that paper is at war with the *Moniteur* of Paris. The quarrel has had one good effect; the *Moniteur* of yesterday, in replying to the "exaggeration of the last new calumny," acknowledges that 380 persons were killed in the streets

of Paris during the three days of December. The number which, until now, had been acknowledged by the government, was 150. By next year, it will have allowed that the figures of the *Times* and the public generally are correct—1,200, if, indeed, they should not be doubled. Murder will out. The *Moniteur's* paragraph runs thus:—

"The official report gives us the number of persons killed during the insurrection as 380—too many without doubt. As to the persons accidentally wounded, happily the number hardly amounts to eight or ten."

Now will the *Moniteur*, as it is upon the subject, tell us how it is that the number of soldiers killed was only twenty-eight (official) and that of private citizens 352? Why was the massacre so unequal, unless the slaughter was wanton and hap-hazard, and done to order—to strike the country dumb, and to create a semblance of resistance, for the mere purpose of crushing it? The government will hang itself yet, if it only has rope enough. Every time the *Moniteur* speaks, it gets a blow back from the *Times*, that sends the little spokesman spinning. For its own sake, I shall be glad when its editors are withdrawn, and it returns to its former conditions of existence. The experiment of making it an "organ" has not been crowned with success.

Arthur Gueronnière has covered himself with glory as the most tremendous charlatan extant. The *Pays* has reduced its price to forty francs a year, and the walls are covered with large prospectuses, of all the colors of the rainbow, announcing its increase of size and its diminution of price, and the consequent "transformation of the political press of France!" Each number of this regenerated newspaper is to contain twelve newspapers within itself—"*douze journaux speciaux*"—a journal of politics, a journal of arts and sciences, a journal of agriculture, a journal of medicine, etc. etc.

The first number of the new series must have been a bitter disappointment to the freshly booked subscribers. The twelve special journals consisted in the occasional breaking of the columns by the introduction of large type, preparing the mind for a change of subject and the succession of a city-item belonging to a different category from that which preceded. Thus the "Religious Journal" consisted of a notice, in three lines, that the dispute upon the classics had lost something of its virulence, and that the Bishop of Gap regretted his foolish letter to the Bishop of Orleans. The "Medical Journal" contained the last cure for hydrophobia; the "Scientific Journal" a theory upon shooting stars, and so on of the rest. The *Charivari*, the *Siècle*, and the *Presse* have set to work in earnest to kill Gueronnière with ridicule, while Dr. Veron of the *Constitutionnel* seeks a more vulnerable point for attack. He reduces the price of his own newspaper one-half—to thirty-two francs a year—that is, to a rate considerably lower than it can be afforded without

loss. Amedée de Céséna, who receives his inspirations direct from St. Cloud, is clamoring lustily for the Empire. From present appearances, and all things duly weighed, we shall not have long to wait. The Empire looks more imminent than ever. Louis Napoleon is fond of selecting anniversaries for his grand achievements, and will very probable inaugurate the new *régime* on the 2nd of December.

The *Patrie* accuses the English journals of a "malevolence easy to comprehend," in their accounts of the mortality among the colonists at Cayenne. Nineteen hundred criminals and political prisoners have been sent to Guiana, it says, and out of this number only nine have died. The whole of these nine were affected with incurable diseases when they left France! I venture to say that Cayenne is the only place, having a population of nineteen hundred souls, where in the space of four months not a single death took place, except of such persons already given up as incurable. If people believed the *Patrie's* plump assertion, the inference would be irresistible that Guiana is the healthiest spot on the face of the globe; the physicians will soon be recommending a trip to Cayenne, as they do now a voyage to Madeira, or a winter at Fayal.

CHAPTER LX.

AN EXCURSION SOUTHWARD—CHAMPAGNE AND COLD CHICKEN—MOVING-DAY—AN UNMARRIED LADY COMPLAINS THAT SHE HAS NO CHILDREN—PAWNBROKERS ARE TO BE INTRODUCED AMONG THE ARABS.

September 10th, 1852.

THE Bashaw of nine tails has started for the south. The principal tail, Achille Fould, is to remain at Paris, while the other eight, de Maupas, Fortoul, etc., are to do the necessary service as appendages by turns. Two aides-de-camp precede the Prince, twelve hours in advance, to prepare the populations and to stimulate the prefects. There was a large crowd of spectators in the vicinity of the Paris station, and it seems positive that the cry of *Vive l'Empereur* was freely mingled with that of *Vive Napoléon*. The President will have the pleasure of seeing upon his route all the *matériel* of the *fêtes* of Paris, down to the lemonade glasses filled with green and yellow ôil, that have so often done the honours of the Boulevards and the Champs Elysées. You may make up your mind that this triumphal progress is nothing else than a prelude to the Empire; and that, if no untoward and unlooked for circumstance should occur in the interval, the Senate will be convoked to make the necessary hole in the constitution. Petitions for the Empire are now circulating in Paris,

the text by a member of the society of the 10th December, approved by Persigny; and the people are crying "Hurrah for the Emperor!" along the zigzag line of railroad from here to the Mediterranean. I leave you to transfer as many of these hurrahs, and as much of this artificial enthusiasm, to your columns as you may think proper; you will probably find enough of it in the English journals, which have sent special correspondents with the imperial cortege.

We have news of the royal progress from station to station; nothing extraordinary has yet occurred, unless it be that the Cardinal of Bourgos addressed the President as "Your Imperial Highness," and that the *Moniteur* is unusually careful to note the prevalence of cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, and to insist upon the spontaneity of the manifestation. The Parisians seem to consider the Empire as a *fait accompli*, or, at any rate, one to be accomplished before the close of the year.

The Bishop of Nevers has managed to throw in his mite of ecclesiastic adulation on the occasion of this progress. It happens that the feast of the Quatre-Temps (Ember-days), which falls upon the 15th of September, coincides with the visit of the President to Nevers. The good bishop foresees the collection of an enormous crowd in his episcopal city, and fears a dearth of those species of aliments upon which abstinence is usually practised. He thinks that there will be very little *maigre*, but any quantity of *gras*. He therefore relieves the faithful from the necessity of mortifying the flesh on that day, and converts the fast into a jubilee. Like all French reasoning since the *coup-d'état*, the fat bishop's logic is directly the converse of the suggestions of common sense. When the demand is greater than the supply, experience teaches us that somebody goes without, or that all make shift with half as much as usual; when the lockers give out, crew and passengers are put upon short allowance; when an army's provisions get low, the soldiers have to be content with reduced rations.

The bishop's system, though perhaps erroneous, considered as a matter of political economy, falls in very well with the necessities of the occasion. A fasting population would be but a poor element of enthusiasm, and the prefect would derive but meagre inspiration for glowing telegraphs to the *Moniteur* from the delirium of a hungry crowd. No one cries "Vive l'Empereur" upon an empty stomach. If you want a man to cheer himself hoarse, you must ply him with hearty and convivial viands. Last year, at Satory, it was champagne. This year, at Nevers, it is to be cold chicken, tongue, and lobster salad, with which the energies of the faithful are to be replenished, and the rapture necessary for glowing periods, produced. Probably the bishop is to dine, on the 15th, with the prefect and the President, and it was indispeusable to raise the interdict from himself as well as from his flock. I ought to add, that no

portion of the diocese is exempted from the fast, except the episcopal city of Nevers.

The mayor of Toulon has taken a step somewhat like that of the bishop, but upon a matter purely secular. Moving-day at Toulon falls upon the 28th of September, and it is precisely upon that day that the experimental squadron is to arrive in the port, with the President in tow. Therefore Moving-day is postponed until the 30th, by which time the President will have started for Narbonne.

A Spanish girl, assassinated some weeks ago in this city, left behind her a little boy some four years old, who, upon the death of his mother, was placed provisionally at the Foundling Hospital. In the mean time Alice Ozy, an actress of the Variétés, addressed a letter to the prefect of police, requesting permission to adopt the boy, and promising to give him a good education, and to make of him an honest man, if possible. In her letter she says that the child would be a great consolation to her, "as she has no children of her own." The intense Frenchiness of this remark will strike you at once when I say that Alice Ozy is a demoiselle. If she had said that she *had* children of her own, no one would have wondered at it, but the extreme *naïveté* of the remark from an unmarried lady has made even the Parisians smile. She seems to speak of it as a remarkable and regrettable circumstance that Heaven has blessed her with no increase. Her request was granted by the proper authorities. Alice Ozy is more distinguished as a *femme galante* than an actress. And yet no one doubts that she will make a most excellent mother for the boy, and all are ready to applaud the authorities for granting her request. She means to atone, by an act of graceful benevolence, for the numerous errors of a *jeunesse orageuse*.

The Arabs are to be initiated into one more of the blessings of civilisation. Pawnbrokers are to be introduced among them, as the President has decreed the establishment of a *mont de piété* at Algiers. This is, doubtless, intended as the nucleus of a grand African Museum to be added to the Louvre, as I doubt whether our friends the Bedouins, having once put anything up the spout, will ever be able to redeem it; so that after the necessary period has elapsed, the unreleased curiosities will be transferred to the omnium gatherum at Paris, and introduced to their fellow-countrymen the Sphynx from Thebes and the Mummies from Edfou.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE PREFECTS COMMENCE THEIR CRUSADE—A TERRIBLE STATE OF FRENZY—THE GAS-PIPE PLOTTERS BROUGHT TO TRIAL.

September 18th, 1852.

ONE feature in the President's tour cannot fail to have struck every American reader; the unanimity with which the occasion has been seized upon to render the welcome extended to him an imperial manifestation. The *mot d'ordre*, one can easily understand, proceeded from Paris, and the prefects and departmental authorities have only acted upon a signal given from head-quarters. The rural masses of France cannot act in concert without guidance, and without some superintending intelligence to mould them into a concentrated homogeneity. The Empire was decided upon before the President left Paris, and the tour is undertaken with the express design of manufacturing public opinion to that effect. The ball had been set in motion by the councils-general, who had boldly broached the topic in their opening addresses, and the prefects have been instructed to draw from the people a corresponding expression.

These gentlemen never take an important step without either express instructions to that effect, or positive assurances that it will be favorably viewed by the President. Every floral inscription upon the railroad stations of "Vive l'Empereur," may therefore be considered as having been formally approved at Paris; every sentiment wrought in evergreen, expressing imperial yearnings, every crown of laurels tossed into his carriage, every speech aimed at him, every address and petition of which the Empire is the burden, must be viewed as so many successive links of the chain forged beforehand. The prefect dresses the station in holiday attire, and his wife twines the myrtle and the silver fir into the mystic letters agreed upon for the motto along the cornice; the prefect prints the badges to be worn around the peasants' hats, draws up the speeches, couches the petitions in appropriate language, and presides at the whole passage of the cortege through the limits of his department; and this prefect is in close relations with the Minister of the Interior, who, in his turn, is the President's right-hand man, and an ardent promoter of imperial enthusiasm.

The prefects obey with alacrity and subserviency; for they know that if, on any point of the route, the welcome is cold, the attendance thin, the delirium feeble, they will be held responsible. The government well knows that the peasants can be wielded at will by any one placed

in authority over them, and removal and disgrace is the portion of him whose lukewarmness has failed to kindle the slumbering energies of the dwellers within his borders. The ribbon of the Legion of Honor, on the other hand, rewards the zeal of him who does willing and effective service. The Empire has been determined upon, and the necessary step of causing the initiative to appear to come from the people is in a fair way of successful realization.

So easy is it, with the appliances in the hands of the Minister of the Interior, to provoke any manifestation desired, that if it were judged expedient to postpone the impending change, the waves of public opinion would at once roll in from the four quarters of France, laden with petitions in behalf of the maintenance of the Republic. The President might make a tour to the North, or he might go over the same ground again, and you would hear nothing further of the Empire. Or should his ambition take another turn, and should he desire to be invested with the title of Grand Turk, an excursion to the eastern departments would show you the whole population in raptures with turbans, salams, and crescents, and the prefects lifting up their voices in glowing eulogies of the Koran, minarets, and polygamy. Throughout the tour now in progress, from Paris back to Paris, through Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulon, you will hear of no cry but that of "Long live the Emperor!" to develop which the tour was planned, and is now in course of execution.

The prefects on the route are treated with vast condescension, while those presiding over the departments just off the line, and of whose services the President has no present need, are cavalierly requested, through a paragraph in the *Moniteur*, to stay at home. They were very generally making preparations to meet the Prince at the nearest prefecture, till the cruel lines in the official journal fell under their mortified gaze. The gentlemen on the line of march, however, have the honor of receiving Monseigneur at the gate of their department, and of chaperoning him across to the next in order. The President dances with the prefect's wife, with the prefect and the mayor's wife for the opposite couple. The mayor stands by, looking upon the scene with emotions too thick for utterance; and when he sees the woman by whose side he has slept for years giving her hand to the Chef de l'Etat, in all the confident intimacy of a *vis-à-vis*, tears ooze from his eyes at the unhoped-for honor which has fallen upon his house. But that is the last that the mayor's wife sees of the President; he arrives at the ball-room at half-past nine, and leaves it at ten, to laugh with Persigny at the pliant tools whose vanity they flatter, and by whose baseness they subsist, and to indite the telegraphics for the next morning's *Moniteur*.

The conspirators of the Rue de la Reine Blanche have been brought

to trial and condemned. You will not have forgotten the famous Gas-pipe Plot. The *matériel* of the conspiracy was laid out upon a table in front of the prisoners, and in view of the court. It would have disgraced the property-room of a country theatre, and, to me, seemed fully as harmless as the engines of battle with which empires are lost and won upon a tenth-rate stage. Let me enumerate the articles seized at the moment of the prisoners' arrest. Seven pieces of gas-pipe, half a yard long; one ditto three-quarters of a yard long,—all of them pierced with touch-holes at one end; half a dozen naughty pictures of lightly-dressed females; some old muskets; three bundles of odd numbers of the *Patrie*; several boxes of unmixed ingredients of gunpowder; a lot of pamphlets; and, oh horror! a uniform of a cap'n in the navy. A chemist examined the unmixed gunpowder, and gave his opinion that he thought it would go; and M. Charon, who, by the way, is no relation to the ferry-man of the Styx, declared that the gas-pipes would make very respectable cannon. Add to this that one of the conspirators had sworn to fire at the President; that another had called him an "imbecile;" that another had threatened to burn down the Boulevards and the Place Vendome; that the keeper of the house where the plot was concocted had one day placed a hay-cock in front of his door, to warn the brethren that the police were on the watch,—and you will understand at once why the first was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, the second to thirty months, the third to two years, and so on of the rest. The trial has shown plainly enough that there was a conspiracy, but on a scale too absurdly inadequate to the designs proposed to have been made the subject of such portentous editorials as the *Patrie* thought fit to devote to it.

CHAPTER LXII.

AN ADROIT SPEECH AT LYONS—THE DELIRIUM CONTINUES—SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION AMONG THE IMPERIALISTS AT VALENCE.

September 23rd, 1852.

THE President has delivered one of his well-turned speeches at Lyons; but you must not suppose from its conservative tone that doubt has been thrown by the words there spoken upon the final and speedy restoration of the Empire. On the contrary, the passages referring directly to the subject were no doubt intended to smoothe the way and hasten its realization. The declaration that the cry of *Vive l'Empereur* is to him rather a souvenir that touches his heart, than a hope that awakens his

pride—is well calculated to dissipate in many minds the belief that Louis Napoleon acts from no other impulse than ambition. When he speaks of the necessity of the nation's consulting its wishes before fixing its destiny, and of his own doubt whether he can best serve his country under the title of Emperor or President, his attitude is that of a man who is willing to sacrifice his own inclination to that of the people, and who has no other interest than that of the common good. He thus indirectly asserts the spontaneity and sincerity of the manifestation, while he declares, in so many words, that the "cry of *Vive l'Empereur* had been unanimous from Paris to Lyons." The Lyons address is a master-piece of statesmanship, when viewed as a graceful approach to a difficult and delicate subject; but it would be little better than a blunder if it were meant to dissuade and divert from what may be considered a foregone conclusion. It is one more proof of Louis Napoleon's rare ability at speech-making; and is considered as having finally settled the question, by those who make politics their study.

But we know, from eye-witnesses of the reception upon certain points of the route, that the accounts given by the *Moniteur* and the *Pays* are very much exaggerated, and that the flurry and shouts of the people are overstated fully one-half. There can be no motive for representing the demonstration as warmer than it really was, for magnifying the outcry and clamor for the Empire, unless it be the necessity of convincing Paris and foreign states of the irresistible torrent of opinion that has been everywhere evoked by the President's progress through the interior and the south.

What must we think of a Bishop who can find nothing more natural, nothing more simple, with which to address the President than a flowery extract from Racine's tragedy of "Athalie?" And what must be thought of a prefect who publishes the following turgidity? The Biblical style in which it is couched will not fail to strike the reader:—

"To the incense which will burn upon our altars, to the chants of our holy priests, and to the prayers of the faithful, will be joined the expansive gladness of the people.

"Come then, in holiday garments; bedeck yourselves with ribbons and plumes; bear laurel branches in your hands, and come to Toulouse, the Queen City, to honor, with flowers, and laurels, and benedictions, the best and most magnanimous Prince of our age."

Now, there may be persons who will see no charlantry in all this. There are persons who patronise a quack dentist by preference. But I am mistaken if the world at large does not stigmatise it as it deserves, and regard it as one of the most daring impositions ever practised upon an intelligent people in a civilised age.

As for the editors of the official and confidential journals, they have

arrived at the very acme of lyric imbecility. Their hymns of praise addressed to their absent Prince are nauseous from excess of adulation. They seem to have lost all sense of shame in the degradation of the business they pursue.

The following extract from a proclamation of the Mayor of Valence will give you an idea of the machinery by which the spontaneous demonstrations which, on every side, greet the Prince, are produced. So much rope has been allowed to the rogues of the present administration, that they are using a portion to hang themselves with. What better evidence of the artificial character of the whole proceeding than the following official document:—

"The Mayor of Valence informs the proprietors and tenants of houses situated upon the route of the Prince, that, at ten o'clock in the morning, they will decorate all their windows with the national colors!

"They will also strew the streets thickly with sand!!

"In the evening the whole city will illuminate!!!

"Any person failing to comply with these orders will be prosecuted according to law!!!!"

An extract from the *Patrie*, giving an account of the reception at Valence, naturally follows here. The juxtaposition is ludicrous enough, as you shall see for yourselves:—

"Valence had determined to offer to the Pacificator of the 2nd of December a reception worthy of him.

"The Mayor and Municipal Council waited for him under an Arch of Triumph, erected by the 2nd regiment of artillery, composed of cannons, howitzers, muskets, and gun-barrels. Upon the top was the inscription—

'A Louis Napoléon, la ville de Valence.'

"The Prince entered in the midst of an immense concourse of people and the most lively acclamations.

"He stopped and talked familiarly several times with the mayors of different communes.

"He noticed with satisfaction that the inhabitants had had the thoughtfulness to sand the streets.

"All the houses upon the passage of S. A. were richly decorated with the national colors.

"In the evening the whole city was illuminated. The light reflected in the Rhone formed a magnificent spectacle, which elicited the admiration of the Prince.

"Louis Napoleon was evidently pleased by the happiness which surrounded him, and by the affection of which every day in this memorable journey brings him the touching assurance."

CHAPTER LXIII.

PROPAGANDISM GONE FRANTIC—AN INFERNAL MACHINE AT LAST: BY WHICH MORE ENTHUSIASM IS PRODUCED.

September 28th, 1852.

WESTWARD the star of empire makes its way! North, South, and Eastward too, the poet might have added, had he been speaking, prophetically, of France; for the movement in behalf of the restoration has now become general throughout the country. Every possible means of propagation is resorted to. In the South, the principal engine is the evergreen inscription upon railway stations, the badge upon the hat, the imperial emblem done in fire, and the imperial shout uttered by the lips. In the East, the circulation of petitions, and the collection of signatures, are the absorbing occupations of the prefects just now. The zeal evinced by these functionaries, and the utter unscrupulousness with which they pursue their object, is described as something very remarkable. Since the commencement of the President's tour, the *Moniteur* has been profusely posted upon the walls of Paris, that the lower classes may read and be convinced. In the country towns, immense editions of the Lyons speech, printed at Paris, have been placarded or distributed among the inhabitants. The prefect of the Seine and the Municipal Council of Paris are busy at present in preparing a programme of welcome, to be extended to the President upon his return. I have no doubt that the official reception will be so handily managed that it will seem really to come from the unconverted population of this city. This government is clever enough to make the attempt and succeed. I should not be astonished to find myself cheering lustily and waving handkerchiefs innumerable, having been previously possessed by a Government Devil, and converted into an Imperial Automaton, for the purposes of the hour.

We have an infernal machine in earnest at last. No gas-pipes sewed up in tarred duck, but a monster engine of 254 gun barrels, and of 1,500 bullet power. I am not prepared to say that the conspirators deserve the guillotine for this intended attempt upon the life of the President; but they certainly do deserve it for their imbecile management. It is impossible to believe that they hoped to escape detection. They hired two apartments upon the principal street of Marseilles, in one of which they erected their absurd contrivance—composed of four cannons and 250 musket bores. Two rifles, with an unerring eye behind each, would have been as sure of success as their clumsy invention was certain of miscarriage. The conspirators are said to have been captured, and may reckon upon a speedy and ignominious exit from this world of care,

upon a machine quite as infernal, and vastly more efficient, than their bristling gun-barrel monstrosity.

It is proper to add, however, that the story is not generally believed. It is thought to be overdone; and the imprudence of the conspirators is too gross to be credible. The reflection is made by every one, that, even if it were false, it could never be publicly denied; no editor, armed with proof as strong as Holy Writ, would dare to contradict what the *Moniteur* has asserted.*

The conspiracy will doubtless be put to profit to hasten the Empire. It assimilates Louis Napoleon, in still another point of view, to Napoleon the First. Infernal machines have now been built for both the uncle and the nephew. The timely discovery of the plot will be instanced as a proof of Divine protection. Says the *Constitutionnel*, "Louis Napoleon has always believed in his star; the whole country will now be anxious to share this confidence in his destiny." Says the *Moniteur*, "Heaven has undertaken to save France from harm, and indignantly foiled these ruffians in their attempt upon the life of its chief." The enthusiasm of the people appears to be kindled anew by this outrage. "The shouts of the multitude," says the official account of the progress, "were manifestly more earnest, as the President left the city where his days had been so nearly numbered."

Again, it cannot be forgotten that in his opening address to the chamber, Louis Napoleon declared his resolve to maintain the Republic, if the vanquished parties submitted peaceably. The infernal machine will be attributed to one of the defeated parties, and the assumption of the title of Emperor will be the natural fulfilment of the implied warning. "A permanent defiance," says a writer, since this attempt at murder, "is thrown in the face of France by the irreconcilable enemies of social order. It is time for the country to reply, by placing, once for all, upon the head of the elect of the people, the imperial crown of Napoleon the Great." The baffled plot will also call forth, from all the municipal councils, and other corporate bodies, addresses of congratulation and hymns of thanksgiving, and the Empire will be invoked by each and all of them, as a fitting retort to the intrigues of implacable factions. The infernal machine of Marseilles will be one of the most potent means of hastening the empire. The nail was already driven home, and this has come just in time to clinch it.

* This grand affair ended in smoke in May, 1853. The government never arrested the man who was represented to be the principal conspirator; he escaped to Malta, and from thence to England. Two men were arrested as his accomplices, and were detained in prison seven months; they were then released, the Chamber of Public Accusations having declared that there was no evidence whatever against them. Nevertheless, this imbecile scheme was made to play a conspicuous part in bringing about the Empire.

CHAPTER LXIV.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, AND FRANCE A PUPPET-SHOW.

October 4th, 1852.

It is impossible that the President should not laugh in his sleeve at the spectacle just now offered by the country. It is doubtful whether his followers, his ministers, aides-de-camp, and familiars, dare to joke with him upon what must appear to them, as to him, a most stupendous farce. But at night, in bed, when they are locked in and daylight is locked out, and when no eye sees them, I imagine they indulge in open derision of the ludicrous humbug they are playing off upon the people. M. Gueronnière must know that it is because the nation has run off the track, and is careering wildly through an untried orbit, that he, the most threadbare turn-coat in France, is kept in a responsible position, and allowed to talk by the book. M. Granier must be well aware that it is only because the present *régime* was inaugurated by massacre that the services of a swaggering bully like himself are required and appreciated. The prefects, and departmental authorities generally, understand well enough that if their vile obsequiousness and intense servility are tolerated, it is because the government cannot sustain itself without recourse to trickery and abuse. Yet the population is called upon to receive all this jest in earnest, and any one who dares to open his lips in derision of the transparent sham will suffer both in body and purse.

Imagine yourself seated at a puppet-show, with the manager or other interested personage at your side—a strong man, with a heavy hand, who means to force you to acknowledge that the marionnettes are living men and women. You see the wires which aid them in their jerking step; you see the strings that control the movements of their fleshless arms; from time to time a dirty thumb and finger, bigger than the whole puppet himself, are thrust forward a little beyond their sphere in quest of some refractory Judy, to release an imprisoned spring, or free a stubborn hinge. Perhaps, too, a flaw in the machinery gives you a glimpse behind the scenes, where a couple of unshaven men in shirt-sleeves are discovered to be either turning a crank or keeping the clock-work greased. The terror inspired by the strong man with the heavy hand restrains you from laughing at this untoward exposure, and forces you to keep your incredulity, if you dare to have any left, snug in your own bosom.

Thus must the French nation, too intelligent not to discover the fraud, allow it to pass unnoticed and unlaughed at. Even more, they must

not merely counterfeit a passive assent, but must pretend to an active and willing co-operation. And yet, though hardly one-tenth of the population can claim to know by ocular evidence how much of the official account is an exaggeration, or a palpable untruth, the other nine are not without their means of more correct and less interested information. Very many will see some eye-witness of the scene, who will reduce the enthusiasm and cut down the delirium to their just proportions. All may have their private suspicions confirmed by direct evidence, if they like.

I do not doubt that the whole population of Paris are painfully alive to the lamentable disgrace of their position. I say, I do not doubt it; I can hardly say I know it, for I cannot get any one to converse long enough upon the subject to enable me to put the question, whether he is not ashamed of himself and of his nation? The citizens avoid it systematically. They are afraid of avowing their knowledge of the hoax, lest you ask in reply why they submit to it. They know they must endure the fraud and the consequences it entails, and so decline recognizing what they cannot escape. The criminal at Belle-Isle, dragging a cannon-ball chained to his left leg, unwilling to tell why he had suffered degradation, swore there was no cannon-ball there. So the Parisian, mortified at the humiliation he endures, prefers to pretend that he is not wearing a fool's cap, rather than say how the fool's cap came there. He recognizes the effect, the Empire, though he shuts his eyes to the cause —the chain-work of falsehood and self-glorification by which it has been produced.

As the new *régime* ought consistently to be inaugurated by some exploit of unwonted daring or splendor, several of the neighbouring nations are wondering whether they may not be called upon to pay the expenses. A gallop through London, leaving not over 10,000 men by the way, is darkly hinted at by the London *Globe;* while the Belgians are conscious that if France should annex Belgium, she might certainly, in one point of view, be said to have attained the great object of her ambition—to have redeemed Waterloo. France may, after all, be the greatest victim herself. The noose round her neck may be tightened into a suffocating grip, and whenever the nation breathes again, it will be because, for a moment, the tyrant has relaxed his hold.

A circular addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the prefects, and of which the following is a digest, shows to what an extent it is the policy of the Government to play off their farce as a reality. The journey of the Prince will leave a durable impression upon the hearts of the nation, thinks M. de Persigny. It is desirable, therefore, that every incident of the progress should be recorded with scrupulous exactitude, in order that this most touching portion of our history may

be faithfully transmitted to posterity. The prefects are invited in consequence to draw up a report, accurate even to the most minute details, of everything that occurred in connexion with the Prince's progress through their respective departments, of the communes which he visited, the deputations which waited on him, the public establishments which he examined, of the names of the mayors that had the honour of speaking to him, of those who were fortunate enough to get an answer in return, of the artists, farmers, old soldiers, workmen, etc. etc., who in one way or another were noticed by him, or who had anything whatever to do with him. The government desires that no name that has played even the most modest part in this glorious exhibition be lost to history; but that these documents, "full of an interest so truly national, form a complete whole, which will be one of the most precious of the archives of France." I hope the veracious despatch from Beziers, declaring that the cry of *Vive l'Empereur* was shouted by 40,000 voices at once, will be incorporated in this valuable work.

CHAPTER LXV.

THE LORD'S PRAYER PARODIED—AN INDISCREET MAYOR—A STALLION IS SENT TO ALGIERS, WHEREAT THE MONITEUR SHEDS TEARS OF JOY.

October 7th, 1852.

THE President's tour has ceased to attract attention. Whatever variety it may actually present to those who are making it, it offers nothing to the distant readers of the *Moniteur* but the constant repetition of the same scene. It is not the object of that sheet faithfully to record the occurrences of the route, but to select such only as may forward the object with which the journey was undertaken. Consequently triumphal arches and prefects' balls have lost a portion of their interest; processions, illuminations, and mayors' speeches have begun to pall upon the wearied senses.

Now and then, however, something novel and startling re-awakens our enfeebled energies. I abbreviate the following disgraceful paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, delivered by a southern mayor to the President:—

"Our Prince, who art in power, by the acclamation of the people and the right of birth, glorified be thy name; thy kingdom come by the immediate acceptance of the imperial crown of Napoleon; thy will be done in France as it is in foreign countries. Give us this day our daily bread, by so arranging the tariff as to permit the entry of things which are necessary, and the exit of those which are superfluous. Forgive us our

trespasses when thou art sure we have repented. Lead us not into the temptation of office seeking, but deliver us from the evils of secret societies, newspapers, and elections of all sorts. Amen!"

A ridiculous, and for the government most unfortunate, development has just taken place in one of the departments. It will open the eyes of the world at large wider than they have ever been opened yet. The mayor of Lisieux, who seems to be a most innocent creature, announced to his parishioners that he had just received a blank petition for the Empire from the prefect, and that it would remain open for signatures every day from ten to four. This, then, is the way in which the petitions that encumber the tables of the clerks of the Senate are manufactured. The government engages scribes and literary men out of employ to draw up forms of blank petitions, all of them differently couched. To each prefect are sent enough to supply the communes of his department. The people, upon the invitation of the mayor or the priest, sign them, doubtless willingly enough. I do not suppose that the subscribers do any violence to their feelings, but the movement certainly cannot be described as spontaneous, as the *Moniteur* would have the world believe. The prefect alluded to has attempted a rectification; but the naked fact is there, and he has not been able to decree it out of sight. The mayor will probably be discharged for imbecility.

The President has just sent a fine stallion to Algiers for certain purposes. I am convinced that an extract from the *Moniteur* on this important subject will be highly acceptable to your readers:—

"The acclamations that welcome the Prince on every side do not lead him to forget any of the incessant pre-occupations suggested to him by his inexhaustible generosity. At Nevers, in the midst of the most enthusiastic shouts, he gave the order to send the fine Arabian stallion, Mansour, to Algiers. We are sure beforehand that this precious animal is destined to render the most important services, both in raising and improving the Barbary race, so long impoverished by war. This munificent gift of the President is of incalculable value, and is still another proof of the enlightened solicitude of the Chief of the State for our possessions in Africa."

Perhaps your readers will think with me, that it would be more dignified if this government did not blow its own trumpet with quite so much earnestness. However, public opinion must be manufactured, and, like soda-water, needs to be pretty highly charged.

I spoke lately of the bishop of Nevers, who allowed his parishioners to eat meat and be merry on the day of the President's visit, although it was a close fast of the church. The result was calamitous. Had they been compelled by religious scruples to chasten their appetites, there might have been enough for them all; but as it was, a famine

ensued. There was a dreadful crowd in the city, and provisions and lodgings were scarce to a degree that the bishop certainly could not have foreseen. Bakers openly sold rolls and two pound loaves at a price quadruple that fixed by the prefect, while beds were altogether out of the question. The special correspondent of the *Siècle* was fain to purchase a truss of straw for the reasonable sum of five francs, upon which to repose his weary limbs. The bishop must be gratified at the unlooked-for success of his conversion of the fast into a jubilee.

CHAPTER LXVI.

DELIRIUM IN EVERGREEN—A SHAM SHAM-FIGHT—TURGIDITY OF THE MAYOR OF SEVRES—WATTS AND DODDRIDGE—IMPERIAL ARITHMETIC.

October 14th, 1852.

I STRING together a few of the inscriptions done in evergreen, upon arches of triumph and railroad stations, along the Prince's route. Generally they bear ample testimony to the zeal of the mayor that composed them, though some few are decidedly too prosaic and matter-of-fact for this delirious period of French history :—

"What a happy day for France the 2nd of December was!"
"Vive le coup-d'état!"
"Hurrah for NAPOLEON I!"
"Hurrah for NAPOLEON II!"
"Hurrah for NAPOLEON III!"
"The City of Nevers desires the restoration of the Empire."
"May Heaven watch over you!"
"God bless you!"
"The City of St. Nicaise prays for you."
"Vox Populi, Vox Dei, 7,500,000."
"Domine, Salvum fac LUDOVICUM NAPOLEONEM."
"The children of the old soldiers salute the nephew of the Emperor."
"Aquilas turribus insidere juvat."
"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."
"To the friend of the workman, the Savior of France."
"Vive la joie!"
"A tous les Bonapartes!"
"To Louis Napoleon, his faithful Angoulême!"
"Hurrah for our side!"

"To the Uncle that was, and the Nephew that is!"

"Cultivation of tobacco!" *

A pretty severe *lapsus pennæ* of one of the official reporters attached to the imperial cortege, has furnished another proof that these stiltish accounts of the extravagant joy of the Southerners are done to order, and, what is worse, done beforehand. The programme of the reception at Toulouse included a sham-fight. On the appointed day, the Paris journals received a spirited narrative of the combat, interlarded with constant references to the acclamations of the multitude, and the shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, as the President went to and returned from the scene of action. Now, this sham-fight never took place, and consequently no shouts were uttered, and the President did not go. The antagonistic journals have made what capital they dared out of this catastrophe, and Paris has been mightily amused.

But this terrible correspondent, who does not seem to have learned circumspection from his blunder, continues to perpetrate others of the same sort from day to day. The programme of the rejoicings at Bordeaux fixed the launch of the *Louis Napoleon*, upon the 8th, at nine in the morning. A heavy storm necessitated the postponement of the ceremony till the 9th, at four in the afternoon. Nevertheless, the narrative arrived, and was published before the event described had actually taken place. The *Constitutionnel* has found it necessary to come to the rescue of this veracious and reliable correspondent. It chides his want of discretion blandly, and with parental authority blames his "excess of zeal." Excess of zeal means, then, to lie by the column, but to neglect the necessary precautions for concealing the falsehood; while a discreet zeal is that which lies so warily, and tells untruth so glibly, that the fibs pass undetected. The *Constitutionnel's* expression, "excess of zeal," applied to this official correspondent, who has so strangely distorted facts, means simply to say that he meant well, but that he acted clumsily.

I suppose that it will be acknowledged that this correspondent, who forms part of the President's suite, and whose duty consists in urging on the movement to a successful issue, is in the secret, goes behind the scenes, sees the wires pulled, and understands, as well as any one, the character of the movement and of the men who are interested in pushing it. What opinion, therefore, must he have formed of it and them, if he deliberately seeks to advance their interests by wilful falsehood? Must he not know that deceit and lying will not be rebuked by the President? If he were in the service of honorable men and of a decent cause, would

* Stumps of cigars are called, I believe, Old Soldiers. Louis Napoleon, therefore, in restoring to sundry departments the right to raise tobacco, has given us another proof of his lively affection for the Remnants of the Grand Army.

he resort to trickery and sham to serve them? It seems to me that no other evidence can be wanted to prove the thing a swindle. Beware of mock auctions and pinchbeck Presidents.

The Mayor of Blois has made a vain application to the President to pass a night with him, on his way from Tours to Paris. Not discouraged by this polite refusal, the Mayor of Sèvres has started a petition, the object of which is to beg Louis Napoleon to return to St. Cloud by the Gate of Honor possessed by the town of Sèvres. But I may as well give you the translation in full of his bulletin to the inhabitants, which is a gem in its way. Bombast never went such lengths before. Give the Mayor big type, if you please.

"City of Sèvres, Proclamation of the Empire:

"INHABITANTS: Paris, the heart of France, acclaimed on the 10th of May last for its Emperor, him whose divine mission is every day more and more revealed in a brilliant and resplendent manner.

"Look at this France electrified, which salutes its savior, the envoy of God, by the new title which clothes him with the sovereign power.

"Look at this marriage contracted between the envoy of God and this our France, in the face of the universe, under the auspices of all the constituted bodies, and of the entire population.

"This union is sanctified by all the ministers of religion, by all the princes of the church.

"Inhabitants of Sèvres, I, the interpreter of your sentiments, have prepared the following decree, which gives you your share in this grand national movement. Let every body, without exception, come and sign this petition; it declares what is your pleasure and heartfelt desire.

"Here is this decree or petition:—

"PROCLAMATION OF THE EMPIRE.

"The city of Sèvres, obeying the irresistibility of its sentiments of affection and gratitude for the Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the envoy of God, the elect of France, its savior and its glory:

"Proclaims him Emperor of the French, with the title of Napoleon III., and confers upon him and upon his descendants hereditary transmission.

"Done at Sèvres, in the year of grace and of resurrection, 1852, 7th of October. "The Mayor, MENAGER."

This delirious functionary evidently started with the intention of outdoing the paraphrase of the Lord's prayer, presented to Louis Napoleon by a mayor further south. I have already called your attention to that burst of inspiration. I understand that the mayor of Sceaux, stimulated by the Biblical parody, was getting up one for himself, upon the Sermon on the Mount. Dr. Veron dissuaded him from the step, however, by telling him he was making a fool of himself.

French official documents, and public notices, have always been famous for perspicuity and terseness. But here come the questors of the Legislative Body, with an announcement to their colleagues, that places will be reserved for them on the occasion of the Welcome Home, in which Louis Napoleon is spoken of as His Imperial Highness the President of the Republic. The incongruity is too absurd to be admitted into an official bulletin. Such things are excusable in country towns, but are vulgar in Paris. I have seen the following in a Mediterranean journal. "S. A. I., L. N. B., P. P. *de la République, est arrivé.*"

The secretary of the senate has addressed a circular to the prefects, warning them that some of the signatures to the petitions for the Empire are unaccompanied with the necessary legalisation, without which the senate is not sure of their authenticity, and cannot properly judge of the veritable sentiment of the country. You will not fail to be touched by this affectation of conscientiousness. This virtuous government, before taking any important step, wishes to be convinced of its perfect legality. Our scrupulous senators have made rectitude their rule of conduct, and would not, for the whole of their annual dotation, lend themselves to the commission of wrong. They first assure themselves that a thing is right, and then they go ahead. They have been brought up in the spirit of Watts and Doddridge; or, perhaps, this is merely an outward show, and while they call upon the prefects to legalise the signatures, they mean to count them, whether they are legalised or not.

You know that Paris is the home of specialties, and that the professions and trades have nowhere carried the subdivision of labor to such an extent as here. I saw a new instance of this yesterday—a shop of some size and pretentions, devoted exclusively to the sale of beef-marrow. The windows were filled with pots, hermetically sealed, and labelled in colors. On one shelf was a pile of marrow-bones, such as somebody used to beat about Taffy's head in Mother Goose—the ends toward the street, displaying the cavity filled with the precious unguent, as nature had tucked it in. On another shelf were a number of bones with the pith removed, the latter being at their side, still in the form impressed upon it by the inner surface of the bone. The purchaser may either take the prepared marrow in pots, or the natural marrow in the bone or out of the bone. It is a substance that so invites adulteration, and is so difficult to obtain pure, that such an establishment must meet with extended patronage from the lovers of genuine pomatum. Yet how do we know that the marrow that we see in the bone, bearing every mark of the passage of the saw through it, was not laid in with a trowel? You remember that the only way to have pure coffee is to go to Mocha and get it. Perhaps the surest way to obtain pure marrow is to slay your own beef.

CHAPTER LXVII.

A TRIUMPHAL ENTRY—HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE-PRESIDENT RECEIVES THE CONGRATULATIONS OF THE CITY.

October 18th, 1852.

LOUIS NAPOLEON returned to Paris on Saturday, the 16th of October. The city of Blois made, as I have said, an unavailing attempt to induce him to spend a night within its walls. Had he accepted, he would have arrived in Paris on Sunday, a day much more favorable for all out-of-door displays than any other. It was evident, therefore, that he had a particular motive for returning on Saturday the 16th. Convinced that this motive could be no other than a wish to hallow some anniversary, I took up a biographical dictionary, and looked over the dates from 1793 downwards. There it was, in very plain figures—Marie Antoinette was guillotined on the 16th of October, a victim of revolutionary excesses. The contrast presented by the Place de la Concorde on that occasion and on this was certainly striking—the different aspects of a people embarking upon, and a people recovering from, a period of anarchy and confusion. I was sure the coincidence would not be passed unnoticed, and the capital sought to be made of it by the official papers renders it certain that it was intended.

Now let me refer to the display itself in some detail. The *Constitutionnel* claims for the decorations of the route entire spontaneity on the part of those who paid for them. I went over the whole line of passage two hours before the arrival of the President, in order to see and judge for myself. Those arches, transparencies, and paintings, that were not directly due to the initiative of the municipal government, or were not indirectly official, from the fact of their being erected by the subventioned theatres and by the National Guard, were built and ornamented, *without exception*, by the keepers of hotels and coffee-houses, and by the managers of places of public amusement. The Circus and the Hippodrome went to a considerable outlay, for which they were more than repaid by the crowds that thronged them after the passage of the cortege.

What were Louis Napoleon's sensations, as he reached the head of the Chaussée d'Antin, it would be difficult to tell. The only welcome offered at that point was extended by the "Manager of the dancing festivities of Ste. Cecile," a rowdy ball-room, where fast men and women make night hideous. This man had got a faded painting, somewhat like a worn-out act-drop, upon which was an eagle attitudinising,

and a motto. This motto had evidently served upon another and a different occasion, and had probably rejoiced upon the accession of some previous power; for certain words were hidden from view by the super-pasting of white paper, and others were inserted by the aid of interlineation and carets. This foul device was a disgrace to the police that permitted it, and an eyesore in that beautiful portion of the city.

The Dancing Festivities of Ste. Cecile.

A little way on was Mr. Dusautoy's official tailoring establishment. The flags and shields, N's and eagles, that were huddled together in tasteless confusion upon his windows and balcony, were furnished by the Ministry of the Interior, and were recognised by all as having figured upon the Champs Elysées on the 15th of August. Only one arch claims to have been erected by the subscription of the inhabitants, and as this had upon it the words, "The 1st Battalion of the National Guard to Napoleon III., Emperor," I imagine that the inhabitants and their subscription had nothing whatever to do with it. The Bazaar Bonne Nouvelle was profusely decorated with streamers; in short, all the edifices that can be considered as public buildings, whether theatres, ministers'

palaces, hotels, clubs, etc. etc., made more or less attempts at ornament; while not one single private house that fell under my eye offered even the feeble homage of a flag hanging from the window. Wherever there was any display, it was very easy to account for it. The city government had an evident motive to glorify the return of the President; and that of such individuals as followed its example was the hope of turning a penny by it.

The Hotel de Montmorency displayed hearth-rugs from all its windows—a brilliant but streaked sort of ornamentation; well enough, perhaps, for the carpet-knight in whose honor it was intended. Upon the roof of the photographic gallery of Cosmos was a large clock, with the figures taken out and the letters "VIVE NAPOLEON" inserted in their place. This was ingenious, and attracted much attention.

The greatest interest was manifested by persons of all classes to obtain favorable seats or stands along the line of march. The sidewalks were crowded; the keepers of shops circulated invitations among their more valuable customers; the clubs gave each of their members the right to introduce a lady; every gentleman, in calculating the capacity of his rooms, reckoned nine to a window; while those who preferred to view the subject in the light of a matter of business, allowed even less space to a head, or rather to a seat. The Café de la Madeleine, a sort of out-of-door establishment with a roof to it, cleared away its green tables and its spittoons, and laid out rows of benches instead; 40 francs were charged for 12 inches upon the front row, 35 upon that behind, and so on till the last. It appears incredible, but a sum not far from 1,000 dollars was realised. Coffee and cigars could not have produced the same amount in six months time.

The number of persons along the route cannot be estimated at less than 400,000, though many set it down at half a million. The distance, you must remember, was two miles, and every balcony, window, and terrace, and the leads of flat-roofed houses, were crowded with spectators. The army alone counted about 60,000 men. Behind the double line formed by the troops stood the deputations from the various trades, and those sent by the neighboring towns and villages. The boulevard thus became densely thronged, and generally with persons well disposed towards the President. Louis Napoleon, throughout the passage, was environed by his faithful army and by the delegates of the suburban communes,—selected, of course, on account of their approval of, and attachment to, the existing *régime*. The day was a universal holiday, and the 50,000 or 60,000 workmen employed by the city occupied favorable situations in closely concentrated columns. Each body was headed by a standard-bearer: the standard was, nine times out of ten, made of green velvet trimmed with gold; (green and gold are the

imperial colors;) it bore simply the name of its commune, and the exclamation, *Vive l'Empereur!* I believe that every trade, down to blacksmiths and stokers, was represented. Generally, it may be said that the crowds along the line were composed of individuals who had taken the oath of fidelity to the Constitution. And as the Constitution is on the point of being pretty severely handled, it was, of course, the duty of those who had sworn to protect it to lend a hand to its demolition.

The decorations, directly and indirectly official, were worthy of Paris. As for the arch of triumph over the Bridge of Austerlitz, it was the most gorgeous fantasia I have yet seen in France. Eight thousand dollars were voted to defray the expense, but it is probable that even this sum will not pay the bills. Those erected by the managers of the smaller theatres between the Bastille and the Chateau d'Eau, were simple, though tasteful, and bore imperial inscriptions. The theatre of the Ambigu contented itself with placing upon its façade an apt quotation from the Georgics:—

"O paternal and ancestral gods! Romulus, and Vesta our mother, who guard the Tuscan Tiber and the palaces of Rome, do not prevent this young man from coming to the rescue of an upturned age!"

The Porte St. Martin, whose great successes of late render it "regardless of expense," had erected a Cyclopean arch, covered with emblems and citations from the speech at Bordeaux. The Tribunal of Commerce of the Seine, and the Chamber of Commerce of Paris, gave a flag-staff each, from which hung mottoed banners. Both of these banners, whether moved by the wind or by the stings of conscience, I cannot say, turned their back on the President as he passed, presenting a blank surface to his gaze—in short they were wrong-side-out. The shop-keepers of the Rue de Richelieu clubbed together for a streamer, upon which they had placed the words "L'Empire, c'est la Paix." The Grand Opera and the Opera Comique, which are exactly opposite each other, were exceedingly successful in their tribute of gratitude. Upon four gigantic pillars was supported a huge canopy of purple velvet, stretching across and covering the entire street. Musical instruments formed the base of the columns, which were decorated with eagles, shields, and armorial bearings. The steps of the Madeleine were covered with the children of the parish. At the entrance to the Tuileries was placed the ninth and last arch of triumph. The principal acts of the President were glorified in letters of gold:—the Constitution of 1852, Conversion of the Funds, Mortgage Banks, Railroads, Rue de Rivoli, Continuation of the Louvre. No mention was made of the Boulevard Poissonnière. All these various works were finished in ample time. At the Bridge of Austerlitz, the men labored all night.

The President arrived at the station at ten minutes before the appointed time. A throne had been erected, but he did not even look at it. He shook hands with his ministers, and with such of the Council of State as he judged worthy of the honor. He kissed de Morny upon both cheeks. Without any more ado, he mounted his horse, and the cortège commenced its march. Half-way between the station and the arch he met the city government; M. Berger made a speech in behalf of the city, and M. Delangle put into his hand an address from the Municipal Council, engrossed upon parchment. The Municipal Guard shouted *Vive l'Empereur* lustily, and I hope the President made the most of it, for it was the only hearty demonstration he received. And now comes the most difficult part of my task—properly to characterise and estimate the reception extended to him. Happily, the opinion I formed from my own observation, is borne out by those of persons that witnessed it upon different points of the route.

While I willingly acknowledge that the occasion excited the greatest possible interest, I must as positively assert that I saw no enthusiasm. As he came in sight, there was, of course, a murmuring, a rustling, a considerable waving of handkerchiefs and a universal taking off of hats. It would have been extraordinary, indeed, if this immense crowd, which had collected to see the President pass, should not acknowledge by such demonstrations as these their consciousness of his presence. I even saw some dozen bouquets thrown. But I did not hear a single shout of *Vive l'Empereur*. The National Guard were as motionless as statues: the army generally remained silent, while the citizens looked on in eager admiration of the spectacle.

As for the deputations from the country, they do not seem to have fulfilled at all the object for which they were sent. They were intended to take up and repeat the imperial shout. But as it was not started, of course they could not repeat it. The deacon must set the psalm, if he wants the choir to sing it, in churches where there is no organ. In the quarter of the Rue de la Paix, the silence is said to have been even painful. An American lady tells me that she waved her handkerchief out of "pity for the poor man." The President acknowledged the salutation by a bow. In other quarters again, there was some show of an earnest welcome home; and in the neighborhood of the quarter inhabited by the workmen he keeps in employ, I am told there were heavy salvos of cheers. Said a gentleman, "The Parisians accept the Empire as my horse takes his harness,—without alacrity, yet without protest; they know it to be inevitable, and as they have not a free choice in the matter, prefer to say neither Yes nor No. If they were at liberty to say No, if they pleased, they would doubtless eagerly say Yes."

The President looked well, appeared in high good humor, and bowed gracefully and emphatically. I have seen finer horses than the one upon which he rode, but the saddle and the housings of velvet and solid gold were truly magnificent. He arrived at the Tuileries in an hour and a quarter after leaving the station. He found there all the members of his family, whom he kissed affectionately, one by one. The Dames de la Halle, whose importunities are getting to be tedious, then clamored for admittance, and he was obliged to accept from them several crowns of flowers, and other imperial emblems. But he managed to bow them speedily out, and retired to the Elysée without either escort or guard.

The illuminations in the evening were more general than is usual in Paris. This time, if never before, some few private houses were hung with globes and transparencies. Still the public buildings were, as usual, the most conspicuous. The palaces, the ministries, the stamp-office, the bourse, the bank, the theatres, the hotels, were brilliant with red, blue, and green fire. I saw but one motto, done in jets of gas:—"If they should hold their peace, the stones would cry out."—St. Luke xix. 40.

The day passed off without serious accident. The *Patrie* states that a man who tried to cry *Vive la Republique!* was energetically reduced to silence by a squad of workmen. I myself saw a fellow arrested for shouting "Down with the Traitor." The Boulevard had been so smoothly swept and so constantly watered, that several horses lost their footing, and threw their riders to the ground, but no bones were broken.

The day passed without any proclamation of the Empire; Sunday has gone, and it is Monday to-day, and we still live under a Republic. The transformation will not be long delayed. The President is reposing from the fatigues of his protracted excursion. He will awake like a giant refreshed, and then the curtain will rise upon the last act in the drama.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

ABD-EL-KADER EMERGES FROM CONFINEMENT—THE PRESIDENT CONTINUES TACITURN—BEETS AND GLORY—CONVICT CONVIVIALITY—MORE FRENZY THREATENED.

October 24th, 1852.

THE President has released Abd-el-Kader from confinement, and his speech upon that occasion is considered an unfortunate one; much astonishment is expressed at hearing two discourses so different in tact, as this and that delivered at Lyons, fall from the lips of the same man.

Louis Napoleon has been in power for four years; during the whole of this period, the promise of the Duc d'Aumale, that the Algerian should not be detained, has been unredeemed. If Louis Napoleon thinks it a humiliating spectacle to see a great nation faithless to its engagements, he might have relieved France from the odium long ago. The *Constitutionnel* tries to fasten the responsibility upon Louis Philippe's government, but it is impossible to see how M. Guizot could have exercised any influence in the matter after the 24th of February, 1848.

Abd-el-Kader surrendered to General Lamoricière, commander of the province of Oran, on the 21st of December, 1847, on condition that he should be allowed to live at Alexandria, in Egypt, or St. Jean d'Acre, in Syria. This stipulation was ratified by the Duc d'Aumale, then Governor-General of Algeria. On the 31st of December, Abd-el-Kader arrived at Toulon. On the 24th of April, 1848, he was incarcerated by the Provisional Government in the Chateau of Pau. A year after, Louis Napoleon caused him to be transferred to the Chateau of Amboise. He will henceforth live at Broussa, in Anatolia, seventy-five miles from Constantinople. He will receive from the French government a salary in accordance with his rank.

Politics have almost ceased to be a topic of general conversation. Beyond the narrow circle of those directly and individually concerned in managing the affairs of the nation, you seldom hear the subject broached. The abdication of the people is complete. Now that the Empire is no longer in abeyance, there are no topics left, except those of minor interest. The politicians are at present occupied with considerations of the titles to be assumed by the Emperor; of the nomination of his successor, in case he should be cut off before he has time to have an heir, or in case he should remain unmarried; of the time and manner of his coronation, whether it shall be performed by the Pope or the Archbishop of Rheims; of the amount of his salary, whether twenty or twenty-five millions; of the vice-royalty of Algeria; and of the contemplated visit of Abd-el-Kader to Paris.

As Louis Napoleon is positively the only man who knows what measures are to be adopted, and what decrees are to appear, rumors of forthcoming edicts are of very little value. When half-a-dozen minds are entrusted with state secrets, when the whole cabinet is a party to the adoption of a certain line of policy, nothing is more easy than for hints and inuendoes to escape, and invade the public ear, in the shape of reports, more or less authentic. But when one man takes upon himself to plan, decide, and execute, and when that man's prominent characteristic is taciturnity, it is difficult, and often impossible, to obtain any reliable information upon coming events. Hence the various rumors that form the staple of conversation at the Bourse

and in the saloons must be of little or no importance. The Minister of War was informed by Louis Napoleon of his intention to release Abd-el-Kader, five minutes before the train stopped at Amboise. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was ignorant of what was to be the tenor of the President's speech at Bordeaux, as he rose to deliver it. The Ministers often read in the *Moniteur* decrees which they had not heard of before. If by any chance any of Louis Napoleon's intentions get wind, he waits till the public has ceased to think of it, and then sends it to the *Moniteur* to be published. It is ludicrous to see what trivial circumstances are made the basis of the most persistent rumors. An amnesty in favor of the African Generals was positively expected on Saturday, because the President ordered the performance on Friday night, at the French theatre, of Cinna, or the "Clemency of Augustus."

I find a great deal of incredulity, among all classes, upon the President's peaceable professions. Many believe, as they believe their Bible, that he nourishes, persistently, designs against Belgium; others think he would be glad of a brush with the United States, apropos of Cuba, if he could get the continental powers to back him. But the immense effect produced by the phrase, *L'Empire, c'est la paix*, must have convinced him that if the country were so desirous of internal tranquillity, that it submitted to his perjured usurpation, it is none the less anxious for undisturbed foreign relations. *L'Empire, c'est la paix*, has been engraven upon banners unnumbered; it has been paraphrased in odes; developed in editorials; it has been sung in the theatres; and is now the subject of pictorials, hymns, and quadrilles. Still it is thought by many that he was not a whit more sincere when he uttered *L'Empire, c'est la paix*, than when, six months ago, he said, with equal apparent earnestness, "*Conservons la république.*"

The town of Lille contemplates a "significant manifestation in favor of peace," in the language of its principal journal. It seems that the Emperor presented to the town several bronze cannon, taken at Austerlitz; these were made into scales and weights for the use of the mint. These scales are now old-fashioned and incompetent. It is proposed to melt them over and make of them a statue of the Emperor, or a monument to his memory; it being understood that this homage is not rendered to the warrior, but to the promoter of the beet-root sugar interest! French ideas of glory have certainly grown tame, when a municipal body votes glorification to Napoleon, not as a conquerer or hero, but as an encourager of bulbous agriculture.

The 15th of August was celebrated at Cayenne, by the transported convicts, by a banquet, a ball, and a performance of amateur theatricals. The female characters were supported by felons, dressed in women's clothes. All this was got up by M. Sarda-Garriga, in honor of Louis

Napoléon. The Minister of the Colonies, who is very much disgusted with the affair, has sent a dispatch to M. Sarda, in which he is told that the convicts have not been sent to Cayenne to erect triumphal arches, to form platoons of honor, or to give balls and fêtes. M. Sarda is bluntly informed that his "zeal is indecent."

The opinion of the judiciary upon Victor Hugo's Napoleon le Petit may be gathered from the following charge of a judge in the case of three men arrested for having secretly colported and sold it. The judge had sworn fidelity, of course, to the President. "It is nothing but a perpetual and vulgar attack upon the President of the Republic; each line is an excitement to hatred and contempt of the government, and of the citizens towards each other; no respect is shown for what men should and do honor; in one word, it is calculated to foment the most savage passions and the most odious instincts." After this, it was perfectly natural that the three men should be condemned to a year's imprisonment, and to five hundred francs fine.

A similar verdict will probably be served upon a gentleman now under arrest for having openly expressed a wish that the Austerlitz arch of triumph would fall upon Louis Napoleon and smash him.

The imperial performance at the Comedie Française, on Friday night, was a very magnificent spectacle, outside as well as in. The theatre was illuminated, and the streets were thickly strewn with sand. The stone vestibule and staircases were carpeted, the saloon was filled with flowers, and the house hung with drapery and flags. His Highness arrived in a barouche and four, and ascended to his box by a private stairway. Rachel recited a bucolic upon the famous line in the Bordeaux speech. Four years and a half ago, I heard the fierce tragedienne chant the Marseillaise from the same stage. Times have changed since then, and the Marseillaise itself has been banished from good company. Rouget de l'Isle is another name, now, for Robespierre.

The prefect of the department of the Nord has been summoned to Paris by telegraph. The object of his visit is supposed to be to communicate to the President his ideas upon a tour contemplated by his Highness to that part of the territory. Strong doubts are entertained as to the possibility of rendering the inhabitants sufficiently delirious, and as to the feasibility of continuing, in respect to the North, the same system of exaggeration that was carried on at the South. The proximity of England is deemed uncomfortable; the fraud would be too easily discovered. I should regret to see another excursion taken by the President,—Emperor, I should say, for it would not take place until after the vote,—for in common with all well-disposed citizens, who hope for the maintenance of the purity of the French language, I shudder at the risks it has lately run. The prefects threatened to overwhelm it in

a storm of frantic polysyllables and superhuman expletives. However, the *Moniteur* says, positively, that the President contemplates no tour to the northern departments.

CHAPTER LXIX.

ABD-EL-KADER VISITS PARIS—THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION WHICH RESULTS FROM HIS PRESENCE.

November 4th, 1852.

ALTHOUGH Abd-el-Kader has been released from the Chateau of Amboise and is in Paris, he is none the less a captive. The watch kept over his movements is of the strictest kind. He does nothing of his own free will, but acts entirely under the dictation of the Minister of War. This is so delicately managed, that he appears to the world at large to control his own movements. But the initiative is not his. He visits the President at St. Cloud, apparently of his own accord, but, in reality, in obedience to a suggestion which he cannot disregard. He seems to perambulate Paris without let or hindrance, but he does not know, as he leaves his hotel, whither he is going or how soon he shall return. He goes to the opera, but so carefully is the secret kept, that the draped and illuminated façade of the temple first tells him that he is to assist at an imperial representation.

It is very natural that letters addressed to him should be intercepted by a translator; but this gentleman is not his confidential interpreter, but an officer in the army, half linguist and half informer. The commander of Amboise—his ex-jailor—is his regular channel of communication. A letter from a private citizen to the Emir has no chance of reaching him; especially if its subject be congratulation upon his release. It is not well that the Algerian hold communion with the people—it is with the government only that he can maintain relations. If he goes back to Amboise, it will be because he is sent back; and if he returns to Paris to see the inauguration of the Empire, it will be to lend additional *éclat* to the magnificence of the parade. The illustrious captive will be a living witness to the prowess of French arms; and as Louis Napoleon has no victories of his own to exhibit, he will rather make shift with a conquest of his predecessors than go without. And then the expatriated Moslem, Abd-el-Kader, will have taken the place of Kossuth at Broussa, unless, in the mean time, the Sultan shall refuse to accept the duty of jailor, thus unceremoniously thrust upon him. Abd-el-Kader is to have the freedom of the city of Broussa. He is to be what is called *interné*, there. This is a favorite mode of incar-

ceration in France. There are now many thousands of persons *interné* in various parts of the country—political offenders, or felons that have served out their time, etc. They are at liberty to live unmolested in certain departments, cantons, cities, wards—but if they break their bounds, are reconducted to close quarters. It is thus that Abd-el-Kader will spend his life.

It does not seem possible that the Emir says everything that the *Moniteur* attributes to him. We are told that being taken to see the lion tamer, Huguet de Massilia, who plays with his animals in their dens, he exclaimed "There has been nothing like it since the days of Daniel." The reporter who attends to the Abd-el-Kader department in the official journal, had probably heard that the Algerian was a descendant of the prophet, and had confounded Daniel with Mahomet.

The Emir bears witness to the prowess of the army, at the review of Satory; he is shown the tremendous energy, and the wonderful precision of the manœuvres at Vincennes. He sympathises with the wounded soldiers in the Infirmary of the Invalides, and regrets to see among them many that were disabled in the desert. "Happily," he says, "that time is past. I am now the friend of the French, the friend of their friends, and the enemy of their enemies." In acknowledging the clemency of his liberator, "You," he said, to the President, "have kept an engagement you did not make, while your predecessors broke that which they did make."

If Abd-el-Kader could speak the language of this country, he would become at once celebrated for the readiness and piquancy of his repartees. Some days ago, he was taken to Versailles to visit the palace of Louis XIV. His hosts avoided showing him the rooms in which are the series of pictures illustrating the war in Algeria. The Emir insisted upon seeing them, and his desire was finally gratified. He said nothing till he came to the splendid painting by Horace Vernet, representing the taking of his smala, or tent. He then quietly observed, "If I had had painters at my command, I should have ordered pictures too!" This remark seemed to the government a little too pointed for publication, and in the *Moniteur's* account of the visit it is prudently withheld.

On the occasion of his visit to the National Printing-office—where the *Moniteur* is published—the director presented him with the following address, in Arabic, printed upon silk, in letters of gold:—

"Homage to the only God!

"The very respectable Scherif and Right-honorable Emir, the pilgrim Abd-el-Kader (and may God prolong his days and shed joy over his life), honored with his gratifying visit the establishment of the French National Printing House. Nov. 1st, 1852 of the Messiah.

"[Which corresponds with the 6th Moharrem, 1269, of the Hegira.]"

The word "pilgrim" in this translation seems at first sight to be an uncourteous allusion to the present migratory condition of the Emir; but all Arabs regard themselves as such, either practically, as pilgrims to the tomb of the prophet, or metaphorically, as pilgrims through this

Horace Vernet.

Vale of Tears. All the speeches pronounced by Abd-el-Kader are struck off in Arabic, by thousands of copies, and sent to Algeria for distribution among the natives.

On visiting the type-foundry in the Printing House, he said, "Yesterday, I saw the cannons of war, now I see the great guns of learning." And again, "The whole of Paris is a wonder, and the most wonderful thing in it is the Printing-office." At the National Library, he stood for a long time admiring the collection of medals and coins, and finally said, "Medals, much more than books, are the true and unalterable history of a country." "I declare to you that I love you better than any man I know." This he said both to the President and the ex-Bishop of Algeria, Monseigneur Dupach. I can hardly account for this rather inconsistent repetition of a sentiment, unless by supposing that a man who has some dozens of wives naturally learns to make the same protestations of love and attachment to many different objects. The Emir was only practising upon the President and the bishop expressions of

tenderness that he had already murmured in the ears of Fatimas and Xarifas innumerable.

In the meantime the ex-Emir is a great favorite with the people. His presence announced at any place of public amusement draws portentous crowds to the spot, and shouts such as never greet the President mark his progress through the streets. He is said to be looking for several wives, to add to his harem at Amboise, and to accompany him to Broussa, that earthly Eden where he is to spend the few short years that separate him from the Paradise of Mahomet.

CHAPTER LXX.

JEROME BECOMES UNRULY—EMOLLIENTS NECESSARY—DELIRIUM ON STONE—SPECIAL PROVIDENCES—DRUNK, WITH EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

November 11th, 1852.

THE grand item of news this week is that of a row in the Senate. A rupture between any of the personages concerned in the success of the scheme that has been so smoothly sailing on to glory, a mutiny in the crew that have been so industriously and obediently laboring to propel the craft along, an outbreak in so well-disciplined a camp, may certainly be characterised as novel, and thus far unprecedented. The constitution enshrines the sessions of the Senate in the most inviolable silence. But the walls of the Luxembourg must be as leaky as the buckets of the Danaides, as a rumour of the difficulty was current at the Bourse two hours after it occurred. It was at first exaggerated and undigested, but was correct in the main points as follows:—

The report went that Jerome Bonaparte, whose succession had been rejected by the Senate, by the striking out in its Consultum, of the clause making him and his son Napoleon the next in order, should Louis Napoleon have no male issue, had got up in his seat, called the senators a pack of cowards and lickspits for their craven servility to a man who was no Bonaparte, resigned his office as President of the Senate, and left the Palace in a rage. In the original draft of the *Senatus-consultum*, drawn up by the President, or at least composed under his eye, Jerome and his son were recognised as heirs to the throne, should the President not marry, or should he, marrying, leave no direct male heir. This clause was expunged by the Senate, and the ire felt and expressed by the ex-King was violent in the extreme. He resigned in consequence, and the resignation was accepted. As, of course, this step would become known, it was necessary to invent some

plausible motive with which to account to the public for an event so unexpected. It was adroitly managed. The *Moniteur* contained the announcement that, as under the Empire, the President would naturally be President of the Senate, Jerome had placed his resignation in the hands of his nephew.

The irate Westphalian, however, did not suffer the afternoon to pass without posting to St. Cloud, and demanding an explanation of his nephew. Louis Napoleon was as much surprised as Jerome at this determination of purpose of the Senate, but did not feel inclined, nor did he perhaps feel able, to push matters to extremity. He refused to interfere for a restoration of the expurgated clause, but consoled Jerome by promising to reinstate him, by using in his favor his right of adoption—and making him heir-adoptive if he could not make him heir-apparent. The old gentleman was not soothed, however, and that night took up his residence in the palace he had lately left for the Luxembourg—the Hotel of the Invalides. The next morning he reviewed the veterans of a hundred fields in the most wrathy of humors, and the wooden legs, who always hated him, heartily wished the ex-potentate back again at the Chamber of Peers.

This incident comes opportune to vary the tedious monotony of our public affairs. But I do not attribute much importance to it. I do not believe that the Empire, under which we shall be soon living, will be an hereditary one. I imagine that all the clauses relative to heirs presumptive, adoptive, apparent, legitimate, and direct, will remain dead letters. The President's sons by Mrs. Howard will be full as likely to come to the throne, as his prospective Napoleons by the Princess Wasa, or any other lady whom he may make his bride.

But the occurrence is suggestive in other points of view. It exhibits the Senate as anxious to throw off, as far as possible, this endless string of Bonapartes that extends as far as the eye can reach. Their business was to imperialise one of them, and this must be enough for the family. As to perpetuating the line, and keeping others in soak for the period when this one shall be done with, they could not think of it. If Jerome Bonaparte were a strong man, he might make trouble. If he were a man of weight, he might cause his nephew a great deal of uneasiness. But he is not. He is a weak man, and is often spoken of as the "imbecile" of the Bonaparte family. But he is notoriously rapacious, and it will be the necessity of Louis Napoleon to appease him; money will probably do it. The fabulous sums which he even now receives for his valuable services will be swelled to that point where greed gets the better of resentment, and where the thirst to clutch the spoils overcomes the thirst to taste revenge.

While the obedient journals and the servile prefects are turning heaven

and earth to stimulate the voters, an idea is in progress of execution to make the vote appear larger than it really is, by comparison. The abstentions have of late been such as seriously to alarm the government. As long as the newspapers, in giving the result of a vote, report the number of legal voters as so many, while also giving the number of actual voters as so many, the popularity of the administration is damaged by a comparison of those who might vote in its favor, and those who actually trouble themselves to go and do it. The scheme now in view is to erase from the voting list all those who are dead, or presumed to be dead; all those who have emigrated or may possibly have emigrated; all those who have suffered an infamous punishment, and generally all those whom the mayors have reason to believe will not present themselves to vote. In this way a very large number of names will be blotted out of the books, and thus the final report of those who have voted will be very near the number of those who might have voted. It stands to reason, that if a gentleman supposed to be dead presents himself with a *Oui* in his hand, he will be graciously allowed to drop it into the urn, on the principle that the smallest favors are thankfully received. It is only to be feared lest the mayors, if they go too zealously to work, may diminish the male population of France to a very unaccountable degree. But we must remember how many have been killed and sent to Cayenne during the last year, and how many victims to hydrophobia this last summer has carried off.

L'Empire, c'est la Paix, having been paraphrased, chanted, chorused, done in fireworks and jets of gas, has at last been lithographed. The uncle is descending from heaven on an eagle, and is in the act of handing over the imperial crown to the nephew, which he gracefully accepts. As the uncle is resting upon something, it is but just the nephew should be resting upon something also; so the designer has placed underneath him a very frightful creeping animal, probably a dragon or hydra of anarchy. It is really a significant fact, that the eulogists of the present state of things, when they wish to describe with effect the dangers from which we have so narrowly escaped, are obliged to have recourse to fable, and to personify the peril in the form of a creature which never existed. I propose instead of the hydra, the Iguanaodon of anarchy. We have a certain sort of proof that this animal production did really flourish in a remote antiquity. But to proceed. The hydra is spread out upon a map of the world, and is uprooting France with his snout, while he is ravaging Italy with his left paw. In the foreground, overwhelmed with spasmodic joy, is a lady holding a cross. This lady is, perhaps, Josephine, or Religion, or Hortense, or Faith, or Mrs. Howard, or Virtue; in fact, it might be anybody. All around are the faces of delighted lookers-on, among which I think I recognise those of Gueronnière and

Dr. Veron. On second thoughts, instead of the Iguanaodon, as just now proposed, I would suggest the Icthyosaurus of anarchy. The word is longer, and will be found more imposing and superlative.

A southern newspaper mentions as worthy of remark, that since the passage of the President through St. Jean d' Angely, not a single crime or offence has been committed in that commune! The editor attributes this fact to the general mollification of the hearts of the citizens, produced by the recent presence of their Sovereign; repentance sank deep into their hearts, and a determination to improve was established in their bosoms. The effect of the President's entrance into Paris was exactly the reverse —for on that very night, a lone widow was robbed of her little all, and a man was thrown into the Seine. Of course, we are bound to believe that these two outrages were suggested by the return of his Highness to the capital. It is well known, also, that a lady was poisoned by a mushroom, at the very moment that the President was passing under the Austerlitz Arch of Triumph. By the same logic, the Prince is responsible for this calamity.

I saw, yesterday, two policemen escorting a fellow-citizen to the office of the District Commissary. He was shouting *Vive l'Empereur*, lustily. Never having heard before of a man being arrested for this offence, I followed a few steps in order to discover some likely cause of capture. I found that he was inebriated. But considering the patriotic shouts he uttered during his passage to the *corps de garde*, I imagine that his sentence will be slight, and that the Commissary will bring in a verdict of "drunk, with extenuating circumstances."

Heaven is evidently interfering to punish the enemies of the President. The journals have of late discovered that when a man outrages the dignity of Louis Napoleon's position, a special providence at once steps in and inflicts summary justice. Thus a man was returning home from a wine-shop, where he had imbibed disloyalty with his drink; he shouted irreverent treason, and straightway was caught by a land-slide, and whirled afar off into a distant valley. A man and his wife were clandestinely making gunpowder in a field, when an errant spark set it on fire and scorched them wofully. If they were thus manufacturing powder with which to attempt the life of the President, this Divine intervention was undoubtedly just and proper; but if they were only seeking to cheat the custom-house and defraud the government monopoly, it was unnecessarily severe. The prosecuting attorney means to have a hand in the business, however. The special providence was not sufficiently explicit; for the journal of the locality announces that when the scorched contrabandists shall have recovered from their wounds, they will be arrested and tried.

In the City of Orleans there is an open common, called the Place du

Martroi, which is annually the scene of transactions not unlike those of the slave markets of Constantinople. Servants are engaged in the city for the space of one year, and the 2nd of November,—or the day after All-Saints'-day,—is the period fixed for the general renewal. Early in the morning, the place is encumbered with helps of every age and of either sex; they are ranged with some eye to assortment, so that the employer in search of a chamber-maid may be directed at once to that division of the market. Gentlemen hard to please make all applicants remove their clothing as far as decency permits—that they may convince themselves that they are sound in body and limb. The bargain is clinched by the present from the master of two sous—and this sum is at once invested in the purchase of roasted chestnuts. The origin of this custom is nowhere stated; but I presume that, like all other French traditions, of which the cause has been forgotten, it has descended to our times direct from Charlemagne. The *Journal du Loiret*, in speaking of the market just closed, says that "coachmen and grooms were in good demand, and as the supply was limited, wages advanced considerably. Ladies'-maids were active, but cooks were heavy. Out-door laborers held their own. Women-of-all-work were but little asked for, and as the day advanced could be had at a bargain."

CHAPTER LXXI.

JEROME CONTINUES MOROSE—THE BISHOPS DISTRIBUTE VOTES—MEN, WOMEN, AND BAMBOOS—THE PRESIDENT GOES HUNTING—THE OMNIPOTENCE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

November 15th, 1852.

THE affair known as the Jerome-Senatus-Consultum mystification, promises to end as I suggested in my last. The Westphalian will be appeased by either money, place, or title, and perhaps by all three together. It is probable, indeed, that there is not at present existing a sufficiently exalted position, and that some new sinecure will have to be invented for the man who has been the brother, and is now the uncle of an Emperor. In the mean time, he has definitely retired from the Senate, and has caused the inscription, President du Senat, to be removed from his box at the Opera. He has, however, withdrawn, if he ever offered, his resignation as Governor of the Invalides. During the week he has been restored to the bosom of his family of cripples, he has managed to make himself more unpopular than ever. The veterans seem additionally sour and morose, since his return.

The prefects and mayors are working vigorously to rouse the electors to a proper sense of the duty which they are called upon to perform

next Sunday. From the efforts made, I should judge that the prospect of a heavy and enthusiastic vote is not flattering. All the departmental authorities from big to little are getting up manifests and circulars, and printing tremendous editions of them for gratuitous circulation. The republican papers even are required to insert them. In Paris, a step is to be taken which indicates anxiety for the result. The voting certificates (not votes, but cards indicating that the holder is a legal voter,) are to be sent under envelope to each voter, instead of obliging the voter to call for it himself, some days before. It is hoped that as the trouble of putting in a *Oui* is thus considerably lessened, the attendance will be larger. The tickets are to be sent through the post, and I presume will be prepaid. I should hardly have thought that Sunday would have been chosen for the day of the vote, after the recent position taken by the government in behalf of a better observance of the Sabbath. Self-preservation, doubtless, required this sacrifice of principle. The difference in the vote if taken upon Sunday and Monday, and upon Monday and Tuesday, would not be far from a million.

The clergy throughout the country are very active in behalf of the plebiscite. The Bishop of Rennes orders all the curés and priests of his diocese to vote themselves, and to do the best they can among their parishioners to make them do likewise. He concludes by saying, "invoke my authority for what you do, and *read this letter in your churches after high mass!* You will receive with this printed voting tickets, which you will cause to be distributed to the faithful!" There's a bishop for you!

The government of France, which is omnipresent, caused an "experimental garden" to be founded, in 1851, at Biskara, in Algiers, for the purpose of naturalizing in that country such of the more valuable productions of tropical climates which are not indigenous in the north of Africa. The institution was placed under the protection of the Minister of War, and a pupil of the Garden of Plants was sent out to direct it. Very satisfactory accounts have been received of its success. Twelve months have hardly passed, but it has been ascertained that the raising of exotic plants is perfectly practicable there. The sugar-cane, the coffee-plant, the cotton-plant, the indigo-plant, the bamboo, the caoutchouc, the fig-tree, have all taken gratefully to the soil, and are in a most thriving state. Other plants were tried later, with the same success—Chinese hemp, several American fruit-trees, the poppy, the mustard-plant, the nopal or cochineal-tree, and the saffron. The natives, seeing this new style of cultivation, applied to the garden for seeds, roots, etc., and set about sowing and planting them in the oases, which are already beginning to yield their valuable productions. The garden will be a sort of model farm, for pupils chosen from each tribe are to be admitted and instructed in the mysteries of European and Asiatic

agriculture. The next season the experiments are to be conducted upon a much larger scale.

The government, not wishing to confine its investigations to the vegetable kingdom, has, of late, transported many specimens of the human race to Lambessa, in another portion of Algeria. Whether the men and women will as speedily forget their native land, and as readily adapt themselves to a new soil and a new home as the bamboo and the poppy, remains to be seen.

I have said that the government of France was omnipresent. I may add, that by means of its system of centralisation and the number and ubiquity of its police and paid dependants, it is also little less than omniscient and omnipotent. Long before the time of Louis XIV., who exclaimed, "*I am the State*," the government of France had absorbed all political power. He only cut deeper in the institutions of the country the grooves of authority. For three centuries, the entire French nation has been but one great family of children, to which the government—monarchical, republican, or imperial—has stood in the relation of a parent. There is no place so remote, no transaction so trivial, but the government is there to regulate it. It not only controls armies, navies, tribunals, legislatures, but roads, schools, churches, markets, theatres, side-walks, thoroughfares, doors, windows, physic—and all this is done at Paris. The verse in "La Marseillaise," declaring that government "metes and vends the light and air," is no hyperbole. You cannot dip up a bucket of salt-water on the shore of the Bay of Biscay or Gulf of Lions, but with the consent of government. And this has been the training of France for ages. At all times, too, the church has stood ready to declare the act of government as the act of God, especially when that government was despotic. Is it not easy to perceive that the administration of France, by means of its actual power and the influence of that authority which is derived from habit and tradition, is little less than omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, in respect to the mass of the French nation? How easy it is, then, to wheedle, seduce, and manage such a people while holding the reins in your hands, especially if you can muzzle the press, abolish the tribune, silence discussion, interdict assembly, and check the entire influence of the thinking and enlightened portion of the community. How simple and how certain is the operation of Louis Napoleon's system—for a time!

The President seems to be anxious to prove, that besides being an accomplished Dick Turpin, he is also a very respectable Robin Hood. He celebrated last Sabbath by a hunt in the forest of Fontaineblean. The chase lasted three hours, and resulted in the conquest of a couple of deer. Thirty gentlemen and ninety dogs were let loose upon the unfortunate animals. The *Pays* says that the President was in at the death,

from which I infer that he must have lagged behind. The hunters were all dressed in green frocks, trimmed with gold, with red waistcoats and tights. Achille Fould, and a select party (poor horsemen probably), went gunning on foot, in another part of the forest. They brought home, as nearly as I can learn, one ortolan, two partridges, three squabs, and something like a chewink.

CHAPTER LXXII.

EVERYBODY VOTES OUI—WHEEDLE AND FRENZY—A PREFECT UTTERS A SINGULAR DECREE.

November 25th, 1852.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S usual fortune in being blessed with good weather, deserted him upon the occasion of the imperial plebiscite. It rained both Sunday and Monday almost without cessation, but if the returns may be believed, the zeal of the voters was greatly stimulated thereby. That of the city authorities never reached so extraordinary a pitch before. It may be designated as a blind and indiscriminate zeal, for I myself received from the mayor's office in my ward a voting ticket, with the usual eagle, rays of the rising sun, cocked hat, etc., forming a sort of halo, or Aurora Borealis around the impressive word, OUI. I have already stated that, contrary to the usual custom, which is to let the voters come themselves to the Mairies to get their certificates of possessing the right to vote, the government sent them to the electors, through the post. There were plenty of tickets bearing the word *Oui* distributed at the polls, but there were no *Non's*. Those who did not vote on Sunday, received, at nine o'clock the next morning, notes from the mayors thus couched:—

"Sir,—Not having voted yesterday, you are informed that you can have an opportunity of doing so to-day.

"FROTTIN, Mayor."

In each of these missives, a Oui was enclosed. At four o'clock on the second day, that is at nightfall, when the voting was over, and the sun was setting, a few printed No's made their appearance, and were offered by the same men who had previously been colporting Oui's. This was a manœuvre of the government, to give an air of fairness to the proceeding. In Paris the absence of printed No's is a matter of less consequence, for everybody can write: but in the country, the majority of the sovereigns cannot write. There is never any paper at hand, and anybody seen to tear a fly-leaf from a book or a margin from a newspaper, becomes at once an object of jealousy or distrust. From my own observation, and from what I hear, I am led to believe that the election

that has just taken place, has been conducted upon the same system of pressure, intimidation, and wheedle, as that of last December. It is certain that in Paris an even greater effort was made to impel or compel voters to the polls; and in the departments, the prefects and the priests have been equally ridiculous and unscrupulous in their modes of propagandism.

I see no reason to suppose that the vote of 1852 is any more enlightened, uninfluenced, or sincere than that of 1851. As for the reported vote of Paris, I cannot conceal my astonishment. That the government should have the face to report such a vote—one-third of the population of the city—in the face of so meagre a demonstration, argues unfailing audacity, unflinching purpose, and continued aptitude for multiplying by ten.

It is useless to accumulate instances of the absurdity of the country authorities, generally, upon the occasion. Here is one, however, from a prefect, worth reading:—

"Providence, too, desiring that the right which it laid upon Louis Napoleon be rendered more and more manifest, is sending us fine autumn weather, to secure us abundance next spring!"

Then a Southern prefect writes as follows, against all established precedents:—

"Several old men and bed-ridden citizens having expressed a lively concern at being prevented from participating in the grand national act of the 21st of November, the mayors are instructed to transport the ballot-box to the hospitals and infirmaries."

I need not say that this is against the law.

The Mayor of Amboise authorised Abd-el-Kader and all his Arab suite to vote in favor of the French "Sultan," as the Emir calls Louis Napoleon.

Other mayors announced that electors, whose identity was known and acknowledged, would be permitted to vote, without cards of citizenship —another open violation of the electoral laws.

Some time ago, the prefects borrowed from the President the usage of the *communiqué*, and sent communicated notes every other day to the organ of publicity in their respective towns. But the prefect of the Haute-Garonne has just set the example of adopting the "decree," in a matter involving the treasury of the department. As this is the first instance of the kind, I give the decree in some detail:—

DECREE.

"The prefect, etc.

"Considering that it is well to transmit to posterity, upon imperishable monuments, the acts of God which are to be accomplished in France by the ministry of the people, in the year of Grace, 1852:

"Considering that among the nations of antiquity, it was the custom

to engrave upon bronze and marble all memorable facts likely to interest history:

"Considering that the re-establishment of the French Empire is among the events likely to exercise a most powerful influence, for the present and the future, and upon universal society:

"DECREES:

"Act 1. The result of the vote of the department, canton by canton, commune by commune, will be engraved upon bronze.

"Act 2. The result of the vote of each commune will be engraved upon marble.

"Act 3. The bronze and marble will bear the date of the first day of the reign of His Majesty the Emperor, Napoleon III.

"Act 4. The expenses of the departmental bronze will be paid out of the funds of the department.

"Act 5. The expenses of the communal marble will be paid out of the municipal funds.

"Toulouse, Nov. 15. "CHAPUIS MONTLAVILLE."

This you will understand is Mr. Montlaville's manner of paying his court to the Emperor, of beseeching to be kept in office, and of receiving an increase of salary, as becometh an imperial prefect. Other officials choose different methods; one paraphrases the Lord's prayer, substituting the name of Napoleon for that of the Deity: some quote Racine, others Solomon; the greater part are absurd, and all are profane. This last is original, and the man who decrees that the vote of the Haute-Garonne shall be engraved in bronze for the benefit of posterity and the edification of history, ought himself to be assigned a conspicuous place in some monument of brass. It is reported that this prefect is to be at once dismissed, as being altogether incompetent.*

CHAPTER LXXIII.

HOCUS-POCUS ON A LARGE SCALE—EVERYBODY GOES CRAZY—IMPERIAL LATIN—BENEVOLENCE OVERDONE.

November 29th, 1852.

THE whole affirmative vote will exceed seven millions—the figure which the citizens had supposed would be, and which the government had resolved should be, reached. I do not suppose you attach importance

* M. Chapuis Montlaville was removed from his Prefecture early in March, 1853. To console him for his disgrace, he was admitted into the Senate! *Vide* letter of March 7th, 1853.

enough to these columns of addition, to make it necessary to institute a comparison between this and any previous vote. The sum total shows clearly enough that the Yeas have increased and the Nays diminished, that abstension has been in some measure conquered, and that opposition has lost much of its intensity. The figures show this, I say; as for the figures themselves, let us suppose they are honestly reported, and represent the exact number of male citizens, aged 21, who availed themselves of the last chance to use the electoral privilege. It is always more agreeable to believe that a matter of business has been honorably transacted, than that it has been effected by fraud. For once, therefore, I am ready to do myself gentle violence, and to accept the *Moniteur* entire. The weather throughout France was such that a dog would hardly stir from his kennel; and it is, therefore, a sterner proof of a determination to be convinced, if we offer no objection to the returns, according to which almost as many Frenchmen voted as last December, when the weather was fine. In Paris, the rain kept nearly every body at home; therefore, when we read that more Yeas were cast than last year, when the skies were fair, we must suppose that the zeal of the citizens was stimulated by the wind, mud, and rain. I once saw in a chemist's laboratory, a mimic volcano set on fire by the end of an icicle. Why should not the ardor of the Parisians be evoked by a cold application?

We must believe the report is sincere, or we must look upon the coming Empire as mere political hocus-pocus; and this we have no right to do. Louis Napoleon's character, of course, forbids it; the high standing of the men he has called around him; the facilities allowed to the opposition to print, speak, and vote against the Empire; the fact that every body is sure there is no foul play amongst the ballot-boxes during the night that intervenes between the two voting days; and the perfect fairness and impartiality with which the whole campaign has been conducted from the 2nd of last December to the 2nd of this, forbid the supposition that this government would condescend to trickery or irregularity to attain its ends—or the suspicion that it could, even if it would. As long as there are people who believe in ghosts, Lola Montes, death-watches, and Father Miller, it surely will be allowable to assume that Louis Napoleon is too honorable to prevaricate, too honest to cheat; that his prefects cannot be bribed, his ballot-boxes cannot be tampered with!

I collect from various sources a number of the more interesting electoral incidents produced by the vote for the Empire. I have said that all persons who did not vote upon the first day received next morning official notice that they could still do so up to six o'clock. A gentleman at Dijon, rendered furious by what he considers this gratuitous insult, thus writes to the *Spectateur* of that town:—

"I knew, like every body else, that on the 22nd of November the country was voting for or against the Empire.

"I knew that on Monday at six o'clock the polls would be closed.

"But I did not suppose that any body would take it upon himself to remind me of my duties and my privileges.

"Information is sometimes useful, sometimes it is superfluous.

"Why was this notification sent to me? 'M. Laurier is informed that not having voted yesterday, he can still do so to-day up to sunset.'

"If this was to jog my memory, it was useless, for of course I could not forget or be ignorant of what was passing.

"If it was a solicitation in favor of the Empire, it was an insult to the government, an outrage upon my liberty.

"If it was meant to say, 'I know you,' I reply that I have nothing to conceal from those who wish to know me.

"I did not vote, because I did not wish to vote." "LAURIER."

When this man dies, the pope will probably excommunicate him, and he will be buried in unhallowed ground.

A vote was found in the box at Melun thus conceived:—

"*Etiamsi omnes, ego Non.*"

The mayor, if he did not understand the dead languages, doubtless counted this as a *Oui.*

The usual number of centenarians were wheeled in sick chairs to the polls, and the customary stories of bed-ridden gentlemen suddenly smitten with a desire to serve their country are told by the *Pays* and *Patrie.* At St. Etienne, according to the latter authority, the workmen voted with tears in their eyes—"tears of happiness and hope."

It rained continually, as I have said, at Paris during the vote. But the government, which is never discouraged, sent the following telegraphic message to the departments:—

"The operations of the polls are favored by a smiling sky, and the electors have never displayed such eagerness to profit by their privileges."

At Perigueux, after the announcement of the result, the people had a torchlight procession, with the mayor, the priest, and the bust of Louis Napoleon at their head. The two former sang the Te Deum, while the latter maintained a marble silence.

The *Pays* chronicles the important fact that the Duke of —— voted *Oui*; the significance of this event can hardly be overrated. I can also take it upon myself to state that Count de —— voted No.

A country mayor, in a speech after the election, mentioned the sudden rise of the Seine as a proof that nature was with the Emperor, and testified its joy by causing the waters of the river to swell and jubilate with an overflow.

In La Vendée, the peasants, rendered delirious with joy, took a handful of affirmative votes, set them on fire with a burning-glass, concentrating the rays of the sun, collected the ashes, put them into a jug of wine, mixed them up, poured the mixture into glasses, and drank it with great emotion.

An ode of some fifty lines, written upon the death of the Republic, was sent bordered in black, and with urn and cypress, to the principal political personages in Paris. One allusion, and perhaps only one, was good:—

> "L'indivisible citoyenne
> Qui ne devait jamais périr,
> N'a pu supporter sans mourir,
> L'opération césarienne."

As this has been published by the imperial journals, we may suppose that they are pleased with it. But I should hardly have imagined that a Bonapartist would acknowledge that the Emperor owes his birth to the performance of that cruel and slashing operation which saves the child but generally kills the mother. I did not expect to hear the massacre of the Boulevard Poissonnière treated with so much historic truth in Napoleonic verse.

The Legislative Body, which is now engaged in receiving from the various departments the official returns, will conclude their labors on Wednesday, the 1st of December, and go in a body to St. Cloud that same evening, to acquaint the President with the result. The next day, the great anniversary, Louis Napoleon will ride into Paris on horseback, the army lining the entire route as usual; the Legislature, the Senate, and Council of State, will await him at the Tuileries, in the Salle des Maréchaux, where a throne more gorgeous than any other has already been constructed. The Empire will be inaugurated by a speech, in which we are promised another protestation of pacific intentions. The new *régime* will have been already opened, by sundry decrees of clemency, in the *Moniteur* of the morning. The city will illuminate—the public buildings certainly, the private dwellings perhaps; but the municipality of Paris have determined to divert a portion of the funds, voted for the rejoicings of the occasion, to certain charitable purposes. The following notice, posted in profusion, will show you in what manner:—

1st. The mayor will distribute, on the 2nd of December, supplies of clothing to the children who attend the public infant schools.

2nd. All blankets and mattrasses pawned at the Mont de Piété up to the 26th of November, may be withdrawn gratuitously.

3d. Parents who have confided their children to the Society of Nurses will be acquitted of half the sums due by them to that establishment on the 26th of November.

A good story is told in reference to the 2nd article. It was first passed with the date "2nd of December," and the news escaped from the Hotel de Ville into the streets. It was evident, therefore, that according to the wording of the decree, all blankets and mattrasses pledged at the pawnbroker's *during the week yet to come* would be restored on the following Thursday for nothing. Everybody that had a blanket prepared to do without it for a time; and mattrasses commenced flowing in a steady stream toward the nearest Poor Man's Friend. The whole Faubourg St. Antoine began to take up its bed and walk. But notice of their proceedings was speedily conveyed to the Palace of the City Fathers. The date was erased, and an earlier one substituted; according to the new reading, the privilege of a gratuitous redemption was only extended to such bedding material as had been already mortgaged. The municipal council had nearly committed a costly blunder.

The departmental press has been suffering severely of late. *L'Emancipateur de Cambrai* was seized on Monday, warned on Tuesday, and suspended on Wednesday—a fate very much like that of the gentleman who was married on Thursday, took to his bed on Friday, died on Saturday, and was buried on Sunday.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE EMPIRE AT LAST—GOING TO SEA ON THE SEINE—HENRY V. AND THE FOUNDLINGS—THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC IS "CARTED OFF"—THE THEATRES CHANGE THEIR NAMES—EFFULGENT COTTON DUCK.

December 2nd, 1852.

THE *Corps Legislatif* concluded the operation of regulating the vote of the nation yesterday—and, in accordance with its determination, went in a body to St. Cloud at eight o'clock in the evening, to acquaint the President with the result. The whole affirmative vote of continental France amounts to 7,814,189. A portion of the civil vote of Algeria and that of the army of Rome remain to be received. The nays and blank votes number 340,000. The Senate joined the Legislature, and both bodies were escorted to St. Cloud, in grand costume, by strong detachments of cavalry. The members had not forgotten the remarks made upon the shabby style of their cab display on a similar previous occasion, when several public carriages, at 22 sous the course, were seen in the line. Their equipages this time were a little more befitting the circumstance.

M. Billault, the president of the Legislature, announced the result of

its labors in a speech so submissive as to be undignified. The first vice-president of the Senate followed in an address of congratulation, and then the Emperor replied. His speech was rather retrospective than anticipatory. It is not what the French call a programme—an outline of policy, or the plan of a campaign.

The *Moniteur* of this morning contains several important decrees. St. Arnaud, Minister of War, Magnan, commander of the army of Paris, and de Castellane, commander of the army of Lyons, are made Marshals of France. All imprisoned editors are to be set at liberty, all "warnings" incurred by the newspapers are taken off, and generally all offences *en matière de presse* are pardoned. The decrees are headed—

NAPOLEON,

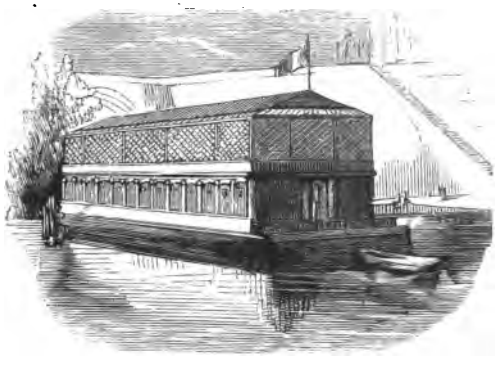
By the grace of God and the national will, Emperor of the French, to all present and to come, greeting.

The Tom-bell of Notre Dame is ringing in the new *régime*, and we shall sleep to-night under an Empire. This time, the revolution is a peaceful one, and Louis Napoleon grasps a bloodless sceptre.

On the 11th of last December, the President signed a decree for the execution of the Circular Railway round Paris. Since then, the works have progressed, and the first section, comprising the distance between Batignolles and La Chapelle—thee and a half miles about—is soon to be inaugurated. The principal utility of this road is in the shifting of freight from one line entering the city to another, without the necessity of conveying it on trucks through the streets from station to station. It is too far out of town, however, to be of much use to passengers. To such as travel upon it, the fare will be but one sou a mile. By this road,you may revolve upon the circumference of Paris; and by the small steam-boats soon to commence running upon the Seine, you may travel up and down the diameter. Their rate of fare will be somewhat on a par with that of the Brooklyn ferry-boats, which will ride you back and forth all day for a cent. Three sous from Bercy to Passy, at the two extremities of the barriers, and six sous from Choisy-le-Roi to Asnières—both two or three miles outside of the outer walls—are to be the reasonable rates of transport.

I am very much afraid that the first trips of these boats will be attended with frequent disasters. If I were a skipper, I would as soon attempt to navigate the Maelstrom as the Seine at the Pont Neuf, and would be glad, indeed, to exchange the narrow pass between the Island and the Main Land for Hell-Gate and Point Judith. The Quai d'Orsay must change its name to Orsay's Shoals, and I hope the injunction, "No talking allowed to the man at the wheel," will be strictly enforced, or we might be hopelessly wrecked off the Champ de Mars, or come into collision with the end of the Hotel Dieu. When such accidents do

occur, however, Père La Chaise will be found at a convenient distance. On all the maps of Paris are sundry arrows engraved upon the river, and pointing with the stream. The pilots will do well to look out for them, for they look very much like snags. There can be no excuse for running foul of them, however, for they are down upon all the charts. When the weather is thick, the latitude and longitude should be chalked upon a board, and hung out upon the bath-house of the Good Samaritan;



Bath-House of the Good Samaritan.

or if a ferry-boat should, after the example of the Levite, go over on the other side, it would run straight into HECTOR BOSSANGE'S book-store. The captain may hand round the snuff-box on passing the Quai de la Rapée; the flag should be placed at half-mast while in sight of the Bastille. The passengers may be waked in the morning at the Point du Jour—Break of Day. Crackers and cheese and warm toddies should be served at the Place du Carrousel. It would be respectful to fire a salute on passing the Tuileries, but His Majesty might think a cannon-shot every quarter of an hour would be annoying. A shrill whistle will do instead. Gentlemen walking along the quays should be requested not to endeavour to keep up with the boats, as racing will not be tolerated. Indeed the utmost circumspection will be used, so that when disaster really comes, the Coroner's jury may render a conscientious verdict of "No blame whatever can be attached to the driver."

The Count de Chambord seems to think it incumbent upon him to "do the benevolent," from time to time, after the fashion of Louis Napoleon. But not having so long a "private purse," or so indefinite

a credit upon any public funds that he can lay hands upon, he is obliged to proceed cautiously, and make a hundred francs go a great way. However, he can console himself with the perusal of the history of the widow's mite. The last donation of the Emperor was one of 200,000 francs, to be devoted to the redemption of foundlings from the hospitals of France. Forty francs are to be paid to the hospital for each child withdrawn, as an indemnity, and sixty are to be invested for the child's benefit, either in flannel or in the four-and-a-half's, as the parents may judge best. One hundred francs, therefore, are to be spent upon each infant reclaimed. Two hundred young men and women may in this way be restored to their families.

You probably know the manner of entrusting the offspring that you cannot provide for yourself to the tender care of the State. You take

The Turning Box at the Foundling Hospital.

him wrapped in a towel to the establishment, in the Rue d'Enfer; you place him on the shelf of the dumb-waiter; you take care to steady him well in the middle, so that the turn may not scrape him. You then ring the bell; the dumb-waiter, which is apparently not deaf, revolves upon a pivot; the infant goes in, while an empty shelf comes out, ready to receive another burden of the same sort. The mother and father, if they have any hope or intention of one day redeeming their child, pin a name on the towel, by which it is known, and by which it may be subsequently distinguished from the rest. Five thousand infants are thus annually confided to the State, in Paris alone. The decree of the

Emperor is, of course, popular among the class to be benefited by it, who do not trouble themselves to remember that it is the people's money that he thus disposes of, in a view to obtain popularity for himself.

Read the following passage from the *Liberté* of Lille, formerly a Republican paper, now a convinced and converted imperial organ. "The municipality has caused the statue of the Republic, which obstructed the passage on the staircase of the City Hall, to be removed. This mass of plaster has been temporarily stowed in the building appropriated to the archives." So that the statue of the Republic "obstructs" the way. It is a "mass of plaster," is "stowed away," but is not to remain among the "archives," as it is only "temporarily" placed there. I think I remember that when this statue was presented to the town of Lille by the Provisional Government, the *Liberté* thought it an imposing work of art, and considered that it rather ornamented than obstructed the grand staircase of the City Hall. But times have altered since then.

The theatres that are subventioned by the government have changed their titles. After the Revolution of 1848, the Opera Comique erased the gilt letters composing the word "Royal" upon its façade—but it neither inserted the word "National," nor did it have the whole repainted. The manager evidently thought the new *régime* ephemeral. He had no confidence in the Republic. He was convinced it could not last. He expected a speedy reaction, a counter-revolution, and resolved to wait for the restoration. He seems to think the Empire destined to endure. The façade has been repainted, and the words *Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra Comique* have been placed upon the side in mammoth block letter capitals. The artists are generally Bonapartists. It is natural they should be. They are now well paid. Their performances are well attended, and they receive costly presents from imperial hands. But it is curious that no plays written for the occasion, no apropos, no spectacles adapted to the circumstance, have yet been offered to the public. The reason is, that the public would not go to see them. In March and April of 1848, the pieces produced in celebration of the advent of the Republic were numerous and highly successful. No one here has forgotten the hundred nights of *La Propriété, c'est le Vol*, which, though caustically burlesquing some of the absurdities of the Republic, did full justice to whatever was good in it. No one can forget the fifty recitals of the "Marseillaise" at the Français by Rachel, nor can any one who heard them forget the transports of applause which followed the scene in "Le Chiffonier de Paris," in which Lemaitre picked out of his basket of refuse a corner of an old throne and a remnant of a crown. Nothing of this sort will welcome the restoration. It is true that cantatas in honor of the Empire have been composed and executed—but this was before packed houses, in presence of audiences

selected for the purpose. The Opera Comique has given a second performance of its ode before an audience that had paid for its seats; but I am very sure that it will never do it again.

You remember the unlucky anticipations of a correspondent of the *Moniteur*, who, on the occasion of the President's late tour, wrote brilliant accounts of launches that were postponed on account of the weather, and of discharges of fire-works that never went off. A Lyons paper has lately committed a similar blunder, one that will often happen if you must write your report the night before, or a league or two from the scene of action. The editor writes of the proclamation of the Empire at Lyons:—

"The sun at this moment pierced the fog, and the casques and cuirasses of the soldiers reflected myriads of stars of silver and gold—and the gilt statue of the Virgin began to glitter with a *luminous effulgence*, as if to show that the Empire, which had been accepted on earth, had also received the benediction of Heaven."

Another Lyons journal sets forth the impossibility of this assertion, as the statue is covered with a heavy cloth, which will not be removed till the day of its inauguration. The editor has never before heard that thick towelling material reflects the rays of the sun—and has remained all his life ignorant of the luminous and effulgent properties of coarse cotton duck.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE SENATUS-CONSULTUM AND THE CROWN PROPERTY—THE TUILERIES AND THE BOSTON STATE HOUSE—A PREFECT LEAGUED WITH PEDLARS—NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS TO BE HAD AT A BARGAIN.

December 13th, 1852.

THE *Senatus-Consultum* regulating the civil list of the Emperor and the dotation of the crown has been published by the *Moniteur*. This, which was originally part of the *Consultum* revising the constitution in an imperial sense, has been detached from it, and published apart. Its principal provisions are as follows:—

The civil list of the Emperor is fixed for the whole duration of his reign, at 25,000,000 francs a year. This was the salary of Louis XVI., Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., and Charles X.; Louis Philippe had but 12,000,000. To those who consider that the sum named is too large, the government papers recal the fact, that owing to the fall in the value of money, 25,000,000 do not represent now a greater amount than did eighteen millions from forty to sixty years ago.

An annual dotation of a million and a half, to be divided as the Emperor shall decree, is settled upon the princes and princesses of the imperial family—Jerome Bonaparte and his children, Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Princess Mathilde.

The clauses which bind the Emperor to a loyal and proper use of the property thus confided to his charge are very stringent. The state, although it allows a vast portion of its real estate to be diverted from its primitive use, and to go by the name of the "property of the crown," never forgets that it must one day return to itself, and fortifies it with all possible legal guarantees. Thus, the sovereign who cuts the yield of wood in the state forests, sells it, and appropriates the money, cannot order a cut out of season, or upon lands not yet wooded sufficiently for the axe. He is, in fact, bound by the *code forestier*, as a simple "intendant" of any public lands would be. The diamonds of the crown can never be responsible for any debts that the Emperor may incur, or for any pensions he may grant. Generally the civil law regulates all the possessions of the crown.

You remember the military medal instituted by Louis Napoleon, to be paid for out of the Orleans fund. He has just invented another, to be paid for out of any fund that offers. This is a medal of gold, weighing 100 francs worth of metal, bearing His Majesty's effigy upon one side of it, and upon the other the name of the wearer. One of these is given to each aide-de-camp, officier d'ordonnance, and to the whole household generally, to enable them to enter at all times any place of amusement, any public building or monument, and to gain immediate admission to any solemnity or State ceremonial. This seems to be a revival of the ring system invented by Haroun-al-Raschid. The fortunate possessor of the Caliph's rubies saw every door open before him, at least so says Scheherazade.

When His Majesty leaves the Tuileries, the flag upon the dome is lowered. This seems to be a plagiarism from the Boston State House. Upon the dome of that Capitol are two flags—one a little to the right, the other a little to the left. When both banners are out, both Houses are in session—when either is withdrawn, the corresponding Assembly has adjourned—at least, so it was five years ago.

A M. Laurent, said to be concerned in some capacity or other in the arrangement of the columns of the *Pays*, has published a work, entitled, "History of the Journey of his Majesty in the Southern Departments." It is made up of the daily reports published in the *Pays* of the progress of his incipient Highness. The Prefect of the Indre-et-Loire has sent a circular to all his underlings, impressively advising them to purchase this valuable issue from the Paris press—"as not only filled with interesting episodes of this triumphal march, but with instructive details upon

the localities visited. Our department," continues the prefect, "to which the august traveller consecrated his last day, occupies a large space in the history of M. Laurent. I cannot doubt, gentlemen, that by your exertions numerous subscriptions will be obtained and large sales effected. I should see with pleasure the public libraries of your communes enriching themselves with this remarkable production." Price, in paper, five francs; in boards, seven francs. This is pretty well, even for a prefect. I suppose he is to have 5 per cent on the profits.

But this is not all. Having become interested in M. Laurent's work, he, of course, would use his influence against all similar publications calculated to diminish its circulation. So he issues an edict condemnatory of a book entitled, "History of Louis Napoleon." He understands that the pedlars who propagate this history offer it to mayors, preceptors, curés, and all subaltern functionaries, with the insinuation that they would do well to buy it, if they do not wish to be denounced as hostile to the government of the Prince! He declares these manœuvres to be dictated with a view to speculation and lucre! He threatens the pedlars with the withdrawal of their license, if they have recourse to any means of intimidation, or seek by any illegitimate influence to extend the sale of the work in question! Price, in paper, three shillings and sixpence—in boards, four shillings and eightpence. This book, "The History of Louis Napoleon," is published in Paris; and agents are invited to engage in its circulation, by the following modest notice pasted upon all the walls: "Wanted, for the propagation of a valuable work, 5,000 gentlemen of a pleasing exterior, and enjoying an excellent moral character." Of course it would be useless for any man, a sharp hand at a trade, but unscrupulous in his means, to apply for employment in this highly moral enterprise.

The Minister of the Interior has directed the prefects to forbid and prevent the use of all signals and means of conveying information from a distance, however innocent the apparent object may be. In compliance with this order, a woman is said to have been arrested for beckoning to her husband, at work in a neighboring field, to come home and get his breakfast. It was presumed that the signal was intended to notify the brethren concealed in the surrounding bushes, that the good time was speedily coming, and that those that hunger and thirst shall very soon be filled. This was, in fact, the information she intended to convey, but it was meant solely for the benefit of the gentleman hoeing potatoes in the lot just over the way.

The building of the temporary shops along both sides of the Boulevards, for the sale of Christmas and New-Year's gifts, has commenced much earlier this year than common. Under Charles X., the small

dealers and pedlars of the capital were allowed to encumber the great thoroughfare for one month—from the 15th of December to the 15th of January. Louis Philippe considered it a great annoyance, and reduced the time to a week. Louis Napoleon has restored the ancient practice. The police fix the dimensions of the booths; eight feet is the extreme width allowed; the depth varies with the breadth of the side-walk. They are built upon the curb-stone, and face inwards. The stone is their only floor; the boards are sometimes lined with paper, but oftener with cotton, canvas, or bed-ticking material.

The counters are supplied with every sort of article, up to a certain size, that can be thought of. These are principally the stocks that have not found a ready sale during the year; they are turned, therefore, out of doors, and sold for any advance upon the cost that they will bring. Very respectable tradesmen adopt this means to work off a portion of their shop-worn goods. To such as do not resort to it, of course this cheap competition is a great annoyance; but the Municipal Council has always refused to listen to their petitions for redress. The police do not allow, however, a dealer in perfumery to establish his tent in front of a regular trader in that article; and if you ever do see establishments in the same line of business facing one another, you may be sure that the one is a branch of the other. You will find the same quality of cologne, soap, and pomatum, 30 per cent. cheaper at the one than at the other. The sales effected at these places are really enormous, if the weather is favorable. At the present moment there cannot be less than three thousand of these improvised warehouses preparing for the great purchasing week. A house could be entirely furnished from them, with the exception of the cabinet-makers' and upholstery department. Clocks, lamps, crockery, hardware, glass, mirrors, chandeliers, mantel ornaments, books, writing materials, jewelry, linen, etc. etc., are to be had in profusion.

The shops are often tended by women alone, and the hardships endured by them without complaining, and indeed cheerfully, would kill any American woman in the same rank of life in forty-eight hours. They dress as warmly as they can, but rarely wear either bonnets or gloves. They stand the livelong day on the pavement; some of the more well-to-do sit upon stools, and place their feet upon foot-stoves filled with burning charcoal or hot ashes. Many of them, about midnight, when business is decidedly over, let down a curtain in front of the counter, thus closing up the fourth side of the edifice, wrap themselves up in a blanket or coverlet detached from the bed at home, and sleep in the best way they can. They drink no spirits to keep the cold out, and often eat nothing heartier than a thin vegetable soup, with bread, fried potatoes, or baked beans. I have seen this thing repeated

year after year, and have never yet heard a word of repining or complaint. Paris is not in a tropical meridian, and the winters here are as uncomfortable, while they last, as in New York or Philadelphia.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

LOUIS NAPOLEON THINKS HE RECEIVES A PETITION FOR PARDON—HE DOES NOT—A TERRIBLE MAYOR—AN ADAPTATION FROM ROSALIND—THE ARCHITECT OF THE LOUVRE TAKES EXTRAORDINARY PRECAUTIONS.

December 20th, 1852.

You will hear this week of a petition for permission to return from exile, which Louis Napoleon has received from M. Chavoix, ex-representative of the Dordogne, and of the denial, by M. Chavoix, that he ever wrote, signed, or sent the petition. It seems to have been a forgery, and measures have been taken to discover the perpetrator. It is not known, and it is difficult to imagine, what the motive of the author of such a fraud could have been. The Emperor was very proud of his petition for pardon from a man who had done nothing but maintain, in the National Assembly, the profession of Republican faith to which he owed his seat. The Emperor had offered forgiveness to all such exiles as would sue for it, and was naturally elated at the humiliation of M. Chavoix, who, in order to obtain his grace, had engaged to agitate no more—he who had never agitated at all. His Majesty saw, no doubt, in his mind's eye a continual stream of such petitions—one from Lamoricière, who fought with Red Republicanism in June from the backs of three successively slain horses; from Bedeau, renouncing the guillotine; from Changarnier, Charras, Baze, avowing and repenting of connection—which never existed—with the Committee of Resistance. It is one of the highest attributes of power to extort confessions of what the confessors never committed; it was one of the holiest aspirations of the Inquisition to torture its victims into making revelations that the inquisitors whispered in at their ears, and gathered again from their lips.

Louis Napoleon seeks to do what Ophelia unwittingly did with Topsy—who 'fessed to the theft of a necklace and ear-rings that had never left their wearer's person, because she was told she *must* confess something. This is exactly what the exiles are called upon to do—to engage to abstain in future from political agitation. No one knows better than the Emperor that nine-tenths of his exiles never agitated nor intrigued at all. He banished the very ones who did not agitate; namely, the

Republicans who were elected as such, and such remained. Those that intrigued for the restoration of Monarchy, now fill the offices and the high places of the Empire. You may imagine the elation of His Majesty when he supposed he had wrung from M. Chavoix a renunciation of doctrines he had never held, and his mortification at finding that he was the victim of a forgery. M. Chavoix never applied for leave to return, and never will on the conditions imposed.

The Emperor left Paris on Friday for Compiegne. The excursion had been twice put off—once in the hope of receiving the renewed credentials of the representatives of the three great powers, and of thus being able to invite the ambassadors to the projected stag-hunt. But he has gone without them. His Majesty proceeded to the railroad station in great state, being conducted by a heavy escort, preceded by a dozen cuirassiers, with presented pistols. The station was decorated with flags and armorial devices. The employés were drawn up in mass, with a fugleman to set the cheering. The engine was ornamented with a huge spread eagle. The train was a special one, of course. The ordinary trains waited on side switches, and came in an hour behind their time. On arriving at Compiegne, the Emperor was addressed by the prefect, and presented with a bouquet by Les Dames de la Halle; he then repaired to the sanctuary for spiritual consolation. "You are right to incite me to prayer," said he to the ecclesiastic who had been detailed for the service; "prayer is a great thing; it is a great duty. Love for the suffering classes, and prayer, will enable us to attain our objects." The oldest woman in the town then read some verses composed for the occasion by the druggist of Compiegne. It was, I suspect, the most unpleasant dose he ever put up. The Emperor at last escaped, and locked himself up in the retirement of the chateau. Yesterday there was a stag-hunt; to-morrow the *artistes* of the Gymnase of Paris will perform in the royal theatre attached to the palace the success of the season, *Un fils de famille*. They will be the guests of His Majesty while they stay. The programme does not set down anything particularly for to-day. It will probably be spent in "prayer and love for the suffering classes."

Warnings still continue in the provinces. *Le Maine* has received its first since the amnesty—its third in all—for an article concluding with the following gross impropriety:—"In the evening the public edifices were illuminated." It seems that certain allusions hinted that the rejoicings were entirely official, and got up by order—for the prefect characterizes the article as conceived in the most hostile spirit; as "filled with ridiculous reflections and odious reminiscences, calculated to undervalue the nature of an imposing ceremony." If the warnings increase at this rate, we must have another amnesty soon. Perhaps the accumulation will

be sufficiently large to render it worth while on the occasion of the consecration. Another could follow, at the time of the marriage, and still another some months after, on the birth of the heir. The decree could be headed, "By special request of the Infant Presumptive."

A terrible mayor in the South has uttered the following edict:—

"Considering the disorders committed during the night in the ale-houses of our commune;

"Considering that night facilitates the commission of deeds of darkness—"

Having read thus far, you will conclude, as I did, that the mayor orders the immediate suppression of night, saddles sunset with a fine, and interdicts the moon and stars. Entirely to interdict moonshine in France will be impossible while Louis Napoleon lives. This would be a natural inference from the considerations urged. Read a little further, and you will see, as I did, that we were both mistaken:

"Considering that night facilitates the commission of deeds of darkness:—

"Therefore all ale-houses in our commune will shut up shop at seven in the evening."

"The mayor, "PROOD."

This is a very slender deduction from premises so mighty.

The foreign correspondents have received another rap from the *Moniteur*, as thus: "The correspondents of certain foreign journals have a good deal to say about modifications in the cabinet." The motive is said to be, "a desire to cause uneasiness and to weaken the action of the government." The *Moniteur* is severe and unfeeling. Correspondents that write every day are, of course, often out for matter. "Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss." Correspondents, when they are out, they will invent, and for editors, lacking matter, the handiest device is to coin.

The works for the junction of the Tuileries and the Louvre are progressing rapidly. When they were commenced, the whole space was fenced in, and the curiosity of the citizens was defied by a six-foot construction of such carefully dove-tailed boards, that no eye was able to discover the point of assimilation, and much less to penetrate the mystery beyond. The secrecy observed was so remarkable, that the *Charivari* had a picture, representing the aeronauts who passed over the spot as blindfolded by the architect, lest on their return to earth they should make improper disclosures. Of late, however, the boards have begun to warp; the alternate heat and cold have started the seams, and left long slits stretching from post to post. In some places the fence has been undermined, for the admission of mortar, brick, sand, and

other necessities of the case. Every crack is constantly occupied by a pair of eyes, or, if it is not large enough to accommodate a pair, by a single eye; every aperture is put to profit for optical purposes; no cranny so thin, but it serves somebody's organs of vision.

I happened to pass the spot yesterday, and having the extreme good fortune to obtain possession of a flaw in a pine board that a colonel of the guides had just vacated, I endeavoured to gather a few facts upon the state of the works. After all, it was not worth the awkwardness of the attitude, nor the strain produced by the effort to see round a corner. The foundations appeared to be nearly completed, and the masons having been for six months engaged upon the underground preliminaries, had just arrived at the surface of the earth. The dilapidated end of the Old Louvre, where the junction is to be made, looks very much like one of the ruined castles described in the frightful romance of the Three Spaniards—desert, bare, and damp, and the very place a hobgoblin would choose to pass the night in. The destination of this corner will be strangely altered in three years from now, for it is to be either the head-quarters of the staff of the national guard, the bureau of the secret police, or the central office of the telegraphs.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

JEROME IS APPEASED—SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE PROBABILITY OF HIS REACHING THE THRONE—FRENCH LOGIC—TWO BRIGHT CENTS TO EVERY SOLDIER, AND A MEDAL FOR THE PRINCESS MATHILDE.

December 27th, 1852.

THE decree regulating the succession to the throne has at last appeared. "Our well-beloved uncle" is the man. Well-beloved, you will understand, is a term permitting a variety of interpretations, like 'Dear Sir" at the head of a letter. Everybody knows that there is no love lost between the uncle and nephew. However, "well-beloved" was necessary to make the phrase sonorous and impressive. "My uncle Jerome," would not have done at all. "My Uncle" is irresistibly suggestive of the pawnbroker; just at this moment, too, the word Uncle is apt to be followed by the monosyllable "Tom." All these circumstances amply justify the use of the fiction, "well-beloved." It is daring, and therefore pleases the martial people, for whom it was intended. It is a fib, but so round, smooth, and varnished, as to be very well suited to the occasion. If I remember right, Hamlet does not flinch at addressing his uncle in terms of affectionate congratu-

lation. But the audience knows that these are not real, but dissembled sentiments. He subsequently plots to catch the conscience of this "well-beloved" uncle, and finally compasses his death. The modern Hamlet is not exactly a Prince of Denmark—Prince of Holland comes nearer; and his Uncle is not the King of Denmark, but ex-King of Westphalia, and his name is not Claudius but Jerome. There's the difference.

Jerome Bonaparte.

There is something ludicrous in this idea of a man making his uncle his heir; cutting your father off with a shilling, or the discharge of a master by a servant, are parallel eccentricities. Jerome has certainly less chance of being shot than his nephew, but he is more likely to die in his bed. I do not know in which of the seven ages he can be properly classed, but when he talks, he mumbles like the last of the series. But Jerome does not expect to live to be Emperor. He only wants to be kept and treated like a Prince Expectant, and is willing that his son Napoleon, who is more able to wait, should look forward to the tangible honors of the succession.

But, after all, even though the Empire may subsist beyond the death of the present Emperor, and other Bonapartes may come to the throne, it is not yet sure that either Jerome or his son will ever arrive there.

They are only designated, in case the Emperor should die, without having left a direct heir, or an adopted successor. And this brings me to the second fiction of this remarkable state paper. The Emperor "hopes that he shall be able to realise the ardent desire of the nation, and contract an alliance which will enable him to leave heirs in the direct line." And he merely puts Jerome and his line in, in case his own should fail, and he should neglect to adopt a successor. Where the Emperor has seen an expression of the "ardent desire" of the nation that he should contract an alliance, and leave direct heirs, of course it would be impossible to say. It has not been put to the vote, that I am aware of, and I do not remember that the subject was included in the last plebiscite. And I believe that no petitions have been addressed to the Senate, praying that his Majesty take a wife. However, let that pass. The nation ardently desires that the Emperor marry, and he has just been ignominiously rejected by a Princess of Baden; though for that matter the rejection was mutual. He hopes that he may be allowed by Heaven to comply with this desire, and he immediately appoints a substitute to take his place in case he should not.

This designation of a successor suggests many curious reflections. You remember that Jerome and his line were excluded from the succession by the Senatus-Consultum, and that a grave schism between the Westphalian and the Senate immediately followed; that he at once resigned the presidency of that body, retreated to the Invalides in high dudgeon, and rushed in a rage to St. Cloud to complain to the President. I remarked that it would be necessary to pacify Jerome, and that he was rapacious and grasping to the last degree. But it was not supposed that the demands of the ex-king would go the length of requiring to be placed in the line of succession. It was generally thought that the creation of the office of High Admiral for him, and the Viceroyalty of Algiers for his son, would be amply sufficient. But he has required and obtained a decree, which would ensure him the throne should the Emperor die within three months, for he will not have adopted a successor in that time.

The necessary revisions in the constitution to adapt it to an imperial *régime* have been made since my last. The most important is that which gives the Emperor the power of making tariffs and regulating the bases of commerce without consulting the Legislative Body. One of the lesser provisions gives the members of the legislature an indemnity of 500 dollars a month, or 1,500 dollars a year for the session of three months. A year ago, excellent reasons were given why the members should not have a salary. Now, equally excellent reasons are given why they should have a salary. It is impossible to keep pace with French logic. Different deductions are drawn, at different periods, from the same

premises, or distinct premises give birth to identical inferences. The constitution of last January denied the representatives any reward for their labors. The reason, doubtless, was, that Louis Napoleon knew that twenty-five francs a day had become a by-word and a reproach, owing to the wordy and babbling discussions of the late National Assembly. A slight concession was, therefore, made to public opinion. Now, however, it is discovered that the laborer is worthy of his hire; that sycophancy, like everything else, has its price, and that if the Emperor likes it, he must pay for it, or rather that if he likes it, the country must pay for it. I say nothing of the report of the committee of the Senate charged with the duty of revising the constitution. Suffice it to say, that every modification made is satisfactorily proved to be indispensable. How could it be otherwise? The Emperor sends to the committee a list of the various alterations he desires to have made, and leaves to them the duty of hunting up the necessary arguments with which to prove the opportuneness of such alterations. Perhaps it is the most ludicrous feature of the whole affair, this pompous visit of the Senate to Compiegne to convince the Emperor of the propriety of the modifications that he himself dictated, and upon whose adoption he has imperiously insisted.

The petition for return from exile received at the Tuileries, purporting to come from M. Chavoix, but declared to be a forgery by him, was drawn up and signed by his daughter, who hoped that her father would accept an amnesty thus obtained. M. Chavoix, when he denied having applied for leave to return, had learned who it was that had thus made use of his name. But he maintains that he was exiled without a shadow of right, and he cannot ask or receive favors at the hands of the present government.

As an instance of the triviality of some of our present legislation, let me mention that the new copper coins, though many thousands of them have been struck off, have not begun to circulate; the Emperor having decided that every soldier in the army shall first be supplied with at least two sous of the new currency, before the coinage be applied to its legitimate uses. The papers mention this as another proof of the Emperor's constant solicitude for the welfare of the soldiers. They are not to spend their decime, but are to keep it as a pocket piece, a memento of the giver. Whether it is to count as a part of their pay, or whether the Emperor offers it as a New Year's present, I cannot say. The whole cost, thus to supply an army of nearly half a million, is not far from ten thousand dollars.

The celebrated mayor of a suburb of Lyons, who wrote such a tremendous address to the electors last month that the Northern Powers complained to the President that such a fool should be allowed to utter

proclamations, is dead. I do not desire the death of anybody; but if people must die, I think I could receive the intelligence of the demise of the gentleman who paraphrased the Lord's Prayer with Christian resignation. For the present, however, that of M. Guilloud of Lyons will do.

The Senate is going to commit another piece of frivolity. Two hundred silver medals are to be coined, to be presented to the members of the Imperial Family, and the higher functionaries of the State. It seems that the love of medals, which dawns at the infant school, never dies out in the breast of a Frenchman. The Princess Mathilde is to have a medal. Some of the lesser functionaries are to have impresions of the same dies, but upon copper. This has the merit of cheapness, if it has no other.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

MOUNTEBANKS AND BEGGARS: GETTING A LIVING IN THE STREETS—A GREAT FLAGEOLETTIST—THE QUEEN OF THE GYPSIES—THE MAN-ORCHESTRA—THE GENTLEMAN WHO IS FLESH TO HIS WAIST AND WOOD TO HIS KNEES.

December 30th, 1852.

THE police of Paris grant 490 licences to individuals of the mountebank and begging profession: 150 to mountebanks proper:—such as administer travelling shows, and own a waggon, horses, and invest a certain amount of capital in their calling; 150 to men with hand-organs; 150 to persons that play upon other musical instruments than hand-organs; and 40 to blind men. Mendicity is not permitted, that is, the asking for money without in some way returning its value. Even the blind men offer lead pencils and friction matches. A beggar must choose his walk; there are specialities in begging as in the fine arts. If he has a droll expression of face, can tell a funny story, or can in any way entertain a crowd, he gets together a pack of cards, a few pieces of tape, and some small wooden men, and sets off for the Place du Louvre, to seek his fortune. If he has one note of music in his soul, that note seeks expansion on some broken-backed violin or some wheezing flageolet. If nature has endowed him with any pliancy of limb or suppleness of body, he spreads his carpet on some broad pavement, and tumbles himself into the public favor. If he has a little capital which his father left him to set him up in business, he buys a hand-organ or a hurdy-gurdy, and grinds his way through the world.

Bad luck to him if nature has given him none of these wondrous capabilities, or if his father has left him no money wherewith to buy his

organ. Better be blind, better be halt, disfigured in body and limb, trembling with palsy or shaking with ague, than left deserted in the streets of Paris without any other accomplishment. Better go to the wars and lose a leg, better lose eyesight, than venture upon the street in perfection of limb and health of body. So all beggars seem to think, for all that can, swell the lists of the fiddlers, the strolling mountebanks, and the tumblers. They all range themselves under the banner of music and fun, as a fitting emblem of misery and want; so that none but the utterly destitute by both nature and man are left behind—to offer letter-paper and steel-pens to the passers by. Some of these miserable beings are interesting enough to arrest the passing glance.

On the steps of a large variety store, on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, may be seen, from day to day, quite a respectable old lady, who has lost both her legs just below the thighs, and who displays in their place two large wooden appendages, which constitute her claim on the public charity. She has a violin, but she rarely turns it to account. By her side sits a blind woman, who, with her head cast down, and her hands folded on her lap, awaits the sympathies of the charitable. From her neck hangs a pasteboard placard, on which are written the following words:—"A poor blind woman, and mother of a family—without any resource." She has slate-pencils to sell. These two women sit close together, seemingly without any rivalry or ill-feeling, each waiting for that charity which their particular misfortune may excite. Perhaps the blind woman thinks to herself what a blessing it would be if she had the eyes of her lame friend; while the latter thinks she would exchange her eyesight for the strong limbs of her unhappy neighbor. Perhaps they are two sisters whom God has thus terribly afflicted, and who make of their misery a community of interest. Now that I think of it, they are not unlike in face.

Farther on, under the shadow of a projecting eave, sits an old man, who, from time immemorial, has shaken with the ague, in the same place, and dressed in the same way. He is a gray-headed man, with a tarpaulin hat coming nearly down to his eyes, and a small square box hanging from his neck. He is utterly incapable of locomotion, and is probably carried to his seat in the morning, and home in the evening, by some friend or relation. His box is quite often well lined with copper. Not far from him is a woman who has no back, and very little body, but whose legs seem to proceed directly from her neck. Nothing suggests that she is alive, except the fact that if she were dead she would not be extended on the boulevard, and the wooden box which receives the sous. She, too, is a helpless dependant on others for her daily transport from her home, if she has any, to her daily stand—or rather bed—on the

pavement. If she gets twenty sous a day, she can easily make both ends meet. A thin soup twice a day, a pound of coarse bread, and a slice of fat por to serve as butter, a bed of straw at night, are easily obtained for twenty sous, and even leave something to be laid aside against the inclemencies of the winter or a rainy day—not a metaphorical but a real rainy day, when the rain drives the beggars from the streets, and keeps the charitable at home.

In front of Drouyn de Lhuys' hôtel may be seen at night—only at night—the wretched semblance of a man, who seems to have sprouted from the ground, and to be growing there. He takes you by surprise—he comes upon you all at once. You are made suddenly aware of the presence of a head without a body: there is no preparation of feet, legs, and trunk, but the head—a bald head—seems sitting all alone by itself upon the cold stones of the pavement. You see nothing but the head and frock. An arm, however, extends a hat to every passer-by, and is rarely unsuccessful in its application. This man—if man he be—is too atrociously deformed not to excite sympathy. Everybody gives him a sou, sometimes two, and hurries away from the place.

Under many of the archways, the passages, and entrances to courtyards, are to be seen women with children in their arms, who make known to you their poverty by thrusting into your face as you pass, the inevitable sheet of note-paper, a bunch of matches, or a card of steel-pens. These are not to be purchased, but are merely to suggest to you the condition of the woman that offers them. If she does not succeed in this, she lets loose one of her older children upon you. This child is generally a smart one, and knows her business well. She looks at you carefully, and opens her battery accordingly. If you happen to have the air of a married man, walking with your wife, she wishes you all happiness in your domestic arrangements. If you are a marriageable young lady, it's a speedy husband that she wishes you, at the same time kissing her hand vehemently.

Little boys of three years old, seated on the pavement, holding a younger brother or sister in their arms, are very often seen in the less crowded streets, where they stay from morning to night with only a crust of bread to console them during the long twelve hours. All these children have a stent given them, a certain amount, which they must get or be well whipped. An able-bodied girl is rated at ten sous a day, a sick one at twelve, and a deformed or helpless one at fifteen. Their parents, who are beggars themselves, are off in some other part of the city, turning organs, or singing ballads, and towards night return to pick up their children where they left them in the morning. Chimney-sweep boys, who have no licence, but whom the police do not care to molest, never beg but in one place—outside the doors of some con-

fectioner's shop—where they stand eyeing every mouthful the visitors eat, glaring at the plumcake, and trying to magnetise the macaroons through the window-panes. These little fellows are quite successful, for it is really ungenerous to eat a franc's worth of cake and drink a glass of wine, and then refuse a sou to a black-faced urchin who has followed you through the whole, and who saw the lady of the shop give you back three cents worth of change.

There is one old gentleman, an expert with the flageolet, who, both from his age and dignified bearing, may be called the patriarch of Parisian beggars. When professionally engaged, he sits on a wooden stool, with his hat between his knees, his back turned toward the street, and his face toward the passers-by. His hat is always off, wet weather or dry, partly to serve as a contribution-box, partly to reveal a deep scar on his forehead, which suggests ideas of Napoleon's Old Guard, Austerlitz, and Marengo. He is always neatly dressed, never assuming the affectation of a ragged coat, or shoes down at heel. His white hair, thin and flowing as it is, has always an appearance of arrangement, while the whole air of the man is that of one who, unlike his brother beggars, does not pass the night in the same clothes that he whistles in during the day. His coat looks as if it was carefully folded and hung over the back of a chair, while its owner was sleeping, and one would declare that his shoes, in default of a blacking, were every night snugly put away in a corner.

At first sight, no one would suppose him to be whistling for his breakfast; we should rather imagine that he was a retired tradesman, who regaled the passers-by with the compositions of his leisure moments. Another minute, however, and it is evident that the flageolet is too shrill and shrieking to amuse anybody else, and his air of constraint forbids you to suppose that he is amusing himself. He plays from morning till night, wiping his forehead with a checked handkerchief in the intervals of his performance. He is very obsequious when he receives a sou, rising from his seat, and overwhelming the donor with benedictions. He is the same thing for one sou as for two sous charities, never saying or doing any thing in acknowledgment of the latter that he does not equally bestow upon the former.

In one instance, I was very much surprised, while passing near this old man. A gentleman dropped a ten sous piece into his hat, and walked rapidly on. I waited to see the effect. The flageolettist looked at the piece of money, seeming rather to suppose that his eyes deceived him, and that it was a hoax. So preferring to trust the sense of touch to that of sight, he put out his hand to take it. He was evidently amazed to find that it became obedient to his fingers, and that he could hold it and feel its weight, as he could hardly have done had it

been an illusion. He looked round for his benefactor, and finding that he was a long way off, began to think that he had not behaved well for one of Napoleon's Old Guard, and commenced growing red in the face. Two or three persons had stopped near him, anxious to see the end of the joke; and as the old gentleman thought he was in a scrape, and hardly knew how to get out of it, he seized his flageolet, and began playing most violently the sailor's polka, pretending that his redness of face was caused by the exertions rendered necessary by the difficulties of the instrument. After this adventure, he soon packed up his flute and stool, for ten sous; added to what he had already gained during the morning, probably made out his stent for the day. But the next morning he resumed his seat opposite the Café de Paris, and probably found the day a dull one compared with the day before.

There is another old gentleman somewhat celebrated in the public music line, who has his stand under the trees in the Champs Elysées.

The Man-Orchestra.

If this person had not been born a beggar, he would have been a Musard, or a Strauss, such an idea has he of monster bands, superb combinations, and grand effects. He plays upon four instruments at once, to which he sometimes adds his voice. His principal instrument is the violin or guitar, which serves as a sort of ground-work for the others. It is the fabric upon which the others are embroidered. These others are the triangle, the reed-pipe, and the sleigh bells. The triangle hangs from his elbow, and he strikes it against a poker fastened to

his girdle, in a way peculiarly his own. The reeds are fixed in front of his mouth, which he slides along the instrument in search of the note required; the sleigh bells he wears as a crown upon his head. It is only at the conclusion of grand pieces that he introduces all these instruments at once. This is done by a spasmodic action of the whole body—head, arms, thighs, legs, and knees, having each their appropriate share in the work. He usually begins with the violin alone, bringing in the triangle at the *aria*, the reeds at the *andante*, and the sleigh bells at the *rondo*, arriving only at the junction of the whole at the *finale*. It is to be lamented, however, that so vast an appliance of means should result in so little sound; for it cannot be concealed that the triangle drowns the violin, that the reeds drown the triangle, and that the sleigh bells drown every thing else; so that the sleigh bells have the *finale* all to themselves; and this grand exhibition of a man working away for dear life at shaking a set of bells, conveys but a very feeble idea of the manner in which a horse shakes *his* bells down Broadway, a fine morning in January. I have no doubt that the same amount of physical force, properly applied, would turn a large windmill, and thus save the wind a great deal of labor.

On the Place de la Madeleine may be seen, nearly every day when it does not rain, the Queen of the Gipsies of Paris. She is rather old for a queen, but quite young for a gipsy. She has seen sixty-five summers. She has an organ, the key-board of which contains only two octaves, but these are fully sufficient for all the uses of the performer. She only plays tunes of remarkably small compass, for the upper and lower notes have long since expired. She could play Yankee Doodle tolerably well, being a tune which says a good deal in a few words. But the organ has one too few notes to play "Hail, Columbia." She would break down in the middle for want of a *do*. Imagine, if you can, an instrument that cannot play "Hail, Columbia!" This lady, when performing, does not look at her fingers—she peers up from under her cap at all the passers-by, ready to suppose, upon the slightest movement of an arm, that it is seeking for small coin in a pantaloon pocket or a velvet bag. No one can pass her without seeing that great green eye.

On fine days she adds the charms of her voice to those of the organ; and it may safely be said that her vocal organ is as much dilapidated as her instrumental one. She sings ballads and airs from operas; but her manner of blowing the organ is far more curious than her style of playing. You are at some distance from her, for instance, and you only see her; you cannot hear her, in the least,—she, like the gentleman with the sleigh bells, making very little sound. You see her working away with her feet upon two pedals underneath the instrument, and as you hear no noise, it never occurs to you that music is the end of it all—you think it

must be locomotion that she is striving after. She appears to be an invalid who has invented a machine that goes by a crank, and who is taking an airing on the broad pavements which surround the Madeleine. You stop some time, and finding that the machine still remains stationary, you imagine that it is only gathering force for a start, and that it will rush at you all of a sudden, and take you off your feet. You unconsciously get out of its way. But you are undeceived by seeing a gentleman give her a sou. It is impossible to believe that a sick woman would receive charity in the public streets, and you are forced to believe that it is music, although you cannot hear it. This old lady has quite a reputation in her way, and is sometimes jestingly called the organist of the Madeleine.

The *wonderful flute-player*, as he styles himself, requires to be seen to be appreciated. He is, like all other men, composed of flesh and bones, except that part of him which is wood and leather. The relative proportions of these two ingredients no one knows. The most accurate calculation, however, supposes him flesh to his waist, and wood to his knees, where he suddenly comes to an end. His principal performance consists in standing on one hand, his legs in the air, and playing the flute with the other hand. He has a great nack at telling stories, and when he is tired of his gymnastic exercises, he amuses his audience with his drolleries. His favorite narrative is that of his attempting to procure an engagement at the Grand Opera, where they told him that he was too short; but that he would do well to try the Champs Elysées, where he would undoubtedly succeed. "It is with you, gentlemen and ladies, to say whether I shall succeed or not. I consider two sous a great success, while three will put me in a condition to consider the Grand Opera a humbug. Walk up, gentlemen—liards not refused."

These four individuals may be said to be the most prominent Paris beggars. The whole four are musicians, or rather call in the aid of music to assist them in their precarious trade. It is the gayest of the sciences that thus lends a hand to these wretches through the world. Strange that the sound of a violin, a flute, or a hand-organ in the street should so suggest the idea of misery, want, blindness, or unprotected old age thus stalking from house to house in search of food and raiment. What Tom Moore said of the harp will never be said of the violin:—

> "The harp that once in Tara's halls
> The soul of music shed,
> Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
> As if that soul were dead."

The violin will never cease its vibrations till misery ceases from off

the earth; as long as hunger demands its daily bread, and the human body a protection from the winds of heaven, so long will its echo in the streets proclaim that the millennium is not yet come.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR—JEROME GETS ANOTHER OFFICE—DOMINIQUE BOULO'S VISITING CARD—ANOTHER BONAPARTE.

January 6th, 1853.

NEW Year's-day was spent merrily at the Tuileries. The Emperor was far from well, but was on his feet nearly twelve hours. He received the compliments of his civil and military household, heard mass at the chapel of the palace, and at eleven went to the reception room, where all the functionaries of high and low degree were successively presented, —the marshals and admirals first, and then the diplomatic corps. After them came all the constituted bodies, down to the collectors of the octroi duties, and Philarete Chasles. In the evening, there was a reception of ladies, and the Emperor did not escape to his apartments till past eleven o'clock.

Jerome Bonaparte, being the designated successor to the crown, cannot, of course, hold any position involving responsibility and subordination. He cannot, therefore, continue Governor of the Invalides,—for in that capacity he is sometimes called upon to make a speech to the wooden legs, and sign bargains for the supply of wine and candles for the year. And yet he cannot quit this post of duty, as the ashes of his brother, the Emperor, have been confided to his care. In the beautiful language of the *Moniteur*, referring to this delicate subject, "he cannot abdicate these pious functions." On the one hand, he cannot continue Governor of the Invalides, and on the other, he must continue so. Here was a dilemma, from which nothing could have delivered us but the inventive genius of the Emperor. He immediately made Jerome *Honorary* Governor of the Invalides, and somebody else Governor. Thus was the difficulty at once avoided.

Louis Napoleon was taken sick at Compiegne, and for some hours the household were much alarmed. The chances of the possibility of establishing Jerome were earnestly canvassed, but the application of leeches saved us from that miserable realisation. I will not undertake to say how many times the Emperor was shot at during his sojourn at the North; every day brought forth some new revolver or infernal machine. The papers are never allowed to mention any illness or indisposition of the Emperor's, in the present tense. They are never

permitted to say, the Emperor *is* sick. When he has recovered, the intelligence is made public. So that those who are not in the way of hearing verbal news, learn of his convalescence before they heard of his being unwell. The *Moniteur* is less scrupulous when Jerome's maladies are concerned, and announced the other day, with a painful bluntness, that that gentleman was in bed with the grippe, and could not receive on Wednesday evening. He may have been too sick to see company, but he was not too sick to see Cerrito, and was present at the *rentreé* of that delightful danseuse, in the new ballet of Orfa.

The *Moniteur* appeared on the 1st of January in the form of the large dailies. The object is to print four pages instead of eight. But if this has any advantage, it will be more than counterbalanced by the unwieldiness of the bound volume. The *Moniteur* is a paper of which you must keep a file, and as a quarto, it was not more clumsy than a cyclopædia or dictionary. I tremble to think of the accumulation of mammoth folios I shall have next January. I have no arrangement for pulleys and hoisting machinery at my rooms, and am really quite unhappy at this change wrought in the weight and portability of the official journal. Put yourself in my situation; what would you say if you had to bind the Journal of Commerce? and yet it would be rather a pleasure than otherwise to collect the Boston Transcript, and put it up in yearly volumes. Half the merit of the *Moniteur* lay in the fact that being the smallest paper in Paris, it spoke the loudest, made its voice heard the farthest, and stirred up the longest and most lingering echoes.

The post-office has distributed visiting cards this year, for the first time, at one sou apiece. New Year's calls are almost universally paid by cards; and the quantity sent, you may well imagine, is enormous. To obtain the services of the post-office, you must not seal the envelope containing the card—the clerks wishing to learn by ocular observation whether the missive is really a card to be charged one sou, or a note to be charged three. They will seal it themselves after inspection. The wretched post-office carriers were completely cheated out of their holiday; for the accumulation of cards was such every hour, that it became impossible to let them lie over till the next day. New postage stamps of one sou were engraved for the occasion—as, of course, prepayment in such a case is indispensable. A card delivered in this way has anything but an elegant appearance when it arrives at its destination. A stamp, the heavy impression upon this stamp to annul it, the date and hour of the delivery in blue, and on the back a common red wafer—for I take it for granted the post-office will not furnish transparent ones—do not at all impress the recipient with the idea that it came by a servant in livery. In short, the post-office is anything but a choice medium of delivery for New Year's calls—it is so very far removed from going in person.

Still there are people enough to employ it to render it a profitable enterprise for the office.

On this anniversary, among the cards left at my room was one which deserves special mention. It was thus conceived—

DOMINIQUE BOULO
Nature de Christ.

The first line is the name of the individual, the second is his profession. I remembered having seen the man somewhere, and was at no loss to translate the Biblical allusion under his name. But I doubt whether the best

Nature de Christ.

French scholar in America can translate it in a week. It means simply this: M. Boulo is a model for painters, and sits by preference for the head of our Saviour. He is a professor of Christ-nature, and he puts it on his card. I cannot tell you how many times this man has suffered on the cross; how many times he has risen from the dead; I have seen him wearing the crown of thorns, and kissing the traitor Judas. Some years ago, he stood for the apostles, for St. Peter and St. Paul; but being ambitious, he has succeeded in gaining the highest position known in the model's profession.

A gentleman by the name of Septimo Centamor, writes to the papers to prove himself a member of the Bonaparte family. At first sight, it would seem as unlikely that a Centamor could be a Bonaparte, as that a

Smith could be a Plantagenet. However, he urges quite satisfactory reasons, and perhaps the report of M. Troplong and the Senatus-Consultum will be modified so as to let M. Centamor in. I do not know whether he wishes to be put upon the line of succession, or simply to receive an allowance from the State. He is certainly entitled to the medal to be distributed to all the members of the Imperial Family, and this will doubtless satisfy his most lofty ambition.

CHAPTER LXXX.

A CHAPTER ON THE CLAQUE, AND THE SELECT COMPANY UNDER THE CHANDELIER.

January 13th, 1853.

I HAVE this week a piece of news of real importance to communicate. The *claque*, or hired applause at theatres, is to be abolished. No one

The Claque.

who has not lived long in Paris, can at all understand the difficulties in

the way of this measure, just adopted by the government, or properly to appreciate its import and drift. The subject is so interesting, that I make no apology for going somewhat into detail. The *claque* is an institution of fifty years standing. It originated at the Comedie Française, in 1804, and grew out of the fierce rivalry between the two celebrated tragediennes of that period, M'lle George and M'lle Duchesnois. Violent cabals were formed, the public sided with one party or the other, and knots of clappers, espousing the interest of this actress or of that, were to be seen in various parts of the theatre. The Emperor Napoleon, with whom M'lle George was a favorite, was anxious to see her triumph; and for this reason the government did not interfere. By degrees the excitement died away, but as the theatre emerged from the contest, the *claque* was found to be definitively established in the centre of the pit, under the chandelier, where it has remained to the present day. The institution spread and was adopted in every theatre in Paris, except the Italian Opera, where, I believe, it was never introduced.

The *claque* of the Grand Opera consists of about forty persons, seated closely together in the pit, immediately behind the leader or fugleman. This man has received the directions of the manager, taken the bribes of such of the actors as are foolish enough to pay for extra salvos, and has constantly attended the rehearsals. He knows when to applaud, and whom to applaud. It is he that commences the calling for the name of the author on first nights; it is he that calls the artists before the curtain after successful performances. The niceties of the profession are carried to such an extent, that I have heard the *claque* murmur their delight, instead of shouting it; I have seen the fugleman give the signal for a shudder, and then all his host would shudder in unison. To a spectator in the boxes, new to Paris and Frenchmen, this passes as a genuine demonstration. He supposes the energetic applauders in the pit to be the real critics, and their approval to be heartfelt and spontaneous.

It is not easy to discover from what class the claqueurs are taken. They hang round the theatre at nightfall, and the leader knows where to lay his hands upon them. They are not always paid as you may suppose. On the contrary, they give their services in return for a ticket at half-price—at least this is often the practice. Sometimes, in very hot weather, the fugleman is obliged to admit his men for nothing. He himself is paid by his employers, who are not the managers of the theatre, but a company doing business under the title of "Loriat et Cie., *Entreprise de Succès dramatiques.*" This company treats with the managers, and the fugleman is of their sending. The *claque* is introduced into the theatre by a private door a quarter of an hour before the audience is admitted, and thus has time to

seat itself in serried, concentrated columns before the public proper arrive.

I remember that just after the Republic, on the occasion of a first representation of a comedy at the Français, I applied at the box-office for a ticket, and found every place hopelessly disposed of. I bethought myself of the *chef de claque*, who kept a book-stall round the corner. I applied to him for a claqueur's ticket, being determined to get in. The price to the pit was at that time forty-four sous. He consented to enrol me in his battalion for the night, for a round five-franc piece. We were admitted through a narrow entrance, and found the house entirely empty. The fugleman was in a good deal of excitement, for being a first night, a heavy responsibility weighed upon him. I never shall forget two awful glances that he levelled at me, when he found I did not follow his lead, but went off on private salutes of my own. As soon as I could safely do it, I left the charming company with which I had entered, and found a more independent position just outside the circle.

I think I can safely say that the *claque* is agreeable to no one but itself. The claqueurs, who are paid, or get free or cheap admissions by it, of course think the institution a capital one. But of the four parties specially concerned, authors, actors, managers, and audience, I never heard of any one that would not be glad to dispense with it, if possible. It is doubtless true that there are authors in Paris who have been forced upon the public by the *claque*. An audience rarely quarrels with the claqueurs, and generally allows them entire discretion. If, therefore, the abolition of this sort of applause draw after it the disgrace of certain inferior authors, the public will be so much the gainer. To the actor, the *claque* may be as hostile as it may be favorable, for if an artist may buy applause for himself, he may buy silence or hisses for a rival. Several first-rate actors would have been ruined by the *claque's* hostility in the last five years, had not the audience come to their rescue. A serious fight grew out of one affair of this kind. To the manager, the *claque* is an expense which he would be glad to avoid, if he thought the audience would applaud were it withdrawn. The general idea is that the public is too indolent to make any manifestation. To the audience, the *claque* is a most unmitigated nuisance, if not a downright insult. I cannot doubt that it will be so much delighted with the proposed change, that it will applaud with its heart in its hands. I am going to the theatre myself to-night, and hope to find some excuse for a little healthy exercise of the palms, in which I have not indulged since I learned that if you wish to applaud, you must sit under the chandelier.

The adoption of the measure was notified to the managers last

Thursday. It caused a terrible commotion in the wine-shops and stalls where the claqueurs cluster at sunset. The utter downfall and ruin of all the theatres in the capital was unanimously predicted. One pompous fugleman suggested that the whole fraternity should unite and address a memorial to the Minister of the Interior. Just think of a remonstrance presented to M. de Persigny by the claqueurs of Paris! The project was abandoned upon the fear expressed by another fugleman, that the petition and the petitioners would be ejected out of the nearest window into the nearest gutter. They fully expect to be soon reinstated in their functions.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

EUGENIE DE MONTIJO — PARIS TALKS SCANDAL — THE MINISTRY THREATENS TO RETIRE, BUT THINKS BETTER OF IT.

January 20th, 1853.

THE most startling fact of the week is the Emperor's determination to marry M'lle de Montijo, a Spanish lady, to whom he has paid great attention during the last two months. The sensation created in the circles where the circumstances have become known is extraordinary. Louis Napoleon's friends, and those who are in the habit of speaking freely to him, have exhausted every argument of dissuasion, and even of menace. It seems positive that he will not be able to obtain any daughter of a royal house; and this position is familiarly termed a *blocus matrimonial*—a matrimonial blockade. On the other hand, he is seriously in love with the Senora Montijo, who will yield on no consideration but marriage. He refuses to listen to advice, and his friends find it perfectly unavailing to represent to him that an Emperor does not marry to satisfy a passion, but to consolidate the State. The enemies of Louis Napoleon are in raptures, for they hope that disastrous results may spring from a *faux pas* of this character.

M'lle de Montijo is now the universal topic of conversation, and out of perhaps a hundred persons with whom I have spoken in the past day or two on the subject, not one but mentions her in terms of very light appreciation, if not of positive disrespect. Even if we pass over serious and damaging assertions, it is asked, and certainly with force, if it be possible that the daughter of a mother so notorious can have grown up without inheriting a portion of her lax morals. I do not consider it necessary to repeat or believe any of the stories which are rife at her expense. Their existence and prevalence, however, show in what light she is regarded. As to the antecedents of the mother, they are, un-

happily but too well known. The presence, indeed, of this young countess at Compiegne, with the corrupt set that were assembled together there, is a circumstance very much against her. Unmarried ladies of prudence and good position do not make visits under such auspices upon the continent; and when it became known in Paris that the beautiful Montijo was a visitor at that country-seat, that she followed the hounds with the Emperor, every body supposed her a candidate at once for the very dubious honor of becoming queen of the imperial harem. That a person of this character, or of this supposed character, of foreign birth and mixed parentage, should become Empress of the French, seems positively beyond belief. I saw a gentleman yesterday, who said he expected every moment to wake up and find it all a ridiculous dream.*

The ministry went through the form of handing in their resignation. They were not sincere, however, for the Emperor gave them time to reflect, and they did not renew their offer of giving up their title, salary, and consideration. What would these men do were they to retire from the cabinet? What would become of M. Bineau, should he be restored to private life? He would sink into insignificance, and would hardly again emerge from it. What could Fortoul do, without a ministry to support him? St. Arnaud would only be remembered as a poor actor in the suburbs of Paris, under the name of Florival. Inferior men like these, who do not represent a principle, have of course none to lose —they are not the exponents of any particular policy, and are not very likely to resign for any reasons of principle abandoned or policy departed from.

Apropos of the hesitation in the cabinet, the *Moniteur* says:—

"Rumors are current among the public of ministerial dissensions; these rumors are false, and there are no thoughts of modifications in the cabinet."

Now, with all deference to the official individuals who drew up these emphatic little paragraphs, it seems to me that something like this would have been better:—

"The rumors current among the public of changes in the cabinet are unfounded. It is true that the abruptness of the announcement of the

* It may be well here to state, that the exasperation and disgust of the public were speedily dispelled, and that the Empress has since become as popular and as much respected as any lady raised by Louis Napoleon to the throne could hope to become. Still, no language is too strong to characterise the dissatisfaction and outcry occasioned, at the time, by the announcement of the intended alliance. It must be remembered, however, that such is the state of morals, that the present popularity of the Empress does not necessarily imply a disbelief of all the stories circulated at her expense at the time of her marriage.

Emperor's marriage caused some momentary hesitation, which was happily conquered by the explanations offered by his majesty."

This looks timid, however. I am not sure that a plump falsehood is not more politic and statesman-like; especially when no one will dare to contradict you. At any rate, every one knows it is a falsehood, for every one is aware that Fortoul and Bineau, and so on, thought of resigning, till they remembered their salary and their perquisites, and that then they thought better of it.

The Emperor sent for young Napoleon, his cousin, yesterday, told him that he was to be married, and asked him if he had yet fixed his own choice. The latter replied that he had, upon the Princess Wagram. The Emperor approved it, and the two marriages will take place at the same time.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

THE EMPEROR EXPLAINS TO THE SENATE ABOUT HIS MARRIAGE—MR. AND MRS. WAGRAM—A BIG PIE—A GENTLEMAN APPARELLED IN THE NEW COSTUME.

January 24th, 1853.

THE address of the Emperor to the Senate, on the subject of his marriage, has caused, to a certain extent, a reaction in his favor. It has, of course, been the subject of endless commentary. The passage most condemned is that referring to the Duchess of Orleans. It is universally felt that it was unnecessary to insult the Orleans family, in the person of one who is a woman, a widow, and an exile. The allusion to her being a Protestant, and the declaration that her marriage with the Duke grieved the country on account of this difference of religion, is unpopular, as the people are tired of such continual truckling to the priesthood. The allusions to the people and to the army were to be expected.

The passage in which the Emperor styles himself a *parvenu* will have an immense success in the provinces. It is bold, striking, and original in the highest degree. I hope it will put an end to the laughable efforts of the *Pays* and *Patrie* to discover for the lady a royal ancestry. If the Emperor is a *parvenu*, there certainly is no further necessity for ennobling the lady, or for giving her a large number of titles which she can put to no use. Let her insist upon being a *parvenue*, also; when she becomes Empress, no one will care about remembering that she was a "grandee of Spain of the first class," or that she moved in the best society in Madrid. The most suggestive passage of the address is this:—

"I prefer a woman whom I love and respect to an unknown lady whose alliance would have been mingled with sacrifices. Without expressing disdain for any one, I yield to my inclinations, but not without consulting my reason and my convictions."

People ask themselves and each other why, if the Emperor thinks a royal alliance so undesirable, he ever sought for one; why he courted the Princess Wasa from a distance and by proxy; and why he took it so much to heart when she jilted him. But the country at large knows nothing about the Princess Wasa. Her name has never been mentioned in any French paper in connexion with the Emperor. Ninety-nine hundredths of the whole population will never know that the Emperor marries M'lle de Montijo, after having knocked in vain at several palace doors.

The peroration assures the Senate, that when they know the Empress, they will acknowledge that "this time again he has been inspired by Providence." An unbeliever might ask when was the first time he was so inspired, but let that pass. To the body of the nation the Emperor will seem to have chosen his Empress under the influence of the sentiments and principles expressed in this address. Few will know or remember that the discourse was an adroit invention, to palliate and dignify a choice already decided upon, dictated by passion, and unsupported by one single suggestion of policy.

But all this will be at once forgotten, in the splendor of her position. The city of Paris is to give her a diamond necklace of the value of 600,000 francs; she is to wear Josephine's crown; she is to have ladies of honor, and veneurs and equerries and almoners, etc., like any real Empress; she inhabits a palace already, and as the Emperor said in his speech, will pray with him for the prosperity of France. Paris is getting somewhat over its indignation, though the bankers have lost confidence in the sound judgment of Louis Napoleon. Perhaps, said a man deep in railroads, he will some day take it in his head to commit suicide, and if he makes up his mind to do it nothing on earth can stop him.

There is no doubt that our fair sovereign is a woman of wit. The Royal party were one day playing at blind-man's-buff at Compiegne. The Emperor, who was the blind man, caught the Spaniard, and in guessing at her name, placed a crown of flowers upon her head. "Sire," she said, "this crown is too light." She was thinking of a heavier one, and, in fact, Josephine's *is* heavier.

Poor Napoleon Jerome! I told you in my last that his marriage would take place at the same time with his cousin's. So he thought a week ago; but he knows now that it will not take place at all—at least with the Princess Wagram. Mr. and Mrs. Wagram do not want him.

To console him for this disappointment, the Emperor has made him General of Division!! His military experience has been confined to what he might obtain as a lieutenant of artillery! The offices and honors heaped upon Jerome, father, and Jerome Napoleon, son, are really becoming onerous. If Pius IX. should die, I should expect to see Jerome made Pope.

The Empress will not appear in society till she appears at her own palace as its mistress. The balls, therefore, which were to have taken place between now and then are postponed until after the great event. The provider of the solid portion of the supper for the ball to have taken place at the Luxembourg to-morrow night, offers an enormous supply of meat pies, hams, patés de foie gras, cold chickens, sandwiches, etc., for what they will bring. The ball is put off for a fortnight. I ought to know something about the reduction in prices, for I bought this morning a magnificent chateau of crust, containing among other things the four and twenty blackbirds composing the famous dainty dish so fit to be set before a king. I paid but fifteen francs for it, and Madame Potel showed me where it was charged to the Grand Referendaire at forty-five. A select party make merry over it to-night.

Sarda Garriga, the government commissary at Cayenne, has been recalled in disgrace. You remember that he celebrated the 15th of August by giving the convicts a dinner and ball. At the banquet a well-known murderer made a speech in favor of the *coup d'état*. He approved highly of that rigorous and bloody proceeding. Ever since that, it has been the opinion of the Minister of Marine that M. Garriga is incompetent. His successor has sailed.

I regret to say that the project of abolishing the *claque* or hired applause in theatres has utterly failed. The silence was subterranean, and I am bound to acknowledge that the absence of the *claque* was worse than its presence. The directors of the twenty theatres have received official notice that the interdict laid upon the institution is withdrawn. The legions resumed their place last night under the twenty chandeliers, and, as I can testify, made up amply for lost time.

Oh! if you could but see your humble servant in the new costume, at the Tuileries, spite of the respect you naturally feel for him as your Paris correspondent, you would be moved to laughter. Shoes, silk stockings, tights, a waistcoat with lappets, a velvet coat with a standing collar, and, worse than all, a cocked-hat and a sword;—such is this marvellous *tout ensemble*. The sight of one's self in it suggests a fancy ball at once—but when you are delivered at the Tuileries, you rather incline to the idea of amateur theatricals. There is a man dressed as an Emperor, but neither looking the part nor acting it; there is a man in the habit of a marshal of France, but whose thick, uncouth proportions

remind you of the strong man at the circus, who catches cannon-balls on the nape of his neck; there are small men seeking to pass for great men; bad men striving to look like good men; and women of loose character, though of high rank, putting on the semblance of virtue and morality. If by any chance there are decent people there, they are assimilated to the rest by the garments they are compelled to assume. If you never thought so before, your fancy dress convinces you now, that the whole thing is a play—not perhaps a farce, for it is not intended as a joke—but a tragedy, with Shales or some other poor stick in the principal character. He means what he does in good earnest, but many of the audience take it in jest. The *claque* is vigorous and indefatigable—but the uninterested spectators sigh for a turnip or an orange, as the most energetic mode of expressing their unbought opinion.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

BENEDICT, THE MARRIED MAN—A GRAND CEREMONY AT NOTRE DAME—A DISMAL ILLUMINATION—CRASH-TOWEL HANDKERCHIEFS.

February 3rd, 1853.

MR. and MRS. BONAPARTE are spending the honeymoon at St. Cloud—or, as I ought to say, the honey-week—for it is to the compass of seven days that the wedding absence has been diminished. To reduce the events of the last sennight to the compass of a letter, is a task of no small difficulty. They might be appropriately called the seven ages, with so many incidents and adventures are they crammed—the civil marriage at the Tuileries, the religious marriage at Notre Dame, the departure for St. Cloud, the acclamations of the multitude (according to the *Patrie*), the illumination of Paris (if you believe the *Moniteur*), and the rejoicings of France far and wide (if we can trust the *Constitutionnel*). The details of the wedding alone occupy eight columns in the latter journal. Of course, I must reduce this to its lowest proportions. You cannot expect anything more than the tongue of the peacock, although the gaudy bird has been taking especial pains of late to show us the brilliancy of his plumage, and the magnificence of his tail.

On Saturday night, the 29th of January, at eight o'clock, the Grand Master of Ceremonies arrived at the Elysée, with two court carriages, to conduct the imperial bride to the Tuileries. She was received there by the imperial family, who conducted her into the presence of the bridegroom. Louis Napoleon was surrounded by admirals, cardinals, marshals, ministers, and the corps diplomatique. The two processions mingled into one, and proceeded to the Salle des Maréchaux, the scene

of the civil ceremony. Achille Fould, Minister of State, was the officiator. He asked both the bride and bridegroom the question usual in such cases: Do you, N., take this woman, etc. etc. They both replied that they did, and Mr. Fould then declared them to be united in marriage. The grand register was then signed by their Majesties, and afterwards by everybody else. There were no less than eighty-nine signatures appended to the instrument.

Their Majesties then retired.

Their Majesties soon appeared again, having doubtless taken a small instalment of the joys supposed to be consequent upon ceremonials of the sort. A concert took place at the theatre of the palace, to which the whole company repaired. The diplomatic corps occupied the boxes, and the senators the pit. The *claque* was composed of admirals, cardinals, and that sort of persons, and was led by the Minister of Police. Roger and Tedesco sang a cantata, composed for the occasion; the orchestra executed the overture to Guillaume Tell, and the performance concluded with a grand chorus. Mrs. B. was then re-conducted to the Elysée, in the same state as before. When I say "state," you will understand "magnificence," "ceremony." In the other sense of the word "state," the expression would be inaccurate—for she came a maiden and went away a wife.

At half-past eleven the next day, the Empress' cortège left the Elysée again for the Tuileries and Notre Dame. The lady was composed, but very pale. There was a large crowd, and she bowed repeatedly; but I saw no one return the salutation. Not a hat was raised, not a *vira* uttered, not a handkerchief waved. The only sentiment manifested was curiosity. I saw none of the "sympathetic respect,' or "ardent adhesion," that the reporter of the *Patrie*, who was not there, discovered. The Empress was received again in the Salle des Maréchaux by the Emperor, and at a quarter-past twelve the procession left the palace. A strong detachment of military led the way; then came three squadrons of dragoons, the carriages of the ministers, the households of the Princess Mathilde and of the Empress. A squadron of guides closed this part of the procession. Next came a carriage, drawn by six horses, containing the household of the Emperor; another, also drawn by six horses, containing the Princess Mathilde; a third, with six horses, containing the elder and younger Jerome. Then followed the state-carriage, drawn by eight bay horses, and—allow me for this occasion to adopt the type-setting of the *Moniteur*—containing

L'EMPEREUR,
L'IMPERATRICE.

The carriage was the one which was used by Napoleon I., and was of rather a quaint shape to modern eyes. The two leaders were

Eugénie Empress of French.

mounted by postillions, and grooms held the bridles of the other horses. A marshal of France rode at either door. The rear was brought up by a brilliant staff of generals, aides-de-camp, and orderly officers of his Majesty.

The route was sparsely decorated. It lay through the new Rue de Rivoli, which is not yet inhabited, and could not naturally offer much ornament. The Louvre, Hotel de Ville, and the bridge, were, of course, hung with banners and streamers. The latter bore, for the most part, the letters "N." and "N. E.," which were meant for Napoleon and Eugenie, but which looked amazingly as if meant to indicate the direction of the wind. The streets in this part of the city are generally narrow, which perhaps caused the crowd to appear larger than it really was; but I think I have never seen a more dense mass of people than was collected along the line. I never before saw people so willing to put up with indifferent places, to look round corners, and through chinks and crannies—in case they could do no better—than on this occasion. Many positively risked their lives upon the scaffoldings of the unfinished houses in the street, and upon the almost crumbling walls of those that were in course of demolition. The curiosity to get a glimpse of the Empress was immense—but there was no cheering, nothing but a hum of suppressed exclamations, as the imperial chariot appeared in sight.

The old cathedral was magnificently adorned, both inside and out. A spacious canopy had been raised over the grand entrance and two side doors, to receive the imperial pair. It was painted in the style of the mediæval ages—green largely predominating. Above this, long streamers of green velvet floated in the wind; upon them were the letters "N. E.," and as the breeze was thus indicated to come from the north-east, they sailed off towards the south-west. Higher than all, the old towers were completely covered with gold brocade. This front entrance was reserved for their Majesties and the diplomatic corps. The numerous side-doors were for the various categories of invited guests, furnished with tickets of different colors.

To describe the appearance of the interior as it should be described, my space will not permit. Crimson velvet, gilt eagles, green drapery, ermine, gold lace, green velvet studded with golden stars, garlands and festoons of flowers, were employed in unstinted profusion, to transform the severe architecture of the cathedral, and to cause it to assume as gay an air as the occasion required. A forest of chandeliers, holding 20,000 wax candles, was suspended from the arched roof. The immense nave had been divided into aisles, tribunes, etc., expressly for the occasion. The church was extremely cold, although huge braziers had been burning under the side galleries since the day before.

The Archbishop of Paris officiated. When the great bell began to ring—the signal of their Majesties' approach—he advanced along the aisle, followed by his clergy. He received LL. MM. at the portal, and offered them the piece of the true cross to kiss, which Notre Dame preserves as its most sacred relic. Four ecclesiastics then held a dais over the imperial pair, and sheltered by this awning, they advanced up the church. Opera-glasses were now levelled at the Empress from every pair of eyes in the Cathedral. She was very pale, and looked neither to the right nor to the left. The masters of ceremonies showed the different persons comprising the *cortège* to the seats assigned them. The First Almoner held the Emperor's prayer-book, and the Grand Chamberlain his hat.

On the commencement of the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom proceeded to the foot of the altar, and gave each other the right hand. The questions and answers now followed in quick succession. A vast deal of mummery, with wax tapers and Paters, holy water and censers, was then gone through with. A choir of 600 sang the Domine Salvum. The register was again signed by the principal parties concerned. Then the master of ceremonies intimated to the blushing couple that the performance was over. The dowager Montijo wept abundantly, it appears.

The procession reached the Tuileries at a quarter to three. The Empress was showered with bouquets by the everlasting Dames de la Halle. A vast crowd collected in the garden, and about half an hour afterwards, their Majesties appeared on the balcony. The Emperor took the hand of the Empress, and saluting the people, presented her to them as his true and lawful bride. Hardly one raised his voice or lifted his hat. The silence was painful, and I should have been glad to have led a hearty cheer myself, to have relieved her from her mortifying position. She seemed to shrink back, as if chilled by the coldness of the welcome. The Emperor was visibly moved, and drew her back into the palace. The Americans who saw this scene, express themselves as pained by it; and wonder that the nation that prides itself on being *la plus polie de la terre*, could ever have committed an act so little in accordance with its pretensions.

The illumination in the evening was ghastly. It was certainly the most decided of the many failures of the kind since the advent of Louis Napoleon. The Elysée had been dressed in light by the Municipal Council; the Hotel de Ville was edged with jets of gas, and the more prominent public buildings were trimmed with fire; but the unofficial decoration was more scanty than ever before. I saw a block of eight-story houses in the most frequented portion of the Boulevards, with perhaps a hundred windows on the front, with one undecided glimmering transparency hanging from an upper balcony. I do not know whe-

ther this was meant in derision or not, but it looked very much like it. However, their Majesties were in blissful ignorance of the cool enthusiasm of their loving subjects, for they had left several hours before for St. Cloud.

When speaking of the procession, just now, I might have mentioned an incident furnished me by an eye-witness:—The National Guard were forming the hedge along the route; a superior officer thus addressed them: "When the Empress passes, put your caps on the point of your bayonets, shake them in the air, and shout 'Vive l'Imperatrice!' The Emperor will not be jealous. These are the orders of the General." So he went along the line, repeating these directions. When her Majesty passed, not a man took off his cap; not a man uttered a Viva! Every spectator of the scene has similar accounts to give of his experience.

The Empress did not accept the diamond necklace of 600,000 francs offered her by the city of Paris; she requested that the sum might be devoted to works of charity. This is Louis Napoleonic all over; and I understand that the Municipal Council received orders to vote the sum in question, that her Majesty might graciously request its employment in objects of benevolence. The Empress' jewels are, therefore, less numerous than they would otherwise have been. But the diamonds upon the binding of her prayer-book alone are worth 20,000 francs.

The two dressmakers in renown were charged with her ladyship's gowns; M'lle Vigneron with the day dresses, and M'lle Palmyre with those of the evening. Thirty-four were finished by the former on Saturday night, and twenty-four by the latter. To describe them is out of the question.

The pocket-handkerchiefs made for the Empress cost 2,000 francs apiece. The embroidery was so thick that the handkerchief, to the touch, seemed as heavy as a crash-towel. Not one thread of the original fabric was left—like the jack-knife that, by dint of new blades and new handles, became another jack-knife altogether.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

THE HONEY-WEEK: A CROWD OF INSURGENTS PARDONED IN CONSEQUENCE—THE DRAMATISTS OF UNCLE TOM HAVE A SINGULAR IDEA OF AMERICAN GEOGRAPHY—FRENCH NOTIONS ON VELVET, YELLOW, KISSING, AND TETE-A-TETES.

February 7th, 1853.

THE honey-week has been unattended with important events. The happy pair have been uninterrupted in their sylvan retreat. The Emperor has been to Paris but once, and of course nothing could be expected to happen at such an inopportune moment. He appears from time to time at the Bois de Boulogne in an open carriage with the Empress, followed by another open carriage, containing the four ladies of the palace. The promenaders treat them with indifference. Everybody must have satisfied his curiosity on the day of the procession to Notre Dame, for her Majesty has nearly ceased to create a sensation. She passes almost unnoticed, and the Parisians, from the most excitable and vivacious of people, are rapidly becoming the most impassible. The squibs continue, however, and many of them will live as the best specimens of epigrams extant in the language. There could certainly be nothing more melancholy than this spectacle of a whole population amusing themselves at the expense of a woman, if her character were really damaged by it. But in France, and generally on the Continent, such circumstances are of comparatively little weight.

Her Majesty was the other day indirectly accused of causing a rise in the price of the necessaries of life. A group were reading, in the street, a placard, announcing that the Municipal Council had voted an enormous sum for her diamond necklace. "Ah!" said a smutty faced woman, "that's why oil has gone up three cents a pound!" She thought the octroi duties had been augmented to defray the outlay for jewelry.

The schoolboys had a two days' vacation in honor of the imperial nuptials. The army had a double ration of wine, in commemoration of the same event. "One ration," says the *Moniteur*, "will be drunk with the morning's soup, the other with the regular evening meal."

The *Moniteur* has published the names of 4,312 persons pardoned, recalled from transportation or from exile, relieved from surveillance, or released from prison, on the occasion of the Emperor's marriage. The public are certainly gratified at seeing such a number of their fellow-citizens restored to home and liberty; but I do not see that his Majesty has gained anything by it, for this reason: the offenders are liberated, not because they are discovered to have been wrongly confined, or

because their time has expired, or for any reason connected with the public good, but because the Emperor is married. If, therefore, he had married six months ago, they might have been released six months earlier. If he had delayed his nuptials a year, they would probably have been detained so much longer. Those who believe that all these imprisonments were made unnecessarily and unjustly, find in this manner of conducting the jail deliveries a corroboration of their opinions.

The *Moniteur*, containing the names of the individuals released, met with an enormous sale. Everybody had a curiosity, more or less nearly interested in the names, to satisfy. No person of note is included in the amnesty. Upon the lists, however, are several members of the late National Assembly, either exiled or *internés* (compelled to reside in certain assigned limits), and seven editors of departmental journals.

Uncle Tom, dramatized at the Ambigu, narrowly escaped a forced suspension, on its very first night. Senator Bird is sitting at a table, quietly sipping his tea. Mrs. Senator Bird commences the conversation :—

"Well, husband, what are they doing in the senate?"

"Oh! nothing worth mentioning."

That was all, but it was enough. The audience saw fit to apply the inuendo to the senate at Paris, and immediately went off in a hurricane of applause. The director behind the scenes was ready to tear his hair in despair. He doubted whether the play would ever see its second night, for audiences have already, once or twice, drawn down suppression upon dramas, by putting interpretations, never intended or imagined by the authors, upon passages, susceptible like this, of a *double entendre*. Nothing came of it, however. The next day passed over without the manager's receiving any official notification; and on the second representation, the objectionable conversation was found to have disappeared.

The grand scene of the dramatic version is the flight of George, Eliza, Tom, and little Harry, down the Ohio. I presume this scene is not in the romance, as Mrs. Stowe, certainly, would not have made her characters, in escaping from Kentucky to Canada, take a row-boat and follow the current of that noble stream. If I remember right, the Ohio flows *towards* slave territory and not *from* it. However, let that pass. The stage represents the width of the river, the extremity being the opposite bank. As the curtain rises the four fugitives are discovered in a boat in the middle of the stage. It does not move, but its progress is shown by the passing of the distant mountains, which skirt the opposite shore. For ten minutes this moving panorama continues, and if you half shut your eyes, the illusion is perfect. The slave hunters pursue them, and from time to time a rifle bullet whistles past their ears. They make up their minds to go over the rapids in their boat in

quest of either liberty or death. By degrees the moving panorama represents the river as broken by rocks and islands; the water becomes agitat d, and the current is evidently descending over an inclined and stony bed. The scene now passes more rapidly, indicating the accelerated motion of the bo t. The water frets and froths, and the points of jagged rocks raise their heads above its level. The boat now begins to dance, and the frightened slaves cling to each other for support. The rapids approach in earnest—the boat starts over the fall, and goes bouncing, jouncing, jolting down to the bottom. Just then the stern chase arrives in sight. Loker, Haley, and Topsy are in it. Over they go in their turn. Topsy gives Loker his *coup de grace* in the shape of a blow in the back of the neck with a hatchet, and I imagine he never knew whether it was the weapon or the rapids which finished him. An act drop *de circonstance* now conceals the stage. It represents the bottom of the rapids. The remnants of a shattered boat, and one or two fragments of an oar, suggest the fate of the slave-catchers, while a patch of tranquil water in the distance, holds out the hope that the fugitives earned a happier fate. The curtain rises upon the final tableau. But this deserves a separate paragraph.

The stage represents that portion of North America known as Canada. To get to it you go southward down the Ohio, following its course, and going over its rapids. The scenery would have been highly coloured for Brazil. There were palm trees, and date trees, and cocoa-nut trees, and magnolias, and gigantic creeping plants, and a red sky gleaming through luxuriant foliage, sheltered freshwater sources, and a balmy air. I could hear the buzzing of mosquitoes, and thought I saw a long way off, a monkey hanging by his tail to a mango-tree, and making mouths at a moccasin-snake. On a tree in the foreground is a sign-board, with the following inscription:—

CANADA

Terre Libre.

When I was last in Canada, I saw this very tree, and this very sign-board. The subject matter was different, however. It read thus:—

Montreal 175 miles ☞

☜ Quebec 19½ miles.

The four refugees arrive, and salute the land of liberty, while the audience hail their escape with transports of applause. What they did next I am unable to say, for the curtain fell for the last time. Canada seemed to be uninhabited, and they must have been badly off for food. But the miraculous fortune which had befriended them thus far, doubtless stood them in stead to the end. A fall of manna perhaps succeeded the fall of the curtain; and I can easily believe that in that tropical forest there was no lack of locusts and wild honey.

There is not one scene of cruelty in the play, committed by a master. Loker is the only brutal personage, and poetic justice is meted out to him by Topsy, just half a second before he would have been brought to an end by a Topsy Turvy.

Newly-arrived Americans always express unmingled surprise at contrasting a ball-room here with the ball-rooms they have left behind. The distinguishing features of difference are the forward manners of the young unmarried ladies at home, and their retiring demeanor here. This difference is worth making a note of. Married ladies upon the continent sway and give tone to society, while in America it is to those ladies whose youth and slight experience render their conversation and manners anything but instructive or interesting, that the task of sustaining social intercourse is committed. You all know what a young lady in a ball-room is at home. Let me say in a few words what she is in a ball-room here.

In the first place, a young unmarried lady is expected to dress modestly and simply. She cannot wear velvet, nor lace; she cannot dress in yellow; she cannot wear jewelry, except perhaps ear-rings, containing each a single diamond with as little setting as possible. It is only of late that she has been allowed to append flounces to her gowns, and to arrange her hair with artificial flowers. She may wear false pearls, but not real ones—may wear necklaces and bracelets of coral, ivory, small agates, etc., but not of precious stones. She cannot go to a ball without her mother or an elderly lady to chaperone her; she cannot go alone with her father. She must be accompanied by a lady, by whose side she may be always sure of a seat. She stays with her mother or chaperon throughout the evening, except when she dances, and then does not leave her place till the music gives the signal; she returns to it the moment the dance is over. She cannot promenade with her partner —a *tête-à-tête* is hopeless; a private interview in a corner, or behind a curtain, would compromise her for ever. The free and easy manners of an American parlor transported into the Faubourg St. Germain would make a Frenchman imagine he was hardly in respectable society.

This restraint is necessary for many reasons. A gentleman, invited by the lady of a house, is considered authorised to ask any lady present to dance, without introduction. It is evident, however, that he cannot expect to become an acquaintance, or to claim anything further than the honor of the dance. Again, if the same facilities were allowed in France for the intimacy of young women and young men that are permitted in America, the most disorganising consequences would ensue. At home I believe that the freedom of intercourse between the sexes leads to but little disorder and no laxity of morals. I have heard that our young ladies go alone to the theatre with young men, go to walk

with them, to ride with them (sleigh-riding, even), and come home; perhaps, only a kiss or two the worse. This would not do here. A young lady seen walking or riding with a gentleman in Paris would be supposed to be lost, and probably the supposition would be correct. If insurmountable obstacles are thrown in the way of a greater familiarity between masters and misses, it is because they have been found, owing to the state of morals, indispensable.

American families that live here as residents are of course obliged to bring up their daughters in the French fashion. They never leave their mothers' side, and walking, driving, and theatre-going with them, is as much out of the question as keeping company with the stars.

But families not familiar with Paris sometimes make a very strange appearance without knowing it. I remember to have seen, some time since, a very beautiful young lady walking arm-in-arm with a daring-looking New-Yorker, on the Champs Elysées. They had been accustomed to do so, I believe, on the Fifth Avenue. I thought it my duty to go straight to the fair offender's mother, and remonstrate against a proceeding so inadmissible. The young lady dislikes me to this day, though she now knows enough of French manners to blush scarlet whenever she thinks of the appearance she must have made on her first and last Parisian promenade. In an American parlor, too, one night, I saw a Boston girl, who supposed herself still in Beacon-street, get behind a door and talk through the crack with a Baltimore boy! Two French ladies who were in the room seriously contemplated rushing out of the house, as they were hardly sure that the place was respectable. Not wishing to earn this girl's hatred, too, I got somebody else to immolate himself, and to restore the two French ladies' composure.

As to the unbridled opportunities for talking and laughing which exist at home between the young people of both sexes, I am told they are productive of more harm than good—in one respect—they lower the tone of society, by substituting for sensible and entertaining conversation the triviality peculiar to "sweet sixteen" when allowed to run wild; and my own experience teaches me that the twaddle of boys and girls in a ball-room is neither calculated to improve the understanding, nor to strengthen the head, nor to inculcate humility and the graces of simplicity, nor to prepare the mind for the studies and duties which ought to be the chief occupation of persons not half-way through their teens.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

THE FRENZY BREAKS OUT AGAIN, IN THE FORM OF ADDRESSES OF CONGRATULATION — A DISTINGUISHED CLAQUEUR — A THEATRICAL PREFECT.

February 13th, 1853.

ALL the municipal councillors in France have sent, are sending, or will send, addresses of congratulation to the Emperor on his marriage. These councillors were, you will remember, all government candidates at the elections, and to felicitate his Majesty on his nuptials is naturally one of the principal features of their duty. The *Moniteur* publishes about fifty of these addresses a day. They are all on the high pressure principle, and their adoration for the Empress is fully equal to that of the Magi at Bethlehem. The following gives a fair idea of these extraordinary emanations:—

"SIRE,—In choosing a companion according to the dictates of your heart, your Majesty has rendered homage to the dignity of marriage, which supposes the previous union of souls.

"In choosing her good, your Majesty has ensured your own happiness, and furnished a precious guarantee for that of France. Already do misfortune and affliction, so different in their causes, smile and hope: *la bonne demoiselle est assise sur le trône.*

"Eugenie (what a sweet name!) means *well-born.* Body, soul, mind, birth, everything confirms the name of our Empress. Her birth made her *grande d'Espagne*; her high qualities would render her *grande* everywhere else.

"She asks for the love of the French. They could not invest it better; but let them repress the ardor of their hearts. Too much love doth burn.

"Sire, the municipal council of Neuilly compliments the husband in the wife. A more personal compliment would perhaps be out of place, etc. etc."

What must be the feelings of our young sovereign, at seeing herself the object of all this eulogy, knowing, as she must, that it is entirely fictitious, and in fact ordered from Paris? What must she think, when she accompanies the Emperor to a review at Versailles, and not an individual salutes either him or her, to read in the *Moniteur* of the next morning, that "their Majesties were everywhere received with marks of the most cordial sympathy." On the balcony of the Tuileries I told you she shrunk back instinctively from the chilling silence of 10,000 men and women. But she read in the *Pays*, a few hours later, that her

appearance at the window was the signal for deafening shouts of "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" What must she think of all this? She is beginning to look thoughtful, if not sad, and few persons think her happy. A better and more worthy tone is perceptible in the public mind in regard to her, however. She rides out every day from three to five, and the four exits from the palace are all left open, that the people may not know through which she is to pass. A division of the crowd is thus effected. She speaks English and French correctly and fluently, although Spanish is her native language.

A distinguished *claqueur* has just died at his country-seat in the south of France; for it seems that a *claqueur* may acquire both distinction and a comfortable independence, like any one else. His father was a *chef de claque* before him, and used to boast of having *lancé*, or started, M'lle Flore, Vernet, and Odry, all of whom are now dead. He is said to have originated the art of modulating the expression of feeling according to the subject. He invented the murmur of suppressed delight, the shriek of terror, the burst, as it were, of extorted laughter, and the congratulatory bravo. It was said in his praise, that he befriended young authors, and was as sternly impartial as under the circumstances of his profession it was possible to be. He led the *claque* of the Ambigu. It happened that he was buried, in his distant village, on the same day as one of Charles X.'s senators; and a fellow senator, who arrived from Paris to pronounce a discourse over his colleague's remains, by mistake joined the procession which was following the coffin of the *claqueur*. But his speech was not very inappropriate. He spoke of the *lustre* of the deceased's life; now *lustre* means chandelier, and all *claqueurs* sit under the chandelier. He dilated upon the *applause* that he had constantly excited, and the eagerness with which "all around him had sought to follow his example." The unfortunate senator, in the meantime, was going to his grave unhonored and unsung. It is the son of the claqueur so interred that has just departed this life. He had *lancé* St. Ernest, Chilly, and Arnal, all of whom are living and popular favorites. The *claqueur* may probably be permitted to imagine that it is he who has made them popular; but I still cling to the idea that they have earned their position by their talents and exertions. Was there ever an instance of the *claque* rendering a bad actor popular?

The prefect of Nantes, who is a terrible man in the theatrical way, has just interdicted the performance of Richard III. in that city. It was played eighty-four nights in succession here, and I cannot imagine why it cannot be played at Nantes. The prefect does not give his reasons. Perhaps he is a hunchback, and does not like to see his like upon the stage; or perhaps he has suffocated some of his relations in the Tower, who might have became dangerous rivals to the prefecture.

This is the third play that this person has suspended; la Tour de Nesle, Madame Diogene, and Richard III., all accepted at Paris.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

HOLIDAY SCENES—THE FAT WOMAN AND THE NONDESCRIPT—PLAYING THE VIOLIN UNDER DIFFICULTIES—ABD-EL-KADER AND COAL-BLACK ROSE—THE CHARACTER-TUBE—HARLEQUIN AND SPANGLES.

February 16th, 1853.

LE Grand Carré des Fêtes, an open space in the Champs Elysées, is, three times a year, the resort of all the mountebanks in France. The enumeration of these nomadic shows is, I take it, unnecessary; every one knows it by heart. Their *modus operandi*, however, is unique, and deserves more than a passing word. They invariably commence by attracting a crowd before their tents or stalls. This is done in a great many ways, and very often the performance outside is much more amusing than that which is enacted inside. In front of each tent or waggon is erected a sort of piazza or scaffolding. Upon this the whole company, father, mother, and all the children, get together and lay themselves out to rivet the attention of the passers-by. They are all dressed in gay colors and gaudy ribbons. They execute a polka, perhaps to the music of a keyless bugle, or some one of the troupe dresses up as a very little man with an enormously large head, and dances till he becomes red in the face, only this the spectators cannot see; or else a fellow on stilts pretends to be drunk, and tumbles about as if he were going to fall from his dizzy eminence into the midst of the crowd below. Or perhaps a juggler, robed in a long black gown covered with hieroglyphics, like an eastern magus, plays off a trick or two upon some one dressed as a clown, who pretends to be very silly and to believe that the juggler really pulled a potato from his nose.

These means generally succeed in getting a pretty good concourse of people together. The manager then comes forward and announces, at considerable length, the programme of entertainment which will be spread before the delighted audience. He goes through with it two or three times, and assures you that the exhibition has been patronised by the first society in all the cities he has visited. He generally uses very stately language, and you are sometimes lost in doubt as to whether it is possible that this flowery speech really can refer to a two-penny show. The conclusion of his address sets you right in a moment. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, let me endeavour to induce you, in the interest of

the Fine Arts, to lend your countenance to this entertaining and refining exhibition. Walk in and sit down, while our performers go through with their exercises before you, and if you are not satisfied, your money shall be refunded. The price of admission has been diminished for this occasion only—it has usually been six sous, and every body has been astonished that so varied an entertainment could be afforded at so moderate a sum; to-day, however, being a day intimately connected with the glory of our beloved country, and it having been suggested by several influential persons that a reduction of price would be attended with beneficial results, the slight compensation of two sous only will be asked from those who favor us with a call. Two sous! Two sous only! So that every one may be able to amuse and instruct himself almost for nothing. Two sous! Who hasn't got two sous!"

Now follows a scene impossible to describe. The manager seizes a trumpet, and shouts, "Two sous! two sous!" till he ought to be hoarse. Then the children and the clown cry, "Two sous! only two sous!" till they are ready to faint from fatigue. Then the manager holds up two fingers in the air, keeping down the others with his thumb. The children and the clown do the same. "Two sous! two sous!" Then they begin to dance again, the stilt man reappears, more drunk than ever, the music strikes up afresh, and a frightful din ensues, in the midst of which you hear a voice rising above the turmoil, shouting, "Two sous! two sous!" Then the manager opens the gate, and a rush commences up the steps. Two sous! Up they go! nurses with children in their arms, men with little boys, soldiers, and families of six! Two sous! The manager stands near the gate, helping the old women up the stairs and piling them in at the door, all the time yelling, "Two sous!" and holding up his two fingers.

Such is the noise and confusion, that people lose their senses and do very strange things. Sober citizens, who only came out to breathe the air, are seized with a sudden panic, and go rushing up the steps in a most incongruous manner. An orange seller is separated from his basket, and being caught by the tide is whirled into the tent and disappears. We go in with the rest, and get a seat upon a board which, in the florid speech of the director—two sous!—was covered with damask—but what can one expect for two sous! When the rush ceases, we look around us and find about fifty persons in the tent, which is little more than half full. A silence ensues, and the manager looks in at the door, and then goes away again.

This is disheartening, and everybody turns wistful glances at the curtain. Suddenly the bugle commences again on the outside, and the scaffolding begins to shake as if somebody were dancing upon it. The sun, which shines full upon the cotton front of the tent, daguerreotypes

upon it the shadow of a very large head which seems to be carrying on in a very singular way. A fellow on stilts is evidently counterfeiting intoxication for the amusement of the bystanders. In short, the sickening conviction comes over everybody that they are doing it all over again. The explanation, the trumpet, the fingers, the two sous, the rush, all follow in the same order as before, and with pretty nearly the same numerical results, for the second inroad fills the benches. This method of catching audiences is practised by all these exhibitions, and the description of one will suffice for the whole.

The performances commence speedily, for it is now the object of the manager to get rid of this audience as soon as possible, and to set about inveigling another. The exhibition is sometimes very poor and uninteresting, and sometimes more extraordinary and inexplicable than any thing to be seen in the more pretentious fifty cent museums. I remember that once having got into a place where a very fat woman was to appear in conjunction with an African nondescript, it was announced that the lady was sick, but that the nondescript would be exhibited. This was nothing more than a sickly armadillo, about a foot long, who was obliged to do duty for himself and his colleague. The exhibitress played all sorts of pranks with him, poking him with her finger in tender places to make him squirm, and tossing him up in the air and catching him again like a pancake. No doubt he wished that the big lady would soon get well again. As we went down the steps, the manager was again holding forth upon the numerous attractions of his exhibition, giving a slight biographical sketch of the fat woman, and an anecdotical history of the armadillo.

The next show was a very different affair. It consisted of jugglery and second sight. The tricks of necromancy were like all other tricks of the sort, but what followed was worth walking a mile to see. A girl, perhaps the juggler's sister, seated herself in a chair in front of the spectators, though at some distance from them. She was then blindfolded. The juggler came among the audience and asked the people to lend him any small articles they might have, and the girl would tell what they were. He soon had his hands full of purses, rings, pencils, snuff-boxes, handkerchiefs, etc. Then, taking one from the rest, and holding it in such a way as that it would be impossible for the girl to see, even if she were not blindfolded, he went on somewhat in this way. "What do I hold in my hand?" She answered without a moment's hesitation, "A pocket-book." "What's it made of?" "Morocco, with a steel clasp." "What is there in it?" "Money." "How many pieces?" "Three." "What are they?" "A five franc piece, a one franc piece and a sou." "What's the date on the sou?" "1828." "On the one franc piece?" "1847." "What do I hold my hand now?"

"A ring." "What is it made of?" "Gold, with six turquoises in it." "Is there any lettering on it?" "Yes." "Read it." "Charles to Marie." A very pretty young lady is seen to blush violently in the corner, and when the ring is handed back to her, everybody tries to get a sight of her face through her closely-drawn veil. "I wouldn't mind being Charles myself," remarks a laughing gentleman at the left. "I hope Charles is well," says the juggler, and then proceeds.

I handed him my watch, which had a cover over its face. Without opening it he asked the girl what time it was by the watch he held in his hand. "Ten minutes to nine," she replied. As it was about two in the afternoon, this seemed guessing pretty wide of the mark, and the people began to titter. But the necromancer quietly displayed the dial of the watch, and there it was sure enough, ten minutes to nine! "You put it back on purpose to catch us, didn't you?" said the magus, with a triumphant air. "Yes," said I, feeling very much as if I had been caught robbing a hen-roost. "Well, I've a great mind to keep your watch, as a lesson to you, but you may go this time." So saying, he magnanimously handed it back. In this way he went on, for nearly half an hour, never making a mistake, and puzzling all the wise heads who undertook to discover his secret. For one, I could make nothing of it, and was content to consider it very miraculous, without attempting a solution.

On the piazza of the next tent in order was a man playing on the violin in a very droll way. First he played as everybody does, then he took the bow in his left hand, and scraped away just as easily as before. Then he put the fiddle over his head, and behind his back, without incommoding himself in the least. The tune kept on as merrily as ever. Then he put the violin under his left leg, and over his right leg, playing away all the while; one would have thought that there would have been a break in the sound, at the moment when the bow and fiddle separated, but if there was an interval, it was quite imperceptible. All this he did with perfect ease, interlarding his music with humorous observations. When he had thus collected a good-sized crowd, he left the stage to another man, and retired to a distance to eat some bread and cheese. The other man then began a speech, the sum and substance of which was as follows:—

Within the tent, he said, was perhaps one of the greatest novelties to be seen in or out of France. This was no less than one of the former wives of Abd-el-Kader, the great Algerian trooper. The way this distinguished foreigner came to be exhibiting herself at two sous a head, was briefly this. A French officer, being on service in Africa, was one day in danger of being surprised by a troop of Arab horsemen, who were lying in ambush for some third party unknown. From this awk-

ward position, he was in some way or other released by the fair Algerian. The officer, finding no better way of repaying the debt of gratitude he owed her, bought her of Abd-el-Kader, and sent her to France, where she of course became free, and her own missis. "She speaks Arabic, French, and English," continued the showman, "and all will be permitted to address her in any of these languages. Her education," he went on growing warm and eloquent, "has been, in all respects, such as befits the bride of a chieftain of the desert."

A crowd of us went in, and after a breathless suspense of some moments, the lady made her appearance. She was quite dark, with woolly hair and a flat nose, very wide nostrils, a large mouth, and thick lips. Her teeth shone as the teeth of people of her complexion always do. She had on a white muslin gown, very low in the neck, and reaching but little below the knees. Her arms, which were bare, were fat and chubby, and the palms of her hands were almost white, as if they had been used to washing dishes and scrubbing floors. Around her neck was a string of imitated pearls, and in her hair was a festoon of artificial flowers. She came forth and stood still, till every one had gazed his full. The audience, who were mostly French, almost quailed before the eagle glances of the free roamer of the desert, and their thoughts wandered to her far-off home, among the oases of Sahara.

As for myself, a dim recollection of things I had left behind was beginning to come over me like a southern sea-breeze. The showman now begged the audience to address to her some question in French or English. A military man, with a moustache, bowed politely to the lady, and made some trivial inquiry in French, which she answered after various breakings down. It was now my turn, being the only representative of the English language present. The choice of an appropriate question was rather difficult, and I thought of several without deciding on any thing satisfactory. At last, for want of something better, I said, "How is your mother?" "I hab not heerd ob her health since de last time dat I hab had dat honor." Visions of banjos and melodies on the banks of the Roanoke, coupled with memories of home, rose before me. I said nothing, but waited for further developments. "Now," said the showman, "she'll sing you a song in her native Arabic. Pay attention to this, I beg you, as it may be the last time you'll ever hear that beautiful language. The words depict the scouring of a troop of horsemen across the desert." The fair Algerian took an attitude harmonizing with the spirit of her song, and commenced in a vigorous style—

"Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Old Virginny neber tire!"

If this be expressive of the way the Arabs go it in the desert, I have been wandering in a maze all my life, laboring under a benighted idea that I was speaking and writing English. In plain Arabic, then, Abd-el-Kader's wife was no other than some Lucy Long or Coal-black Rose from Virginia, who had left her sunny home in her youth, and by some strange mutation of fortune, had fallen in with a company of strollers, and turned her dark complexion to account in the manner described.

Some of the out-of-door exhibitions are as amusing as those that take place under cover. Just outside the American's tent, was a man with a table before him, who was explaining the properties of various glass tubes and vessels. In these tubes, were liquids of several colors; some red, like water tinted with checkerberry candy, and some green, like asparagus juice. These were for different scientific purposes. One, was to blow in, to see to what height the liquid could be raised by the force of the breath. Another, and the most extraordinary, was an instrument for telling the character. This was an upright tube three-fourths filled with a fluid of no particular color, or rather of all sorts of colors, as if a child's paint-box had been dissolved in it. At the bottom it came to a point forming a sort of handle. This handle had a thin bore running through it, containing a small portion of the liquid. According to the explanation of the exhibitor, this liquid, being highly impressionable, would be differently acted upon by the hands of different individuals. Persons of great nervous energy, strong minds, etc., would affect it much more powerfully than others of weak character. To illustrate this by experiment, any one might have his disposition told for two sous. It was rather a dangerous risk to run—thus exhibiting your inmost self to a holiday crowd; but there was no lack of adventurers.

First came a baker's boy, with lazy gait and listless air, and a cotton turban on his head. He took the glass in hand. The top of the liquid seemed to be slightly ruffled, and something appeared to be trying to break forth. A bubble rose slowly upon its surface, and after a moment's hesitation, burst. The agitated waters subsided, and all was still. "There," said the showman, "there is, probably, the most insignificant character that has ever, during a long career in the most populous cities in France, been presented to my observation. That young man will never set the Seine on fire, though he might his bed-clothes. Look at him, gentlemen, and then tell me if my glass has not been singularly accurate in its indications. Don't get run over, my friend, in going home."

Then came another applicant. He seized the glass and held it tightly. The liquid immediately began to boil and bubble as if it meant to break its bonds, and give the spectators a sprinkling. A con-

tinuous stream rose from the body of the fluid, and dashed itself in spray against the top of the tube. Really, the contents of the glass were as much agitated as the Fountain in the Park. "There's a contrast for you," exultingly exclaimed the exhibitor. "Let go the glass, young man; a minute more, and you'd have it in splinters. There's a fellow I shouldn't like to have a tussle with. I only hope he won't come to harm, with such a temper as he's got. Look at him, ladies and gentlemen, and judge for yourselves." The man's glass was right again this time; the young fellow would have been a severe customer in a fight. He was pale and ragged, but had a determined bearing, and a bold, unquivering eye.

Such is the Grand Carré in fête time. A tremendous, though confused din of music, drums, shouts, vociferations, applause and laughter, bursts upon the ear. On three sides of the square is arranged, in long array, the army of menageries. They all face the square, presenting their fair side to the audience; behind, are the broken-down horses, that drag the tents and wagons from place to place, taking their morning's meal in silence and sadness. At every ten steps, is a rude sort of kitchen, hurriedly built of stones in the open air; an odor of fried potatoes, and the hissing of a row of griddles, tell that even jugglers must eat, and that necromancers, like other mortals, are susceptible of creature comforts. Occasionally, a gaily-dressed harlequin, whose term of service has expired for the morning, and who has an hour to himself, leaving his jests and his antics behind him, throws himself upon the ground, where the sun is warm, and the earth dry, and huddling his body up into a ball, goes quietly to sleep.

The strolling mountebank, whether juggler, clown, or tumbler, has but one dress, which serves him for all the purposes to which dress can be applied. His gay holiday attire, his red and yellow velvet, his silk and feathers, are his every-day costume. He travels in it, sleeps in it, jumps in it. His closely-fitting tights are his only trousers, his spangled jacket is his only coat; and, very often, he can claim no other head-dress than his cap and bells. Anywhere on the road that they may stop to take an hour's rest, he is always ready with his jingling brass and bright colors to give a taste of his quality to the peasants and villagers. His meals are never so hearty as to prevent him from turning somersets the next minute; his sleep is so light, that he will wake at a moment's call, dance a Highland fling, put the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth, stand on his head, walk on his hands, while anybody else would be rubbing his eyes, and composing himself to slumber again.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

A DECREE ABOUT TWO SOUS—THE KING OF BAVARIA UNDER INTERDICT—A HIGH PRICE FOR A SENATOR—POLYGLOT PRIESTS—A SNOW STORM AND A QUACK DOCTOR.

February 21st, 1853.

UPON a report submitted to him by the Minister of War, the Emperor has decreed that the pay of the sub-officers in the army and navy shall be increased two sous a day—just enough to pay for an exhibition at the Champs Elyseés. The reason given is, that this will be a very proper method of appropriating the saving effected by the late reduction of the army! The army was reduced in order to equalise the budget, and the economy is thus coolly diverted into another channel. People say that they cannot understand how it can effect a saving in the annual expenses of the soldiery, to take money away from the men, and give it to the officers. It looks, too, as if it had been found necessary to tranquillise the army, and as if fair words would no longer do. It has been said from the beginning, that the army would at last become imperious, and either clamor for war, or for the wages of war in time of peace. People ask themselves and each other if this is not a beginning. There are in the land and sea forces about 30,000 sub-officers; two sous a day given to each, makes an additional yearly item of over a million of francs.

The *Univers*, the Jesuit journal, has just received a token of remembrance from the Archbishop of Paris. That gentleman publishes in all the papers an "ordinance condemnatory of the *Univers*." The wherefores are very long, but the therefores are short and to the point. All ecclesiastics are forbidden to read the newspaper, under any pretence whatever; they are forbidden, under pain of suspension, and, perhaps, even of damnation, to write in its columns, or even to advertise in them. Religious establishments are forbidden to harbor the journal; no convent can take it within its doors. The *Univers* and all other religious papers in the diocese are instructed never to use the words "ultramontane" and "gallican" as terms of insult or contempt. The vicar-general is charged with the execution of this decree. The motive for this measure is, that the influence of the *Univers* is continually excited to cause a schism in the church, and the Archbishop naturally seeks to limit the sphere of its action.

I am glad that Monseigneur has not extended his interdict to me, for I should feel the loss of the *Univers* quite as deeply as I should that of

the *Charivari*. No longer ago than yesterday, it contained the following piteous lament:—

"We regret to see that the King of Bavaria has not attended any of the feasts of the church, during his sojourn at Rome. But he has been constant in his visits to scenes of pleasure and worldly amusement. He was at the ball at the English Embassy, and at the German Circle. While he neglected the services of God in the Holy City, he went to a fancy ball at the French Minister's, incognito, and under a pseudonym! It was noticed that he even mingled in the dance, and that a pink domino leaned upon his arm!"

The *Moniteur* contains the announcement of the promotion of the Marquis of Pastoret to the rank of grand-officer of the Legion of Honor. The Marquis was lately made Senator, as the price of his desertion from the Legitimists. Charles the Tenth nominated him to the rank of grand-officer in 1830, but, owing to his speedy fall, the nomination never received its effect. Louis Napoleon has bought him up, at a high rate to be sure, but then the Marquis was a superior article. Valuable wares bring a round price, all the world over.

The ex-Pantheon, now Ste. Genevieve de Paris, is introducing into France a happy innovation, imitated from St. Peter's at Rome. Over the confessional is the following inscription:—"Here you may confess in all languages." Hitherto, French was the only dialect understood by the father confessors; and this was a regrettable circumstance for such persons overwhelmed with sin as desired absolution, and could not obtain it, inasmuch as they only spoke English. Polyglot priests are now attached to Ste. Genevieve de Paris, and sinners of all tongues can unburthen themselves in peace. To such as these, let me recommend—

FATHER CAPUCHON,
Confessor in English and Italian,
Cubby No. 3, Ste. Genevieve de Paris.

Still, I wonder that the establishment was obliged to resort to this measure to attract customers to the confessional. Alphonse Karr says, that if the seven capital sins were abolished, two-thirds of the inhabitants of Paris would never dine again. Therefore, two-thirds of us get our living by sinning, and if every sinner confessed, what a prosperous establishment Ste. Genevieve de Paris would be, with its box-offices for all languages, and its holy cosmopolitan priests!

We are having very remarkable weather in Paris. Snow is always an event here, but when a fall of three inches is accomplished in half an hour, a Laplander might even be permitted to wonder. The Russians that reside in Paris always keep a sleigh or two in their carriage-houses, and, perhaps, once in five years, get an opportunity to take a ride on

runners. Several teams made their appearance last Friday on the Champs Elysées, and, by dint of extreme exertions on the part of the horses, managed to get home again. The shrieking of the runners upon the stones might, almost, have been heard at Versailles. The streets are now frozen hard and are very dangerous. Hundreds of horses have broken their legs, and have been cut up in the boilers at Montfaucon. Crowds collect at night, at the slippery places, to laugh at the horses that stagger, and to applaud those that get safely across.

The Society for the Protection of Animals intends, at its next sitting, to offer prizes and recompences to all such coachmen, grooms, drivers, conductors, shepherds, wagoners, etc., as shall have "evinced a high degree of compassion, of mildness, and of intelligent skill, in the treatment of their animals." Persons who have candidates to offer must do so before next Monday. No New York omnibus-driver can be considered a candidate.

A man has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for selling quack medicines. Among his compositions were the "Water of Giants," to hasten the growth; "Water of Financiers," to strengthen the flesh; the "Elixir of Arabs," to fortify the voice; and "Prodigal Son Pomatum," composed, suggests the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, of the marrow of the Fatted Calf.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

A PREFECT MADE SENATOR TO GET RID OF HIM—THE LEGISLATURE IN A PRECARIOUS POSITION—SIXTY AMERICANS PRESENTED TO THEIR MAJESTIES—HOLY LINGUISTS—STENOCHOREGRAPHY.

March 7th, 1853.

FEW people believed their eyes, when they took up the *Moniteur* of Saturday. The number of that day contained a list of nominations to the Senate, and in it were the names of several gentlemen, who, we had been given to hope, would be dismissed in disgrace from the offices they already held, for malversation or incapacity. M. Chapuis de Montlaville, prefect of Toulouse, is made senator! This is the man who decreed that the vote of his department for the Empire should be engraved on bronze, and deposited in the archives of the prefecture. At the time, this caused no little laughter, and it was thought the prefect's absurd zeal would have to be ignominiously snuffed out. The whole continent smiled at his absurdity, and it was felt in Paris that the government was too much compromised by his folly to retain him in power. The *Pays*, in enume-

rating his claims to promotion, says that the country has not forgotten the welcome extended to Louis Napoleon at Toulouse. The *Pays* is charmingly ingenuous; one would hardly expect a government paper to ascribe the enthusiasm of a reception to the skilful management of a prefect. We have always been given to understand heretofore that it was owing to the popularity of the President and the delirium of the inhabitants. Two other prefects, almost as far gone in imbecility as their colleague, are also promoted—those of Lyons and Marseilles.

The Senate is becoming a very Chelsea Hospital for the Invalides that are from time to time driven upon the State, to be cared for for the rest of their lives. By many persons, the transfer of the three prefects from the administrations that they have rendered ridiculous to the Senate, is thus accounted for. They have proved themselves incapable of decently discharging their duty. It becomes, therefore, necessary to supersede them, for the attributes of the prefect of an important department are arduous and often delicate. They have been, however, zealous, obedient, unscrupulous—and have earned their reward. As senators, they can do no harm. They dress up in blue and gold, wear tights, and sport a sword and cocked hat. This is all. And this a discarded prefect can do as well as anybody else.

The idea that Louis Napoleon does not or would not hesitate to humiliate the Senate by increasing its number by the admission of broken down departmental officers, is in some degree borne out by the events of the last few days. The *Patrie* has published an article which has made some sensation. The senators are there taken to task, in good set terms, for the pains they seem to give themselves not to spend their salary in the glorification of the new *régime*, but to lay it by for a rainy day, or put it out at interest. It has been evident from the beginning, that they were not serving the ends for which they were created. The Italian Opera has been allowed to play to empty benches, when it was understood that each senator was to maintain a box of his own. Few balls have been given, and the season has been far from realizing the fair promises made at first. The senators are told, categorically, that they are expected to spend their salary as they receive it, and not to hoard it to marry their daughters with. We must infer from this that Louis Napoleon is not satisfied with his senators. But they are appointed for life, and dismissal and supersedure are out of the question.

The position of the Legislative Body is much more precarious. Many persons affect to believe that the Deputies will be turned out of doors on the very first occasion. The Constitution foresees the necessity of such an act, and the country would probably see it realized, without any great regret. A salary was forced upon the members three months ago, partly, perhaps, to render them unpopular. And it certainly had

this effect. They have now been in session three weeks, and nothing has yet been given them to do. The postage law and the budget will be sent into them soon, for formality's sake; their action upon them can be nothing else than a submissive and unconditional acceptance. Every thing is done that can be done, to show up the Legislature to the country as a costly and useless incumbrance. The members are just now busy in making their arrangements for the ball to be given to the Empress on the Monday after Easter. If the fête is successful, they may perhaps be permitted to drag out another session of their uncertain and unprofitable existence.

The first presentation of Americans to Louis Napoleon, since he has been Emperor, and to the Empress, took place at the Tuileries, on Thursday night. About sixty Americans and seventy English were introduced to their Majesties. The ceremony is briefly this:—The gentlemen and ladies to be presented form a double line, the gentlemen on one side, and the ladies on the other, as if they were to dance a Virginia Reel. Space enough is left between for their Majesties to pass easily. The Americans had one-half of the presentation room, and the English the other. The practice of the Emperor would seem to be to address some remark to every third person, as the names of the individuals are mentioned to him, those of the ladies by their ambassadress, and those of the gentlemen by their ambassador. The American portion of the ceremony was easy, graceful and highly successful; their Majesties were gracious in the extreme. The Emperor looked well; better, indeed, more at ease, more desirous of pleasing, than I have ever before seen him. The Empress wore white flowers, both in her hair and scattered in tasteful profusion over her dress. She had a necklace of large pearls around her neck, but not a single diamond. The American ladies that had put an all their Golcondas to compete with her Majesty, shone in undimmed brilliancy. I doubt whether thirty handsomer women were ever collected on an occasion of the kind. More than once the Emperor seemed to single out a lady of more than ordinary beauty, and call the Empress's attention to her. After the presentation there was dancing and a supper. Their Majesties waltzed together, and were once or twice brushed in a rather familiar manner by Americans who had grown dizzy in the intoxication of the dance.

I spoke lately of the establishment of a number of priests that speak English and Italian, at the church of Ste. Genevieve, for the convenience of foreigners wishing to confess. These holy linguists will soon be at a premium, for the English Catholics residing at Calais have petitioned the Archbishop of that diocese to send them a priest that talks English, or rather that can understand that language when spoken by Irishmen. They want an adept in the brogue. There are a great

many sons and daughters of Green Erin employed in the tulle factories of Calais, and as they cannot understand Latin, pronounced *à la Française*, they desire to have it read according to the English rules. The termination *um*, which every one sees through at once, becomes perfectly unintelligible when it is pronounced *oom*. The archbishop is said to have held out hopes that he would take the matter into serious consideration. If I were a lady, I would never buy another square inch of tulle, till I knew whether a priest that spoke English was sent to administer spiritual consolation to the Irishman that made it.

You know what *stenochoregraphy* is, I suppose. It is the art of pencilling down in shorthand all the steps taken by a dancer in a ballet, so that the writer may the next morning reproduce with his own feet, or instruct the light fantastic toes of a third person to reproduce, the exact twinklings of the performer of the night before. St. Leon, our dancer-violinist, is the inventor of this art. He wrote a book upon it, which he dedicated to the Emperor of Russia. The Emperor accepted the dedication, and sent the author a fine diamond ring. It may be very easy for M. St. Leon to write in shorthand the Cachucha as fast as Fanny Ellsler can dance it; but I doubt whether his book will teach any one else how to do it. There are some tailors who send to their customers in the country written directions how to take their own measure, but I never saw anybody who had been able to understand them. Hatters publish in newspapers the method of gauging one's own head, and sending to town for a hat. You may order a wig, too, from a distance in the same way. I would rather see Cerrito dance the Cachucha, than learn it myself out of a book. However, proceeding by analogy, St. Leon is right. He asks why dancing cannot be written as well as music; and henceforth, he maintains, it will be as easy to score the Madrilena as the Casta Diva.

Shall I subscribe for you to "The Imperial Review, founded under the patronage of S. M. the Empress?" I have received the prospectus by post, in which the publishers inform me that they think themselves justified in counting upon me, as upon every man devoted to France, and to the imperial cause, as one of their most eager subscribers! I am naturally anxious to make my privileges in this respect over to you, as I cannot doubt that it is in my quality as your representative in Paris, that I have been thus addressed.

The purpose of the Review is "to add a glowing page to contemporaneous history—to this new era, which recalls the good times of Marcus Aurelius, of Antoninus, and of Trajan; to the epoch which will hereafter be known as the age of Napoleon III. The Imperial Review is an appeal to all those whose hearts incline towards order, religion, and morality." It is to contain from time to time a supplement, in which

each subscriber has the right to print the names of his campaigns, of his grades won at the point of the sword, his titles and decorations, and those of his ancestors! Let me put down your name. The price is but twenty francs a year.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE BUDGET AND A BALL—LEVELLING OPERA-GLASSES AT THE EMPEROR THE WRONG WAY—PROFIT AND LOSS, AS VIEWED BY MADAME DE POMPADOUR—A DENTIST IN THE STREET.

March 14th, 1853.

THE *Moniteur* has a long article on the forthcoming budget. Its object seems to be to prepare the public mind for the novel farce soon to be enacted—that of a budget offered to the body which by the constitution imposes taxes, and makes the money appropriations, and voted by it, in lumps, without discussion or the right of rejection! The *Moniteur* devotes two columns to prove that this is the only way to insure sincerity and brevity in the management and disbursement of the public funds. It would be useless even to abridge the *Moniteur's* arguments; imagine that white is black, and you have the gist of the conclusion. In the mean time, the Legislative Body is maintained in forced inaction; its only pre-occupation, is still the ball on Easter Monday. It is possible that some of the members, to whom the position is distasteful, and who find themselves humiliated by their own uselessness, may resign before the session is over.

The librarian of the city of Versailles, who has access to documents and archives that the public generally know nothing about, has published a highly interesting and valuable memoir, entitled "Expenses of Madame de Pompadour, from the first year of her favor till the day of her death"—nineteen years. The sum total paid by France to the mistress of Louis XV. was no less than thirty-seven millions of francs! The memoir is made up almost entirely from manuscripts left by the marquise herself, and consists chiefly of items couched in the first person: as *wages of my servants for nineteen years*; *kitchen utensils for all my houses*, etc. These precious relics were found at the Prefecture of Seine et Oise, the department of which Versailles is the shire town. The royal mistress seems to have kept an account of her receipts, as well as of her expenses, and it is curious to see the monthly pension secured her by the King swell to 30,000 livres a month during the period of her grandeur, and fall down to 4,000, as the passion of her royal lover

cooled. Her presents received from him, which amounted to nearly as much as the monthly allowance, follow the same ratio of progression and diminution. Madame de Pompadour used to equalize her budget by gambling, and the items referring to this source of income show that she was pretty generally the winner. As thus: 31 May, 1752, won at Marly 28,000 livres; 1762, won at Marly 20,489 livres. When the columns refused to foot up without leaving a deficit, she sold her jewels, and they too figure in full in her details of profit and loss. She spent, during the nineteen years of her "reign," a million and a half in pocket money; three millions and a half *in her mouth*; four millions in travelling; a million for her servants; half a million to pay the debts of her father; half a million in candles; two millions in horses and carriages; and proportionate sums in the other necessaries and luxuries of life—in all, the bagatelle of thirty-seven millions. A considerable amount was annually bestowed by her in charity. When she died, she possessed just thirty-seven louis! She finished her career with little more than the stock with which Mme. de Maintenon commenced hers: two large eyes full of fun, a fine shape, a pair of beautiful hands, and four dollars!

Though the Emperor has announced that he is to mourn for a fortnight for somebody who has lately died in Brazil, the public notices little or no change in his occupations or amusements. He goes to the theatre fully three times a week, and is usually accompanied by the Empress. He was at the Comedie Française, on Friday night, incognito. He came forward, however, during the intermission before the fifth act, fondly hoping, perhaps, to reap a whirlwind of *vivats*. No other notice was taken of him than the usual levelling of opera-glasses. Several ladies were observed to look at him through the wrong end, to remove him as far as possible from their point of view, and to force him to appear more than ever what Victor Hugo has called him—"*Napoléon le Petit.*" The *Pays* says that he was received with every mark of respect, and with the most sympathetic demonstrations of affection.

The next day their Majesties went to St. Denis to visit the educational establishment of the Legion of Honor. You will remember that it was from among the orphans of this institution that the Emperor was strongly advised by certain parties to choose his wife. The visit was expected, and the Grand Chancellor of the Order conducted the ceremonies in person. Five hundred young ladies were presented to the Emperor, and he doubtless profited by this opportunity to compare the attractions of those who might have been Empress with those of her who had already become so. Prizes were awarded, and bouquets were exchanged. The enthusiasm was immense and the satisfaction general. Then a few old soldiers were decorated, and alms were bestowed in the name of the Emperor. In short, St. Denis never saw such a fête. The

gratitude of the people was such, that they all rushed to the church and sang the *Domine salvum fac Ludovicum Napoleonem* with tears streaming from their eyes. The merit of this act is the greater, as the words and the music being certainly new to a portion of this improvised choir, they must have learned them by inspiration. However, the *Pays*, from which I quote, never stops at such matters of detail.

You have quack dentists in New York, of course, as we have them in Paris, but I doubt whether you can boast of such a tremendous operator as M. Duchesne, to whom I have already alluded in your columns. This gentleman rides about town in a highly illuminated wagon, with a roof to it. Upon the roof is a man dressed in the costume of the middle ages, and armed with a pair of cymbals and a bass drum. The dentist stands in front, with a helmet and feather, and surrounded with the instruments of his profession. He stops in some frequented place, collects a crowd by means of the cymbals, and then invites the afflicted to apply at once for extraction and relief. A notice on the side of the wagon reads thus: "5,000 francs if I miss a tooth." This is surrounded by a halo of double teeth, the roots of which are painted to resemble parsnips, and out of whose centres grows a plentiful crop of ladies' delights. As I have long since accustomed myself to be surprised at nothing, I am never astonished to see a line formed by the victims of the toothache, taking their turn at having the rebellious nerve eradicated. This line sometimes extends twice round the wagon. Each sufferer pays a franc, and leaves his tooth behind him.

I had always supposed it required as much reflection to have a tooth out as to jump into Vesuvius. But the French do not think so. A maidservant passes M. Duchesne's equipage, remembers a sore spot in her upper jaw, feels in her pocket for a franc, and joins the end of the line. Each applicant mounts on the seat with M. Duchesne, who demands the coin before proceeding. The head is then inclined backwards, the mouth opened, the instrument inserted, and the tooth snatched from its gory bed. It is held up in the air an instant for the admiration of the multitude, and at each extraction the drum gives a bang of triumph.

When M. Duchesne's arm gets tired he sells tooth-washes and dentifrices, or gives gratuitous dental advice. He makes a great deal of money, and on fête days he pulls for eight hours on a stretch. He has expenses certainly from which other dentists are exempt. A bass drum and a man to beat it are costly accessories; and a span of horses and an illuminated wagon must swallow up a wilderness of teeth. M. Duchesne, encouraged by his success, is getting ambitious, and has lately established "an office for private operations" in the Rue Vivienne. Whether the drum and cymbals still cry victory, I cannot say, and am not very likely to go and see.

CHAPTER XC.

A PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE IN PARIS—IS MARRIAGE A CIVIL OR A RELIGIOUS OBLIGATION?—THE CASINO PAGANINI ON SUNDAY.

March 21st, 1853.

THE reception and perusal of the President's message have been the event and the occupation of the week. No document from America has ever, I think, received an approval so unanimous. The resident Americans are Whigs, by a large majority; but a long sojourn in a foreign country weakens party ties to such an extent, that a state paper, no matter from whom it emanates, is likely to be judged by them upon its merits alone. We have pronounced it bold, patriotic, and of good promise. We have no fear of dangerous results from expansion, and in this respect share the sentiments of Mr. Pierce. The Americans domiciled abroad are manifest destiny men. The French, too, strange to say, are enthusiastic in their eulogies. It has penetrated deeper than any message before. This is, of course, in some measure owing to its being the exponent of a new policy, and the profession of faith of a party that have of late been out of power. But it has been read by persons that never trouble themselves with the discourses of their Emperor. Said a ballet-master to me yesterday, *C'est audacieux, mais c'est beau.* Years ago he was Taglioni's Zephire, in the ballet of "Flore et Zephire," and I should hardly have expected him to read an inaugural address. But he expressed himself highly delighted with it. You will read the complimentary remarks of the *Pays*, the *Patrie*, the *Siècle*, the *Presse*; the *Débats* shakes its head wisely, apprehends mischief, and hopes for the best. The *Constitutionnel* is cynical, sarcastic, and ill-natured. It probably thought this course would please its Emperor, and it must have been astonished the next morning at the tone of the *Pays* and *Patrie*. The *Gazette* thinks the United States is no longer a star but a comet; and that when a comet "expands," it may set the world on fire.

A pamphlet has just appeared in Paris, which, considering the expected visit of the Pope, might reasonably have been expected. "About this time, look out for concessions to the Romish Church," as perhaps may be read in the Imperial Almanac. It has long been known that the Pope and his Cardinal would require serious grants at the hands of the Emperor, should they consent to consecrate him, and one of the first and most important of these has been supposed to be a thorough reconstruction of the French code as regards marriage. One of the great conquests of the Revolution, was the separation of Church and State on this point,

and the perfect independence of the subject to choose whether he would ask the benediction of the priest on his union or not. By the present law, the mayor is competent to unite in marriage, and the ceremony is complete when the state has performed it. Every couple is free to be married at the church afterwards, and the majority certainly do clinch the civil service by the religious ceremony. But the latter is a voluntary compliance, while the former is an obligatory formality.

The object of the pamphlet of which I have spoken, is to show the propriety of making the religious portion of the marriage contract as indispensable as the civil portion, and even requiring it to precede the civil ceremony. I cannot help looking upon this pamphlet as a sort of pilot balloon, to feel the way for something more serious soon to follow. There is only one argument that can be effectively urged for the innovation contemplated—and that is, that if Louis Napoleon must yield something to Rome, better yield this point, than some other involving more weighty considerations. But it is always safe to let well enough alone. Liberty in matters of conscience has been dearly won, and now that it is won it had better be kept. But there is another reason, which, to my mind, is conclusive.

In Paris, and in all large French cities, great numbers of men and women live together, to all intents and purposes married, always considering themselves so, without the accomplishment of any ceremony at all, not even of that before the mayor. And this ceremony has not been performed, in nine cases out of ten, because the parties have not the money to defray the expenses, nor the time to throw away upon formalities they regard as useless, or at least as not essential. They live together, nevertheless, and these connexions are quite as exemplary as those ratified before the altar. The absence of the wedding ring, in after years, from the wife's hand, is never noticed, because even had she been married by the mayor, no wedding ring would have been placed on her finger. The ring is a witness to the solemnization of the religious compact, and not of the civil. The children are duly recognised, and the stain upon their birth is never known, and if it were, it would make no difference in a country where one-tenth of the whole population are born out of wedlock.

Still all this is an evil, and such connexions can be called by no milder name than that of concubinage. Now, if an additional item is thrust into the code, making still another formality necessary for the ratification of marriage, it is evident that the number of persons who will dispense with both one and the other will very largely increase. If persons are deterred by the expense and delays of one ceremony, how many more will be deterred by the obstacles presented by two? Many that would have borne both the cost and the tedium of the signing of the con-

tract, the production of certificates of birth, baptism, and vaccination, if they knew that they ended there, would shrink from the accomplishment of a further expensive routine, involving gold rings, gratuities to the poor, ribbons, bouquets, and a salvo from the belfry. We should have more unlicensed intercourse than ever, and more illegitimate children than before. This is as clear as daybreak, and it would be an unfortunate result to spring from a measure taken in the interest of religion. We shall see something of the kind, however, if Louis Napoleon is to be crowned by the Pope; for it is only at the price of flattering the Roman church that the consecration can be obtained.

Among the rich, the expense of these numerous formalities naturally does not deter families from their rigorous accomplishment. The father and mother of the proposed couple, not overwhelmed by the arduous nature of the duties usual in such cases, undertake also the ceremony of courtship, which is better illustrated by an engraving than

by text. A parent having a marriageable daughter, claims also the right of selection beforehand; and to this end, keeps a list of eligible gentlemen, out of whom a choice may be made. A very flattering series

would be the following:—a deputy-judge, a captain in the army, a

viscount, whose title compensates for his lack of means, a civil-engineer and a criminal-lawyer. Whoever may become the happy man, it is generally without any mark either of approval or dissatisfaction on the part of the young lady. She is never one instant alone with her lover till after the celebration of the nuptials, and it is with no little curiosity to learn with what sort of person they have linked their fortunes, that they sit down to their first dinner, and hold their first conversation.

The Casino Paganini is a dancing garden in the Chaussée d'Antin. As if this were not enough to blast the reputation of the place, speculators in state and fancy bonds have been for some time past in the habit of meeting there on Sunday, to drive in secret the trade which the police have forbidden in public at the Bourse. This exchange, known as the *Petite Bourse*, was formerly held on Sundays at Tortoni's, till it was forbidden by the government. It was then transported to the Passage de l'Opera; and being driven from there, went and hid itself at the Casino Paganini. It has been ousted from here in its turn. Do not be led to suppose that this measure is owing to considerations of morality. To clear the Casino of Sunday speculators, and to let the Sunday dancers stay, would be rather inconsistent morality. The facts are briefly these:—Sunday meetings were never numerous, and were generally composed of inexperienced and timid gamblers. They would get into a panic for nothing, and bring down the funds without the remotest shadow of reason. The genuine Bourse of the next day was of course unsettled by these irregular operations. Last Sunday the jobbers found the police there before them. The gendarmes, who had nothing to do, amused their idleness in playing pitchpenny, but the funds of the state are not influenced by this sort of head-or-tail.

The prefect of the Loire Inferieure has just suspended the municipal council of one of his villages, "on account of their systematic opposition

to a proposition he had made for the rebuilding of the church which was falling into ruins." This obdurate council had resisted the prefect's act, because he had decreed that they should pay for the repairs, when they had no money! The prefects of late have been dull and drowsy. I am glad to learn from this that one of them, at least, is alive and merry. The loss of the most amusing of them, who has been made senator, is severely felt. I trust he will make a speech on taking his seat. M. Chapuis Montlaville could hardly fail, on such an occasion, to be solemnly and imposingly inane.

CHAPTER XCI.

THE MARRIAGE POLEMIC SETTLED—A REPUBLICAN BURIED IN THE PRESENCE OF POLICE AND CANNON—GUERONNIERE ON PEDDLING.

April 7th, 1853.

THE *Moniteur* has published a paragraph to the effect that no innovation in the mode of celebrating marriages is contemplated by the government, sixty years of experience having proved the excellence of the existing practice. Thus you will see that the official journal has couched its assertion in its usual vague and prevaricatory style. The next morning, the *Pays* and *Patrie* took credit to themselves for not having entered into the polemic, as they did not care to combat chimeras, and as they knew that the rumors that had been circulated were entirely without foundation. Now, all this time, the matter was under discussion in cabinet councils, and if it was finally resolved to maintain the existing practice in the solemnization of marriages, it was because it was found that public opinion was opposed to any change. The *Moniteur's* plan invariably is, in case of the abandonment of any project by the Emperor, to declare that it had never been entertained. The polemic in the journals is naturally brought to a close by this announcement.

If, therefore, France cannot make concessions to Rome, the Pope naturally will not come to Paris to crown Louis Napoleon, and this is the first inference to be drawn from the paragraph in the *Moniteur* Shrewd observers consider the negotiation as thus abruptly terminated. If the Emperor still wishes to be consecrated, he must get the Archbishop of Rheims to do it, or else go without.

The funeral of Michel (de Bourges) took place in that city, last Saturday. Not only was the whole disposable police and gendarmerie on foot, but two piquets of artillery were posted in a position commanding the route from the church to the cemetery, and a detachment of

cavalry was stationed in front of the church. The ceremony was ordered (by despatch from Paris) to take place at half-past seven in the morning. About twenty people only were admitted into the cemetery —several of the near relatives of the deceased being excluded with the throng. No discourse over the grave would have been allowed, and probably none was contemplated. Such are the consequences of strong convictions, resolute fidelity, and unswerving attachment to principle. Michel de Bourges and Victor Hugo were the most brilliant orators in the late National Assembly.

The *Moniteur* publishes Arthur Gueronnière's report to the Minister of Police on book peddling and colportage generally in France, from which it appears that peddlers, finding it easier to dispose of immoral books than of moral ones, vend a great many more of the former than of the latter; that these works are generally illustrated by improper engravings, which are published apart, and which are used to decide a doubtful purchaser, and clinch a timid bargain. There are 3,500 peddlers in France, distributing annually nine million volumes. It is to be remarked, says M. Gueronnière incidentally and insinuatively, that peddling became more than ever abominable and disgraceful during the latter portion of the reign of Louis Philippe. Peddling is the cause of socialism, by which we all nearly perished last year, and from which nothing but the courageous initiative of Louis Napoleon saved us. The committee, of which this gentleman is the reporter, has examined, authorized, or rejected a vast quantity of books, magazines and engravings. All the books authorized have been read and commented on profoundly by Arthur and the other committeemen; and all the pictures admitted were examined through the microscope, and held up to the window to see if they were not insidious transparencies. Gueronnière's pamphlet on the *coup d'état* was passed unanimously. The reporter concludes by expressing a fear that by regulating peddlers, the government will not be able, altogether, to suppress vice; and I may conclude my notice of the subject by expressing my own fear that by extirpating Gueronnière, we should not entirely abolish the race of sycophants and renegades.

Prince Napoleon Bonaparte.

CHAPTER XCII.

A NAPOLEON, GREATER THAN NAPOLEON THE GREAT—THEATRICAL INTERDICTS—PUPPET-SHOWS ARE IMPROVING.

April 14th, 1853.

THE Emperor gave a small private ball at the Tuileries on Thursday night—a *bal d'intimité*. Only 800 guests were present. There was but one gallery open, and but one orchestra. There were only three gentlemen in the new court costume; the rest were in uniform, showing that they all held some public office either in France or in other countries. To me the most absorbing feature of the official balls, is the presence of Napoleon Bonaparte, Junior. His resemblance to the Emperor, his Uncle, was always striking; it is becoming so marked of late, that I never come upon him unexpectedly without starting. He is perhaps three inches taller than the elder Napoleon; he is larger generally, and probably weighs fifty pounds more. He studies attitudes that have been immortalized in the more famous pictures of Napoleon; he dresses like him, and has made himself a little paunch, with a strap running over it, that could never be mistaken. He is silent and dreamy in society, and seeks to appear like an Oriental, and, like Napoleon, stern and indifferent, because confident, resigned and determined. He danced with the Empress, opposite to the Emperor, but did not speak to his partner during the quadrille. He stood motionless and speechless, with one foot a little in advance of the other, and his right hand in his breast. Could Louis Napoleon have that figure, that face and air, he might hope for five years' more power than the Fates can probably spare him. As he is, I doubt not he would be willing to pay, or to make France pay, a hundred millions to be remoulded into the form of his cousin; or to get out his cannon again on the Boulevard, and bang away at the people till he had killed a few thousand men, and convinced the Parisians for the second time, that if they do not want to be slain by the socialists, they must be slaughtered by the protector of Order, Religion, and Family.

The literary and dramatic world have been in a high state of excitement lately, on account of two grotesque incidents. *La Malaria*, a tragedy in one act, and *Les Lundis de Madame*, a comedy in one act, both produced at the French Theatre, were interdicted ten and six days ago, by the Emperor—the first because it was stupid, and the second because it did not amount to much! Never in the annals of the drama had such a thing been heard of. Both plays had been accepted by the Reading Committee of the theatre, appointed by the

Minister of the Interior; both had been passed by the Censors, and both had been approved by the public. For the government to interfere, from a motive not political, after this, was totally without example. The censorship was instituted by the government to represent its interests and to cut out or suppress whatever was hostile thereto. If beyond this ordeal there is still another, that of the Emperor's caprices and ill-humor, dramatic literature and dramatic art are no longer possible. The Reading Committee sent in notice of its resignation, if the interdicts were not withdrawn. Next day the manager received permission to continue the representations of the dull and stupid plays in question. The *Patrie* announced the next evening that the momentary suppression of *Les Lundis* was owing to the interference of the family of the author, who thought that the performance of so gay a piece, so soon after his death, was improper. Now Mr. Allard died a year ago, and his family have been moving heaven and earth ever since to get his comedy played. They even allowed Mr. Léon Gozlan to cut it down from five acts to one, to hasten its production. Still, there are many people that believe the *Patrie*, though I hope I have taught you prudence in this respect. If the Emperor finds *La Malaria* dull, he need not go to see it again. It is curious to note the eagerness of the Parisians to go and see these plays since they learned the Emperor yawned at them. The interdicts will give them each a dozen nights more than they would have attained on their own merits.

I notice a very palpable progress in the art of exhibiting puppets or *marionnettes*, in Paris. There are five of these exhibitions in the open air upon the Champs Elysées, besides two stationary theatres devoted to that speciality, on the Boulevard du Temple. I do not see that the latter are at all superior to the former. There are two kinds of puppets, those managed from underneath—the exhibitor's arm being run up into the garments composing their body, and his fingers forming their arms—and those managed from overhead, by means of very visible wires which sustain their weight, and strings which communicate the necessary movements to their legs, and the appropriate gestures to their arms. The former—puppets proper—have no legs of course; they must be supposed to touch ground three or four inches below the spectator's line of vision. They have great strength in their arms, and their principal duty is to carry heavy objects from place to place, and their principal pleasure, to whack each other with clubs. The latter—*marionnettes* proper—have but little force in their upper limbs, but can give a very plump and well directed kick, if desired.

The conversation is of course carried on by the exhibitor, in two or more voices. If the number of *dramatis personæ* require it, his wife lends him the assistance of her vocal organs, sustaining, naturally, that

part of the dialogue which falls to the more shrill-voiced of the characters. On Sundays, these out-of-door exhibitors perform to audiences varying from thirty to fifty persons, seated on straw-bottomed chairs, within the ropes. Fifty persons at two sous a piece, make a dollar; and fifteen performances may be given easily from three o'clock to nine. On other days, however fair the weather may be, the receipt is barely one-third as large. The lady who takes the money, and who seats the audience, often gives the choice of the play to the visitors—naming over a dozen or so of the best pieces of her husband's repertory. I remember that once it fell to me to select the entertainment, and I chose, without any particular reason for so doing, a farce in one act, entitled, *Le Déménagement*, or, "The Change of Lodgings." I have never ceased to regret to this day this most unlucky selection. We had an audience equal in point of elegance and toilet to any I have seen of late at the Italian Opera. The farce was of a nature, I am sorry to say, highly to amuse, but not either to refine or instruct. It called forth peals of laughter, and, I cannot doubt, summoned blushes untold and unseen to many a mortified cheek. It was calculated to offend the fastidious in a supreme degree, and, spite of my appreciation of the theatre and dramatic literature, I feel bound to say that this particular specimen of a scenic representation called for an expression of popular opinion, and that the manager ought to have been made to feel the weight of the national displeasure.

The play consisted in an exhibition of the annoyances, breakages, losses, and smashes, consequent upon moving from one suite of rooms to another. The funny man of the farce was continually crossing the stage with articles in his arms which a proper sense of decency would have led him to conceal. He would endeavour to suffocate his master by overwhelming him with a feather-bed, and would then pretend that his violence was the result of accident or error; he would toss crockery out of the window, and somewhat later, pretending fatigue and extreme heat, he deliberately undressed himself upon the stage in full view of the audience. When he got to his shirt, a policeman came in and arrested him for an outrage upon public delicacy. If ever Madame Loyal or Madame Bambochinet should offer to any individuals who may have read these lines the choice of the entertainment, let me advise them to avoid "Le Déménagement." There are other plays, perhaps less laughable, but more instructive and ennobling. "Jeannot et Jeannette" is a pastoral military sketch, representing the departure of a conscript for the wars, and his subsequent return, decked with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. "The Sorcerer in Spite of Himself," is calculated to impress the moral that there is really little credence to be placed in supernatural agencies, and that the most happy are they who regularly

do their duty. "The Charcoal Man" is a burlesque interspersed with combats, songs, and broils with the soldiers. In short, the repertory of current plays is large, and a person desiring to choose, cannot do better than to take the first one that the lady in command happens to mention —that is, unless it chances to be "Moving Day." In no other country than France, probably, would an elegantly-dressed lady sit with her children at a puppet-show in the open air, not twenty feet from the most fashionable promenade in the city, where, perhaps, her carriage and servants attend her.

With the rise of the Empire, there is a wonderful resurrection from the dead of old titles, and old gewgaws connected with them. In 1848, the various designations of dukes, marquises, and viscounts, and their female counterparts, disappeared like owls before the sun, or ghosts at the approach of dawn, or swallows at the first breath of winter. But the season has changed; the imperial sun now shines upon these ephemera, and they have risen and fan the air with their gaudy wings.

A Viscount, as good as new.

It may be, indeed, that the elder nobility, those whose names really have a meaning, have never dropped their titles; from the days of the

Restoration, to the present time, they have kept themselves in state, at their city hotels or country chateaux. But the lesser lights of the old *régime*, and the greater lights of the new one, are especially gilt and glowing at the Tuileries, and along the Champs Elysées. Among them, and seeking to catch a little of their glory by contact and connexion we see a few Americans; some of these appear to be anxious to drown their republican names by the marriage of their daughters with viscounts or marquises, who, though they are but recently exhumed from the insignificance to which they were reduced, when they lost their titles in the month of February, are now as good as new, and are among the luminaries of the court.

CHAPTER XCIII.

MODEL CONSISTENCY—UTILE CUM DULCI—DAGGERS OF HONOR—A DECREE ON SPONGE CAKE—BRANDY IN MAINE AND BRANDY IN PARIS.

George Sand.

April 21st, 1853.

THE *Constitutionnel* announces that it has bought of Madame George Sand a novel to be immediately published in its feuilleton. Consistency

is a jewel, certainly, but a good subscription list is of more value than many jewels. Not three years ago, the *Constitutionnel* denounced George Sand as one of the "initiators of February," "one of the most fanatical inciters of the poor against the rich," &c. &c. It now styles her "the author of numerous *chefs-d'œuvre*," "profound observer," "marvellous colorist," &c. The committee on colportage lately excluded her works from the pedlars' lists, and the *Constitutionnel* eulogised the committee's exclusions. It now announces its intention of printing 30,000 copies of one of this lady's works a day, and offers it as an "extraordinary inducement to all who have not yet made choice of an entertaining family newspaper," &c. What are we to think of a journal that urges the government to interdict the circulation of works that it stigmatizes one day as immoral, and which it declares the next to be *chefs-d'œuvre?*

MM. Guizot and Salvandy, both ex-ministers of Louis Philippe, publish long and valuable articles in the current number of the *Revue Contemporaine*. The *Constitutionnel* has hit upon a means of saying a good word for these gentlemen, and, at the same time, reminding them that power has passed from their hands, and that they belong to another age. As thus: "What is to be noticed in the article of M. de Salvandy, as well as in that of M. Guizot, is a certain melancholic and even touching suavity, which cannot fail to impress the reader, who will remember that they are both fallen statesmen, whose disgrace has soothed rather than embittered their feelings." The critic manages to combine the useful with the agreeable in the most just and harmonious proportions.

The Minister of Police has issued a circular, of which, it appears, there was great need in the provinces. It enjoins upon the prefects the necessity of watching closely the movements of persons who travel about the country, collecting subscriptions for swords of honor, emblematical bucklers, civic crowns, &c., to be offered to the Emperor as pledges of the gratitude and sympathy of the nation. The Emperor does not want any sword of honor, or civic crowns; if he did, he could order them for himself. It is to be feared, too, that the money obtained in this way is more likely to be diverted into the pockets of the collectors, than into the scabbard or on to the temples of his Majesty. Wherefore the prefects will be on their guard, when they hear of bucklers, crowns, and daggers.

The *Moniteur* contains the announcement that their Majesties have been pleased to confer the patent of furnisher to the palace upon M. Chabrand, Jr., manufacturer of Biscuits de Rheims. That is, M. Chabrand will furnish the Tuileries with all the Biscuits de Rheims it may stand in need of. Is the Empress fully aware of all the consequences of such an act? I have really lived up to this hour in the belief that

The Princess Mathilde

Biscuits de Rheims were really made at Rheims, and were sent to Paris by railroad. Of course, such a conviction can never survive a decree which authorizes a pastry cook to make them at Paris. Other decrees will doubtless make way with any other vestiges of simplicity that we may have retained. Somebody here will be authorized to make Strasburg beer, Bologna sausages, Bayonne hams, and Damascus razors. Somebody will get a permit to make and furnish the Tuileries with Boston soda-crackers, Stuart's vanilla candy, Geneva watches, and Italian macaroni.

I never should have imagined that an Emperor would eat Biscuits de Rheims; personally, I consider them poor fare. They are what we call finger cakes, I believe, a word which sufficiently indicates their size and shape. They are sold in boxes of twelve, at ten sous a box. That is the price asked of the canaille; probably the Emperor pays more.

Americans seeking for lodgings in Paris are often led to remark a circumstance somewhat different from things they left behind them. In Maine, I believe, a man cannot have brandy in his house; let the same man come to Paris, and he will be apt to find that he cannot take a house without taking some brandy too. In the following manner: Tired of hunting and wandering up and down stairs, you go to some man who keeps a list of lodgings to let, with the story, price, number of rooms, all marked against them. This man asks you nothing for the services he renders, as it is not his profession to furnish applicants with apartments. He is a wine-dealer by trade, and, if you ultimately hire rooms pointed out by him, he will merely ask leave to provide you with what liquors and wines you will stand in need of. He has good old Cognac, excellent Chateau-Margot, and fine family Burgundy. You find that you cannot do better, and as you must not drink water and must drink wine, he becomes your purveyor during your stay. Thus, brandy may get you out of your house at home, while it gets you into it here.

CHAPTER XCIV.

THE PRINCESS MATHILDE IN HER ELEMENT—WASHINGTON A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE—AMATEUR THEATRICALS—THE MOST CONVENIENT LETTER IN THE ALPHABET.

April 28th, 1853.

THERE was a grand ball at the Tuileries on Monday night. The Empress being unwell, was not present. If there was a person happy there, it was the Princess Mathilde. Her fair brow has been clouded

ever since the imperial nuptials, when she lost her pre-eminence as mistress of the Court. On this occasion, the Emperor entered the ball-room from his private apartments, with the Princess on his arm. They walked through all the galleries once, and then the Emperor retired for the night, leaving his cousin in full command of the field. She was all smiles, and grace, and radiance; she shook hands on the right and on the left, she bowed over shoulders and across groups, and had a pleasant word for every one. The forgotten etiquette of the receptions of the Elysée was revived; when she walked, she was preceded by a chamberlain who cleared the way, and was followed by ladies of honor, who kept the crowd from her skirts. She opened the ball, and led the march to supper. The country people—a few prefects and subprefects, procureurs and mayors—took her to be the Empress, till some Parisian set them right.

Messrs. Goupil and Co. have quite an American display in their windows this week. First, is a portrait of President Pierce, dressed as he was when in command in Mexico. I hardly know why they have represented him as a warrior; the fact that he is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States would not seem to be a sufficient motive. Then there is a lithograph of Daniel Webster at home; a colored print of Niagara Falls—of New-York—New-Orleans; terrible scenes of Indian warfare, gathered, I should imagine, from Mr. Catlin's last album; and, finally, a very Utopian representation of the City of Washington, D.C. This appears to be the work of the Monument Association, for that spindling monolith is carried up to its full height in the picture, and the grounds around are laid out with an eye to symmetry, little fountains, and nicely-tended gravel walks. This is, of course, an ideal Washington—an ideal which may never be realized. But I prefer that the Parisians should gather their opinions of the republican capital from such a fancy sketch as this, than from one dealing with the real and actual in undue proportions. The engravers have presented us with Washington as a phalansterium, or model town, and I feel that they deserve the thanks of the Americans abroad. Few Parisians will take the pains to read the intelligence underneath, that the picture is intended to represent Washington a hundred years hence;—the name of the city suggests, of course, the idea that it is the city as it appears to-day. They inwardly remark: "A charming residence, that;" "very beautifully-trimmed shrubbery;" or "pleasant house there by the river." The house in question, be it known, is one inserted by the designer;—it is not yet built, and the street it is on is not yet laid out. I would not for the world dispel any illusion that may tend to heighten the opinion entertained in foreign countries of my native land. I would even advise the publishers to extend their system of

expurgation and revision to some of the other cities of America; to send us New-York, without the omnibuses, the Five Points, Church-street and Barnum's Museum; and with the addition of the Battery enlarged, a Mint, a Park, one stationary and acknowledged Opera House, and a responsible Superintendent of Streets. This could be entitled New-York, and underneath, in small letters, as it "might, could, should, and ought to be, but never will be." They could continue the series with a model Boston, a revised and corrected Philadelphia, and an annotated and enlarged Baltimore.

Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the Director of the Garden of Plants, has founded a very agreeable little institution, the object of which is to give to the laborers in the gardens, the employés of the galleries and museums, gratuitous theatrical exhibitions once a fortnight. Partly with his own means, and partly from the fund set apart by the government, he has built a small theatre in the Rue du Banquier. The pupils from the Conservatoire, and from time to time some of the best actors of the established theatres, and now and then an amateur, compose the *dramatis personæ*. They give their services, of course, free of charge. A few of the front seats are reserved for such persons as are willing to pay three francs for them. The tickets are disposed of by M. St. Hilaire and his friends. In the intermission, a velvet bag is passed round by the actress who has played the principal character in the previous piece. In this way the current expenses are defrayed. I had the satisfaction of witnessing the performance of the 1st of April. The bill was composed of "Marianne," one of the most popular melo-dramas of the present century. It was played by Madame Guyon, the prima donna of the Ambigu. *L'Hotel Garni* was executed by pupils of the Conservatoire, and *Jobin et Nanette* by amateurs.

Everything was conducted in the most charmingly off-hand style. When the orchestra became unruly, the prompter's head would protrude from his box or hole in front of the footlights, and he would be heard to say, "Allons donc, la musique!" At the close of the fourth act of "Marianne," Madame Guyon remembered that she should need a phial of poison for the catastrophe. The "properties" were ransacked, but nothing that could in any way be made to answer, rewarded the search. The stage-manager (the gentleman who keeps the oxides at the Garden of Plants) appeared before the curtain: "Ladies and gentlemen, Madame Guyon has need of some sort of a phial (un flacon quelconque), in order to meet the exigences of the denouement. Does any one happen to have such a thing about him?" Mrs. ———, of Boston, who was sitting by my side, proffered a small bottle of smelling-salts, which was received in silent rapture by the manager, and with a whirlwind of applause by the audience. For a deadly dose, I am afraid the impetuous

actress found the phial rather too revivifying and restorative. However, as a happy incident turns up just in time to arrest the tragedy, perhaps salts served the purpose quite as well as prussic acid would have done. The only obstacle in the way of a frequent attendance at M. St. Hilaire's entertainments, is, that his theatre is three miles from the centre of Paris, and that when there, you feel a nervous consciousness that you are close to the barrier, to the Horse Market, to the Saltpetre Hospital, to the Villejuif Slaughter-house, and not far from the Mount Parnassus Burying-ground; all which, at twelve o'clock at night, make a very suggestive neighborhood.

The French newspapers, in relating anecdotes of persons known to the public, instead of saying M. ——— did so and so, M'lle ——— did this or that, use a much more convenient formula. It is not every one that knows how to render this typographical substitution into English. Sheridan, in order that his readers may give to the language of Mr. Puff the glibness necessary to the character, translates the printer's hieroglyphics to their hands. Miss Fanny Flirt is written Miss F dash Four Stars. The French invariably say M. X, M'lle X, Mme. X, and it is only lately that I have discovered why this letter is chosen in preference to any of the other twenty-five. X, in algebra, represents the unknown quantity; and so, in journalism, it has been adopted to stand for the person that shall be nameless. X is, emphatically, an anonymous letter. I remember reading an anecdote, some years ago, of "Our favorite actress, M'lle X.," who had saved somebody from drowning, and spent an hour in running over the stock companies of every theatre in Paris. I subsequently learned that the lady in question was M'lle Judith. The quantity of people whose names begin with X is really astonishing; and the number of deeds that X accomplishes in the course of a day is quite fabulous. I would advise the American editors to agree upon an initial, to be used instead of the blank, the stars, or the dash. It is short and convenient, and encourages reflection. Do not select A, B, C, D—those fellows that are continually dividing apples, and proposing each other hard questions in the arithmetic books; nor M and N sacred to the marriage ceremony in the Common Prayer; nor Q, which is always followed by a *u*—for it would be revealing two letters of the name intended to be kept a secret; nor W, nor Y—for they have a treacherous way of sometimes being consonants, and sometimes vowels, which renders it impossible to entrust them with your confidence. But I see no objection to any of the others, and whatever selection you may make, I agree, beforehand, to acquiesce cheerfully in the arrangement.

CHAPTER XCV.

THE EIGHT COLORS OF THE RAINBOW—NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL ROSES—ST. ARNAUD CONVERTED—A BABY CONFESSES ITS SINS.

May 9th, 1853.

THE Imperial Society of Horticulture (last year it was the National Society) is holding its twenty-fourth annual exhibition in the Champs Elysées. The most temporary construction built by the French looks as if it were meant to stand for years. The horticultural tent and the flower-garden it shelters seem quite as permanent as the Crystal Palace, just over the way. The ground covered in measures, perhaps, two acres, and is in the form of a T. One of the stationary fountains of the Champs Elysées forms the nucleus of the display, and is fenced in by a little green railing, a bitumen side-walk, a ring of the brightest possible turf, and an inter-ring of silver fir and lignum vitæ. The hard, down-trodden surface of the place has received a coating of softer soil, to the depth of perhaps a foot. In this, gravel-paths are laid out, flower-pots imbedded, cherry-trees sunk; little up-heavings of earth, like a soup-plate turned over upon a table, are crammed thick with the products of our ornamental horticulture; little dells, scooped out as it were with a salt-spoon—so gently inclined are they—receive such plants and fruits as grow best in low grounds, where they grow wild at all. The architect and gardener have kindly sought to humor their inclination, and have scolloped them out a hollow, where they can imagine they catch the runaway water, and escape the cold winds that blow upon the hills—the soup-plate elevations that I spoke of just now.

Of course all the seven colours of the rainbow are there, and I am mistaken if I did not see an eighth; besides one or two new roses, several pears evolved during the year, and perhaps half-a-dozen varieties of apples that Nature never produced before, and certainly never would have produced at all, had not she been assisted by her aspiring sister, Art. This mingling of the juices of distinct species is working wonders in French orchards; as Mr. Hardy, the gardener of the Luxembourg, often says—*Verbum Sap.* Sap is the word. Baron Rothschild and M. Chevet have both contributed a basket of mixed fruits; as you might suppose, the man who has made horticulture a profession, has fairly distanced the financier, who merely makes it a pastime, and leaves the work to his gardener. Everybody admires Chevet's basket, and begins to get up a sneer of disapprobation of the Baron's, till he reads the name of the contributor; he then seeks to convert the sneer into a sort of tardy approval, the result, as it were, of subsequent con-

viction, and of the sober second thought. M. Chevet also exhibits ripe strawberries, nineteen of which make a pound; cherries, one of which makes two bites; and pine-apples which drag the stem which supports them to within safe dropping distance of the ground.

As I said, nature is closely elbowed by art in this exhibition, as I imagine she always is in the horticultural shows. Forcing, grafting, crossing, green-housing, transplanting, acclimating, are the processes which produce the effects that the Imperial Society exhibits. Nature, I presume, produces nothing but wild flowers. But the two ends of the tent—one of the extremities of the T being the entrance and exit—are devoted exclusively to such works of art as are in any way connected with ornamental gardening—statues in baked earth, rustic seats, iron trellis work, patent watering engines, blinds, miniature hot-houses, flower-pots of rose-wood, hoes and spades of new patterns, and of such exquisite material and workmanship, that they seem more like articles of the toilet than utensils of the garden. I saw a rake that I could recommend to any lady for a fine tooth-comb.

There is a man that has a counter of imitation fruit; a man that has had the courage to reproduce the defects, the warts, the wrinkles, the straggling lines that are apt to deface the best of pears, and disfigure the most esteemed brands of peaches. I never saw any imitated fruit before, whose rosy cheeks and faultless complexion did not at once betray the handiwork of paint, and the absence of all sunshine, night-dews, and thunder-showers. The artist has even gone so far as to represent an orange in a state of advanced decomposition, and to put the mouldy side up,—which is never done, by the way, with an orange that is genuine. There is a lady who exhibits a box of peaches made of gypsy-paper: you only see half of them, for they are imbedded in moss up to their middle. The owner points out with evident satisfaction, a white crack in the paper "where the Emperor pressed on a little too hard." That crack will be quite an opening for the gypsy-paper-peach-lady. The next exhibitress has a continual crowd about her: she disposes of whole packs of her addresses, and reaps a whirlwind of "*charmant*," "*très joli*," and "*oh, c'est ravissant*." She shall have a paragraph to herself.

She has before her half-a-dozen large flower-pots, in which are growing as many tall, healthy rose-bushes, in full bloom. That is, they appear to be in bloom; but the bushes only are natural, the roses are artificial. They are made of *batiste*, very fine linen cambric, and are colored by hand. The petals have that crumpled, wavy appearance peculiar to rose-leaves, and the hue, pale at the edges, deepens as it approaches the centre of the flower. You may dust them, wipe them, flip them; they recover at once their form, and keep it perennially. The red-rose, the white-rose, and the tea-rose, are all beautifully imitated.

It is impossible to discover the imposture till you find that the roses are without scent. This is their principal recommendation. French ladies cannot bear the odor of flowers, and the new invention will supply a great desideratum. You send your rose-bush to Mrs. Crecier, with directions to put as many roses on it as twenty francs will pay for. She hangs it with four at five francs, or five at four francs, according to the size and color, for the yellow is the most costly, and the white the least so. You may then have an evergreen in your garden, and an everred in your parlor. Your flower-stand is in continual bloom, and your visitors wonder at your success in all seasons and all weathers. Of course, we shall soon have cambric camelias, sempiternal butter-cups, unfading dahlias, and hyacinths that shall know no sere and yellow leaf. Perhaps the commoner species will have their turn, and we shall buy calico sunflowers, gingham daisies, muslin-de-laine dandelions. It will, perhaps be cheaper to get the artificial than the real flowers. The cotton and the flax-plant will produce all the blossoms you can want, and the rest may withdraw. In short, as some one said at my side, nature may resign—*on va destituer Dieu.*

It seems that St. Arnaud became a Christian during his sojourn at Hyères. A southern journal gives some touching details upon his conversion. He had found no relief in the ordinary practice of medicine, and sent for a homœopathic physician. This gentleman was renowned both for pills and piety, and mingled them in such happy proportions, that as the body became composed, the spirit became disturbed. After several days of anxiety, he asked that a priest might be sent for, as he wished to confess. Mme. St. Arnaud suggested the Bishop of Fréjus. "No," said the minister, "I want something less consequential than a prince of the church; send for the curé of Hyères." St. Arnaud confessed, says the southern journal. It must have taken a long time, for St. Arnaud is a member of the cabinet, and helped execute the *coup-d'état.*

Apropos of confession, I saw a little girl the other day, about seven years old, who had just returned from her first visit to the confessional. I was curious to know what her revelation to the priest had been. I found that, after a good deal of hesitation, she had acknowledged having seen M. Anatole kiss sister Marie in the dining-room! Poor child! The nice distinction between other people's sins and her own had not yet been drawn in her mind. She saw the beam before she saw the mote. Though an exchange of kisses in the dining-room can hardly be called a beam: splinter or shaving would perhaps be better.

CHAPTER XCVI.

A PANIC AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE—THE MONITEUR DENIES SUNDRY CALUMNIES—AN ITALIAN PRINCE AND AN ITALIAN SAINT—INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO PRESENT PETITIONS TO HIS MAJESTY.

May 28th, 1853.

THERE was quite a scene at the Bois de Boulogne on Sunday. The press of carriages and the throng of promenaders was large, spite of the races at Chantilly, which had drawn off nearly all that portion of the *habitués* who ride on horseback, or drive themselves in light wagons. Such only as suffer themselves to be paraded by a coachman were present, but the avenues were quite full enough as it was. At about half-past four, two mounted guards passed at a moderate trot. The Emperor is coming, said every one. His Majesty followed about fifty rods behind, on horseback, flanked by a gentleman on either side. He looked better than I have ever seen him; in fact, he never appears to such advantage as on horseback. I could almost have applied the epithet *distingué* to him; he smiled and bowed at intervals, conversing gaily at the same time with his companions. At a proper distance, two guards brought up the rear, in a state of perpendicular solemnity eminently befitting the occasion. The pageant had already disappeared from view, having turned one of the corners, when two guides, their horses dripping with foam and sweating from exhaustion, dashed by, following the road the Emperor had taken.

A sort of panic seized upon the promenaders. They rushed into the avenue to follow the messengers with their eyes. Ladies protruded flushed and excited faces from carriage windows, and asked their coachmen what was the matter. Is the Empress worse? Is there a row in the faubourg? Has St. Arnaud made off with some money? These interrogatories were cut short by the return of the guides in the same steaming condition as before; the Emperor and his friends were keeping close in their wake, in order to profit by the passage they had opened, before the throng shut in again. His Majesty had no time to smile now, much less to bow; and the forest was left in bitter ignorance of what event of state it was that had interrupted the Emperor's elegant leisure. Some one suggested the arrival of the Duke of Genoa; but that illustrious personage had been received by Louis Napoleon in person three hours before. As nothing has transpired on the subject, I am inclined to consider the whole thing a bit of *haute comédie*—amateur theatricals, intended to impress the spectators with a wholesome sense

of the wearisome burden of cares of State, by setting before them the spectacle of an afternoon holiday thus impertinently invaded. A profitable lesson may in this way be read to those who think that twenty-five millions a year is a desirable thing, and might contemplate a *coup d'état* of their own. But the forest soon recovered its usual aspect of genteel indifference, and by the time the Emperor reached the Tuileries, the Bois de Boulogne had regained its equanimity.

The *Moniteur* contains an energetic protest against rumors that are current about the Emperor's being out of money. The Emperor is not out of money, says the *Moniteur*. He does not want any addition to his civil list. Anybody who says he does, tells a fib. Nevertheless, the *Moniteur* to the contrary notwithstanding, the imperial purse would seem to be very nearly squeezed dry. The musicians of the Tuileries have not been paid for some months. Those magnificent *Te Deums*, which have awakened the echoes of the little chapel of the palace, have not been settled for. The bill for *Domine salvum fac Ludovicum Napoleonem*, is still unreceipted, and the unrequited choir tell it all over town. And everybody infers that, if the Emperor lets his affairs thus get into arrears, it is because he can't keep up with them. From this, and other facts of the same sort, the report sprang up that he intended that the Senate should pass a supplementary Consultum, adding five millions a year to the Civil List. It is this outrageous calumny that the *Moniteur* indignantly denies. Another report asserts that the Emperor is going to borrow, and has authorized M. Pereire to negotiate a loan for him. The lenders are to receive four per cent., and are to be repaid out of the Civil List of next year, or the year after—whenever Louis Napoleon has anything over to wipe out by-gone debts with. You will not fail to be touched by the practical simplicity of this financial scheme. I cannot hope it will succeed, however. I believe I have seen everything that Paris can produce, but I have never, oh! never, seen a man that wanted to lend money to Louis Napoleon. I have seen men who had lent him some, that desired to get it back again. It would be awkward to be the creditor of a man whom you could not sue, nor see, nor write to, nor have any sort of communication with, and who would whisk you off to Cayenne if you became importunate. Still, if the Emperor has need of further supplies, I have no doubt he will get them.

We have a gentleman here from Italy, said to be the brother of somebody in Sardinia—the King's, I believe. He rides out in great state at the Bois, with an outrider in front to shout and stir up an emotion. When a prince visits France, it is always the custom of the *Moniteur* to make a parade of his accomplishments, and to set him down as especially excelling in some one pursuit or branch of science. The *forte* of this particular prince is said to be artillery. So, the very morning after his

arrival, he went to Vincennes to see the soldiers fire at a target. Having thus supported the bold assertion of the *Moniteur*, which had said artillery—just as it would have said chowder or pancakes—he relapsed into the traditional manners and customs of a prince who is travelling *incognito*. His real title is the Duke of Genoa; his assumed name is the Count of Govone. I heard a man speak yesterday of the Count of Govone, who is travelling under the pseudonym of the Duke of Genoa. Such is glory! The duke goes to the review at Satory to-day. There is to be some artillery there in his especial honor. He will look with sublime indifference upon the drills of the infantry and the manœuvres of the cavalry; but when it comes to the turn of the field-pieces, it is generally supposed that he will evince a keen interest in the proceedings. He is said to approve of the courageous initiative of Louis Napoleon, and to think that the getting out of the cannon on the Boulevards was a master-stroke of art. Generally, we are told, their ideas on artillery coincide remarkably.

From an Italian prince to an Italian saint, the transition is easy. It seems that the vault in which the remains of St. Martin had been deposited had need of repairs. So the coffin of the saint was removed, and was for some purpose opened in the presence of the chapter. What was the dismay of those gentlemen at discovering that the jewels, the tiara, the diamonds and other precious relics, that had been buried with the body, were no longer there; the bones had not been disturbed, however. Fifty years ago the jewels are known to have been safe, so that the robbery has evidently been committed in the last half century. Whoever was the thief, may, perchance, have found arguments to satisfy his conscience. Did not the priests who buried St. Martin remember the parable of the talents buried in a napkin? And is it not quite as bad to bury brilliants in a coffin? Why, it is so much bread and butter laid on a shelf, where no one can get it; it's an acre of ragged-schools or model lodging-houses unpaid for; it's so many hospitals unbuilt; a whole generation of little boys untaught. It's a mile of railroad buried in a coffin. Though perhaps it is better that men should bury a railway in one, than that a railway should bury men there, as you do at Norwalk. The priests are in a very bad way about St. Martin.

The *Moniteur* reminds petitioners that they have already several times been forbidden to thrust their documents upon the Emperor and Empress when they are riding or walking. The proper way is to hand them to the porter of the palace, who has orders to lay them at once before His Majesty. This sort of notice has a good effect at a distance. It is, of course, untrue, that many petitions are forced upon the Emperor during his promenades—not an instance has occurred for some months—but it is very well that the provincials should be made to suppose that the

Parisians are continually imploring the assistance and invoking the protection of their gracious sovereign. It strengthens the ideas already entertained of his power, his solidity, his benevolence, and the affection of his subjects. People address petitions only to individuals who wield enormous influence, control tremendous interests, and overflow with the milk of human kindness. Of course, the country edition of the *Patrie* has an editorial suggested by the *Moniteur's* notice, entering into some statistical details upon the number of petitions presented and favorably acted upon. The government itself publishes an organ of the same sort called the *Moniteur des Communes*. This contains delightfully enthusiastic accounts of the state of the country, and the unanimity of the inhabitants. It is sent by cart-loads to the prefects, who distribute and post it profusely. But it is rare that a copy of it is seen in Paris. The Imperial Printing-office does an immense quantity of secret service of this kind.

CHAPTER XCVII.

THE GUILLOTINE BILL—INTENSE FRENCHINESS OF THE ITALIAN PRINCE BEFORE MENTIONED—A RAREE-OURANG-OUTANG.

May 30th, 1853.

THE most important event since my last has been the distribution to the members of the Legislative Body, of the report of its committee upon the government's bill restoring the pain o death for political offences. Gueronnière was the reporter of the committee, and, as might have been expected from his well-known opinions on the subject, his report was against the adoption of the bill. This is the first time this man, who deserted all his previous principles to rally to Louis Napoleon's standard, and to pick up such scraps of official patronage and favor as fell in his way, has remained faithful to a position that he had maintained before the *coup-d'état*. This is the first time, too, that a committee has ventured seriously to oppose a government bill. It is true that the committee had public opinion on their side, but it is none the less true that their courage might have cost them dear, and that they deserve great credit for listening for once to their consciences. That you may see at a glance to what extent they modified the bill of the council of state, I give the principal features of the two:—

Government's Bill.—Any attempt against the life or person of the Emperor is punished as parricide.

Any attempt against the life or person of any member of the imperial family is punished with death.

Any attempt at insurrection, or to induce the people to arm themselves against the imperial authority, is punished with death.

Reporting Committee's Bill.—Any attempt against the life or person of the Emperor is punished as parricide.

Any attempt upon the life of any member of the imperial family is punished with death.

Any attack upon the person of any member of the imperial family is punished by transportation to a fortified place.

Any attempt at insurrection, or to induce the people to arm themselves against the imperial authority, is punished by transportation to a fortified place.

This substitution of transportation for death will meet the approbation of the country generally, as capital punishment for political offences was abolished, in 1848, to the entire satisfaction of the whole of France. The bill thus modified has become a law, for the council of state accepted the revision of the committee, and the bill was, therefore, to all intents and purposes, the government's own; so that the deputies voted for it in entire safety. M. Gueronnière's report is very long, and is principally historical. I do not give the arguments it contains, for the impropriety of making insurrection a capital offence is apparent to every one. It would amount in some cases to extermination. Imagine an unsuccessful revolt in Paris, and the capture of a thousand mutineers behind a barricade; the proposed law would demand the decapitation of a thousand heads. This was the Emperor's sanguinary project; but he has been checked midway by a very energetic expression of the public mind; and the chamber, which, from time to time, becomes invested with really important functions, has refused to sanction the commission of such a legislative crime.

The brother of the king of Sardinia is still in Paris. He has done his duty as a guest; he has admired the precision of the manœuvres at Vincennes; he has expressed a high sense of the perfection of the drill at Satory; he has contemplated, with becoming emotion, the veteran remnants of the imperial army at the Invalides; and has been struck with the process of baking porcelain at Sèvres. In fact, he has been delighted with everything; and has been made to chant the praises of France, as the Lord Mayor did two years ago, and Abd-el-Kader last autumn. He has been made to approve of the *coup-d'état* in the *Patrie*, bless the courageous initiative of the Emperor in the *Pays*, hope for a prolongation of Louis Napoleon's rule in the *Constitutionnel*, and trust that the French appreciate their happiness in the *Moniteur*.

A novel exhibition is announced as in preparation in Paris. A rares-

showman has an intelligent ourang, six feet high. He has been educated as a domestic, or rather as a *garçon de restaurant*. For twenty-five francs, a gentleman may order an excellent dinner, and be waited upon by the outang. A confusion of salt and sugar, one would think, would be apt to result from the services of such an attendant; and in the intervals of his duties, I should expect to see him vault over the table, for the purpose of showing his agility, or drink wine from the mouth of a bottle; or perhaps sit in a constrained position, indicating acrobatic tendencies, upon the back of a chair, and make merry at my expense. In fact, at an exhibition of learned animals, I once saw a humorously-disposed monkey make all manner of fun of a gentleman who had been recommended to his attentions. I believe that, towards the end of the repast, he poisoned him, for I remember that the performance concluded with a funeral, and that the hearse tipped over on its way to the cemetery. All things considered, I do not think that I will dine at the twenty-five-franc dinner, nor be waited upon by the ourang. I will dine at Vachette's for seventy-five cents, and be served by Adolphe, who likes American customers, because they give large *pour-boires*.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

ULTIMATUM AND ANTE-PENULTIMATE—A FILLIGREE GOWN—TIN STATUARY—FACT AND FICTION—LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE FUGLEMAN.

June 6th, 1853.

THE Bourse, at this moment, is like a blacksmith's bellows. One day it draws a monstrous inhalation, and the next exhausts itself of air. Monday it takes a full, healthy breath, and Tuesday it has the death-rattle in its throat; Wednesday its lungs are again inflated, and Thursday they are like a pricked bladder. The process of distension is renewed on Friday, to be followed again, on Saturday, by another escape of the oxygen. The alternations of rise and fall are as regular as the swing of a pendulum—only that there is much less tick about the concern. Capital is one of the elements, one of the component gases that form its breath of life. The Turkish imbroglio has made many men's fortunes, has ruined many others, and has driven three speculators to suicide. An ultimatum to-day causes a panic among the inexperienced gamblers, who hasten to sell, even at a fearful loss. Some weather-worn capitalist buys in the depreciated scrip, and sells it again, to-morrow, at two per cent. advance; for in the meantime something additional about

Nesselrode, or some retraction about Menschikoff, has restored a temporary confidence to the market. This state of things, which is quite unexampled, is wholly owing to the undue importance attached to the asthmatic coughings of the electric telegraph, from day to day.

The public cannot recover from the idea that the telegraph is an official courier, and that when it speaks, it speaks *ex cathedrâ*. The old signal telegraph was an organ of the government exclusively, and it has become a tradition, that when intelligence arrives in advance of the mails, the government is responsible for its exactitude. The telegraph is the Delphic Oracle, modernized. Old Mr. Jeanbin, the sub-operator, is the Pythoness restored, and his four-legged stool the nineteenth century's idea of a tripod. Our electric information is not a whit more reliable than your own—it is often a mere concentration of the gossip of some capital; the epitome of the *on dits* of the day; the expressed juice of some apple that never grew upon the tree of knowledge. The foolish people take all this to be as true as the Gospel according to John; they stow it away among their archives, as an article of faith.

It will require perhaps a year to dispossess the Parisians of the idea that what has come over the wires is guaranteed by the government, and that Telegraph is another name for the *Moniteur*. But it is evident that despatches acquired under such auspices are entitled to a very meagre credence, and that they deserve rather to be received as suggestive avant couriers, than as declarative *ipse dixits*. Viewed in this light, an ultimatum may be nothing more than an ante-penultimate, and Nesselrode merely bad spelling for Narvaez or Nebuchadnezzar. The mishaps of the last week will perhaps teach us wisdom in this respect, and I trust to see no more would-be-financiers pin their faith and risk their earnings on an unconsidered telegraphic message from Trieste, or throw up their hands and cry that all is lost, because the *Débats* has heard from its agent at Constantinople, and publishes something unintelligible about the Dardanelles, and an incoherent line or two touching the Divan, the Porte, the Harem, the Golden Horn, the Grand Vizier, the Greek Church, or the Tomb of the Virgin.

You may remember that the principal manufacturers of Nancy clubbed together some time ago, in order to present the Empress with the most magnificent embroidered dress that had ever been made. Twenty girls, the most skilled in their art, were set to work upon it early in April. It will not be finished before September, but is already prepared to receive visitors. The Archbishop of Nancy was introduced into its presence last week, and, according to the *Courrier* of that city, was quite overawed by so much magnificence. The journal adds that he spoke in terms of encouragement to the girls who were employed upon the *chef-d'œuvre*. What he found to say would be difficult to imagine; to

encourage persons working for six sous a day, and sure of ruining their eyesight before they are of a marriageable age, would seem to be a hopeless task. To render intelligible to the poor creatures the reasons why there should be such a measureless distance between those who produce an embroidered gown and her who wears it, would be a puzzler—even for a bishop. When finished, Her Majesty's toilet will have cost six months' labor of twenty persons—equal to ten years' labor of one person; a period which would twice exhaust the strongest constitution, and twice destroy the healthiest pair of eyes. I have always regarded embroidery as a slow poison, and as sure as it is slow. A girl who begins life as a *brodeuse*, is sure to sink into the washing and ironing line by the time she is twenty-five. Her eyes no longer permit her to thread a needle, and she must of necessity resort to some coarse work, where no nicety of eyesight, no cunning of finger, is required. She goes out to "days' work;" she takes in stockings to darn;—and she dies in the hospital. In her youth she embroidered on muslin, and helped make a gossamer gown for the Empress!

A publisher announces upon enormous pink show-bills the issue of a pictorial life of Louis Napoleon, to appear in twelve monthly numbers. The price of subscription—50 francs—is high, but a plated bust of both the Emperor and the Empress is thrown in, as part of the bargain, to each of the first 10,000 purchasers. A block tin bust, silvered over by the galvanic process, is doubtless an irresistible inducement to that sort of person who would read Louis Napoleon's life. An admirer of that kind of literature would be sure to place a high value on tin statuary, just as he would be likely to wear glass diamonds on his fingers, and a bright yellow breast-pin in his cravat. I think the plated bust excellently calculated to work off the twelve monthly numbers; and the numbers equally well hit upon to clear the shelves of the plated busts. They are adapted to each other like poker and tongs.

Madeleine Brohan, since her marriage, plays but seldom. On those occasions, M. Huchard, her husband, may be seen in a private box, levelling glances of suppressed indignation at such unfortunate actors as may be compelled, by the necessities of their part, to address her in the accents of love. If I were M. Huchard, it seems to me that I should spend the evening in Madeleine's dressing-room, and make the most of such opportunities as might be offered by a change of costume between the acts. Perhaps, however, the regulations of the theatre would not permit such an invasion; if so, M. Huchard is perfectly right in sitting in a private box, and getting very angry with M. Delaunay or M. Leroux, when they seek private interviews with his wife, and endeavour to go down on their knees, and give way to passionate expansions and other explosive declarations. He will become so accustomed to this sort of thing, that

if it ever happens to him to surprise a similar scene in a private apartment, he will be completely mollified and disarmed at being told that they are rehearsing. By too constant contemplation of fiction, a man gets unbent, and unfit to grapple with the realities of life.

Their Majesties visited the Comedie Française on Friday night, under favorable circumstances. They dined with Jerome, at the Palais Royal; and as the finger-bowls were brought in, a wire communicating with the stage-manager's box was pulled, and their approach thus announced. The Theatre Français is, as you know, a wing or off shoot of the Palais Royal. The imperial party crossed a terrace, ascended a stair-case, and the five tiers of the most splendid dramatic establishment in Christendom were disclosed to their view. The *Moniteur* says that their entrance was saluted by loud and sympathetic acclamations. The subject of the play is a popular tumult at Copenhagen, accompanied with the smashing of window-glass and turbulent demonstrations in the streets. There were a good many opportunities for applause in a Louis Napoleonic point of view, for we have been delivered from street manifestations and parliamentary excesses by a certain "courageous initiative" that we all remember; none of these opportunities were lost by the *claque*. It was almost humiliating to see the select society under the chandelier seize upon the hits that could possibly be put to profit for their Emperor, and clap, and shout, and cry bravo, and go into approving ecstacies together, while the rest of the house were distantly reserved. The fugleman and Louis Napoleon—one might have thought—were in league together, and actually the distance between them seemed, for a time, to disappear; not that the fugleman had been raised to Louis Napoleon's level, but that Louis Napoleon had descended to his.

CHAPTER XCIX.

A CHANCE RENCONTRE—A MILITARY MAN AMID BABIES—THE END OF THE INFERNAL MACHINE—INSTRUCTIONS TO GIRLS WHO DESIRE TO BE MARRIED.

General Magnan.

June 20th, 1853.

I MET General Magnan walking yesterday in the Tuileries. He was in mourning, and had his daughter on his arm. I was very much astonished at this rencontre. I could not have supposed that the military executant of the *coup-d'état* had a daughter; that he would care about walking in the umbrageous coolness of the garden of the palace; or that he would put a weed upon his hat and assume the outward semblances of grief. I should have thought it more natural for a man like him to be visiting the Hotel Dieu, and gratifying his taste for blood by the sight of the surgery and other ghastly operations there; to call in at the Morgue, and look at the dead men waiting to be claimed; to spend his mornings at Montfaucon, where broken-legged horses are taken to be killed; or to go to the burying-ground at Montmartre, and sniff the air over his victims on the Boulevard Poissonnière.

It seemed to me strange that a man of blood should intrude himself among ladies and children, and babies in nurses' arms. It seemed presumptuous that a man who had so recklessly and ruthlessly made others mourn, should have the courage to ask for sympathy for a bereavement of his own. That he should walk in the shade of green trees with his daughter seemed stranger than all. He seemed gentle and kind, however, and appeared to desire that the promenade should be agreeable to her, and that the fresh air should do her good. I did not notice that he had any implements of war about him; neither dirk, nor belt, nor bludgeon. I doubt not that he is a very good sort of man at home; I once heard of a mock-auctioneer who was a most excellent husband and father. He spent his rascally earnings as though they had been honorably won. He laid them out in the necessaries of life, and sometimes in toys for his children. His wife did not know that he was a Peter Funk; he had told her that he was a teller in a bank.

So Magnan may be a terrible fellow on the Boulevard Poissonnière and a mild, benevolent gentleman, when he has put on his slippers, and taken off his stars, and his ribbons and orders, and his foreign decorations, which have been given him for the people he has killed. Unfortunately, he cannot conceal his profession from his family if he would; the decorations and the orders mark him as a man of blood. But the *Moniteur*, when it speaks of him, calls him the "illustrious Magnan;" the *Constitutionnel* often writes of his "benevolent solicitude for the welfare of his troops;" the *Pays* and *Patrie* discover from day to day fresh subjects of admiration in his character, his genius, his achievements, and his devotion to the Emperor. His hands have been long since washed of the blood which stained them, but it will for ever cling to his memory.

The two men who were arrested at Marseilles, after the escape of Gaillard, on the accusation of having been his accomplices in the Infernal Machine affair, have just been set at liberty, after seven months' confinement. The Chamber of Accusations has declared the evidence totally insufficient to warrant their detention. But they had already been detained the best part of a year. But, in order that one man may be emperor, it is indispensable that many men be crushed and trodden under foot.

A small pamphlet, entitled "Instructions to Girls who desire to be Married," has been for some weeks cried and sold upon the Boulevard, at one sou a copy. This pamphlet has been the subject of a trial before the Correctional Tribunal, which has brought it into notice. There is nothing interesting in the trial, but the "instructions" are curious enough to furnish an extract. They are in the form of a catechism, proceeding by question and answer, thus:—

Question. What is the most necessary thing for grown-up girls?

Answer. Marriage.

Q. At what age ought girls to be married?

A. That depends upon whether they are handsome or not.

Q. When should handsome girls be married?

A. From sixteen to eighteen.

Q. Why at that age?

A. For fear that, if they wait, some damage may happen to their honor.

Q. And when should plain girls be married?

A. Just as soon as a man asks them, so as not to lose the chance.

Q. When a girl is asked in marriage, what must she say?

A. She must appear surprised, and reply, that she did not think a fellow so deserving would have thought of her.

Q. During the marriage festivities, what must she do?

A. She must take care and not laugh, if any one says anything with a double sense, as people are very apt to do on occasions of the sort.

Then follows an "orison," to be repeated from time to time by girls who are tired of maidenhood:—

"Lord, who formed Adam of earth, and gave him Eve for a companion, send me, if you please, a good husband to live with, that I may honor you, and have children who will bless you."

After this comes a litany, to be said every day till the effect is produced—as the physicians say of their prescription, "one teaspoonful every hour, till the patient goes to sleep."

Then comes a code of manners for the parents of a happy couple. This is as full as any one, who has gone through life aided by the counsels of the "Complete Letter-Writer," can desire.

The father and mother of the bridegroom will say to the father and mother of the lady, after the usual bowing:—

"We have learned, with a lively satisfaction, of the tenderness our boy feels for your daughter, and have come to ask her in marriage. If you consent, we shall be very well pleased."

Then the old gentleman will reply:—

"We are deeply sensible of the honor you do us; we yield with unhesitating cordiality. Be good enough to fix the day."

"We could not think of it, sir: fix it yourself, I beg of you."

And the code of manners, having brought the parties into this awkward predicament, deliberately leaves them there. A man who has lost all habits of self-reliance, from constant dependence upon the "Complete Letter-Writer," would find it difficult to get out of it, I fear. I trust that no matches will be broken off from unwillingness on both sides to appoint the happy day. You can gather from these specimens

how it is that this pamphlet is sold at the reasonable price of one cent but you will not understand how it should ever have become the subject of a law-suit. But it is not important that you should know.

CHAPTER C.

NO MORE DELIRIUM WANTED—JEROME AND THE AERONAUT—A BONAPOLEON—COAT OF MAIL AND KETTLE-DRUM.

August 18th, 1853.

I HAVE said but little upon the Turko-Russian difficulties; and only refer to the matter now, to express the hope that you will read the famous six-lined paragraph in the *Moniteur* of yesterday announcing the supposed end of the Imbroglio, with all the emotions expected of an editor in such circumstances. The papers speak of the affair as "the LATE crisis." Let us thank God for that. The *Charivari* heads an exulting article thus: "Let us hug each other, and may that be the end of it!" The *Pays* and *Patrie* are as jubilant as would be proper for confidential journals to be. They claim all the merit of the Peace of 1853 for Louis Napoleon, though they had already commenced the elaboration of articles attributing to him all the merit of a righteous and justifiable war. The question now is, what is the Vienna note to which the Czar has adhered? Here lies the whole interest of the treaty agreed to by the Four Powers. For the present, however, we are satisfied to know that the *ultimatum ultimatissimorum* has been accepted, and that we shall hear no more of Gortschakoff and Mentschikoff, and all the others that end in koff.

M. de Persigny has published a singular circular to the prefects. He says that he notices that many Councils General, on assembling in their annual Fall meetings, are making preparations to issue congratulatory addresses to the Emperor, in spite of his despatch of the 27th of July, forbidding any such manifestations. Now, the duty of Councils General, says M. de Persigny, is not to draw up complimentary addresses, but to vote the taxes, lay out roads, and appoint fairs and market-days. Ah! it was a very different thing, continues the Minister, when a great national interest was at stake, and France was called upon to fix its destinies, by loudly proclaiming its inclination, by every voice, and in every form. Then it would have been an exaggerated delicacy to forbid the Councils from shouting forth their ardent desires and burning love for the Emperor's heir. But now that the admirable institutions that France has given herself, have commenced their regular

action; now that the government is no longer that of a caste or a party, but of the whole nation, nothing can justify the government in authorising the Councils General to quit the sphere in which the law of 1833 confines them. The prefects are therefore instructed to intimate to these Councils, that no more of their addresses will be entertained; at the same time that they will assure them every chance they can get, that their devotion and good will are thoroughly appreciated in Paris.

Perhaps you will hardly understand this sudden distaste for congratulation with which the Emperor is smitten, without some explanation. The small country bodies made themselves so ridiculous on the last occasion when addresses were allowed to emanate from them—the marriage of their Majesties—that it is thought that the people have had quite enough of this sort of literature, and that there is no benefit in overstocking the market. The *Moniteur* published half of them, the opposition journals copying them, as they would copy jokes from the *Charivari*. The official paper forbore publishing the latter half, as they were found to do more harm than good. At the opening of the council season, this year, M. de Persigny warned the prefects that there need be no more of these felicitations, the law of 1833 forbidding it. But the councillors supposed this to be a mere trick, to give their addresses the appearance of being irrepressible, and of having burst the bonds intended to confine them. The love of the people, and their attachment to the Constitution, would be thus violently manifested. But this was not M. de Persigny's idea at all; he did not wish the addresses to be sent, and could not conceive how people could be so foolish as to write them. He thought differently last November, when he was stirring up delirium for the Empire, and when nothing was too foolish, or too inanely ecstatic to be spread at once before the world in the columns of the *Moniteur*. Country councillors are permitted to assist in a great national movement, but when the great national movement is accomplished, country councillors must be kept in the background, with their wooden shoes, overalls, and coat collars high in the neck. "Oh," says M. de Persigny, "if there is anything I cannot tolerate, it is a peasant when he undertakes to felicitate the government." I fully share the minister's feelings, but cannot but recollect that he was not of the same mind last November.

Jerome Bonaparte has at last had an opportunity of thrusting himself into the papers, which was not of his own seeking. The wind blew the last balloon towards his country seat in the neighborhood of Sçeaux. The aeronaut was accompanied by a young woman, who was suspended outside of the car in a graceful attitude, representing the Daughter of the Air. After a while, she was, of course, taken in. The balloon descended in Jerome's park; and "hardly had they touched the ground,"—I quote

the *Patrie*—"than their Imperial Highnesses, Jerome, and his son, Napoleon, arrived upon the spot, and welcomed them in the most affable manner. They caused them to be served with dinner, and on their departure, presented the aeronaut with a mark of their inexhaustible generosity." It must be humiliating to a man to be thus forced to accept a bounty that he does not want, and serve as a peg upon which to hang the usual quotum of stereotypic laudation of the imperial family's benevolence. The aeronaut went up gracefully and majestically, but to conclude by having to take a purse from Jerome, and reading about it in the *Patrie*, is to come down sneakingly and contemptibly.

A market-porter has been condemned to prison for a fortnight, for contemptuous language intended for the Emperor. This deluded individual was reading a paper, and he was heard to say to himself, by a fireman, "Napoleon Ist was all very well; but this fellow—pooh! pah! ugh! he's a *canaille*—he's a Bonapoleon!" (term of disgust composed of Bonaparte and Napoleon; being a compound word, it is of course all the more offensive). The fireman went and told of the dissatisfied porter. This is a striking feature of dissimilarity between the *pompier* of France and the fireman of America. I doubt whether Mose, under the circumstances, would have peached. At any rate, the culprit was condemned, and the President of the Tribunal remarked to him, as he was taken off: "You are doubly to blame, Marvoine, for in your capacity as carrier of fish and lobsters at the market, you had just sworn fidelity to the Emperor!" This is an instructive remark on the part of the President; for I did not know that the oystermen had sworn allegiance. I knew that Philarete Chasles had, but not the oystermen; oh no, not the oystermen. The conduct of Marvoine enlightens us on the results likely to flow from this universal administering of the oath. A man consents to swear, either to keep his place, or to obtain a place; but he goes straightway into a corner, where he thinks no one will hear him, and calls the Emperor a Bonapoleon!

It is noticed that the Emperor is much stouter than he was, and this increase of bulk is attributed to a more voluminous coat of mail. I saw a curious occurrence at the Théâtre Français the other night. Their Majesties were present at the performance of Bertrand et Raton. During the second act, a heavy jack-knife fell from the fourth tier directly upon the kettle-drum, immediately under the imperial box. The sound produced by the concussion was exceedingly sharp and explosive, and might easily have been taken for the discharge of a rather slightly wadded fire-arm. The Emperor withdrew with a movement of extreme precipitation into his box, and for a moment or two was visibly moved. It was subsequently discovered that the dropping of the jack-knife was an accident, for its owner—in a blouse—presented

himself at the orchestra to reclaim it. My neighbor insisted that it was done on purpose, and that the kettle-drum was aimed at, to startle the Empress.

CHAPTER CI.

THREE FRANTIC EDITORS — JASMIN AT ST. CLOUD — GROCERS AND ASTRONOMY—THE TELEGRAPH IN ALGERIA.

August 11th, 1853.

A DECREE in the *Moniteur* clinches the public conclusion that the imbroglio is unravelled. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, Minister of Foreign Affairs, is raised to the grade of Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, for the eminently successful manner in which he has conducted the diplomacy of the country. The *Presse* remarks that ministers, like generals, are only rewarded at the termination of a battle, or the close of a campaign. There is no rank in the order higher than Grand Cross, except, of course, the rank of Grand Master, belonging of right to the ruler of the country. It is needless to add, that Louis Napoleon at present holds this position. So the Turkey question is buried; but there are people who believe in the resurrection of the dead. And I have seen men that said that the famous note of Vienna would turn out a delusion.

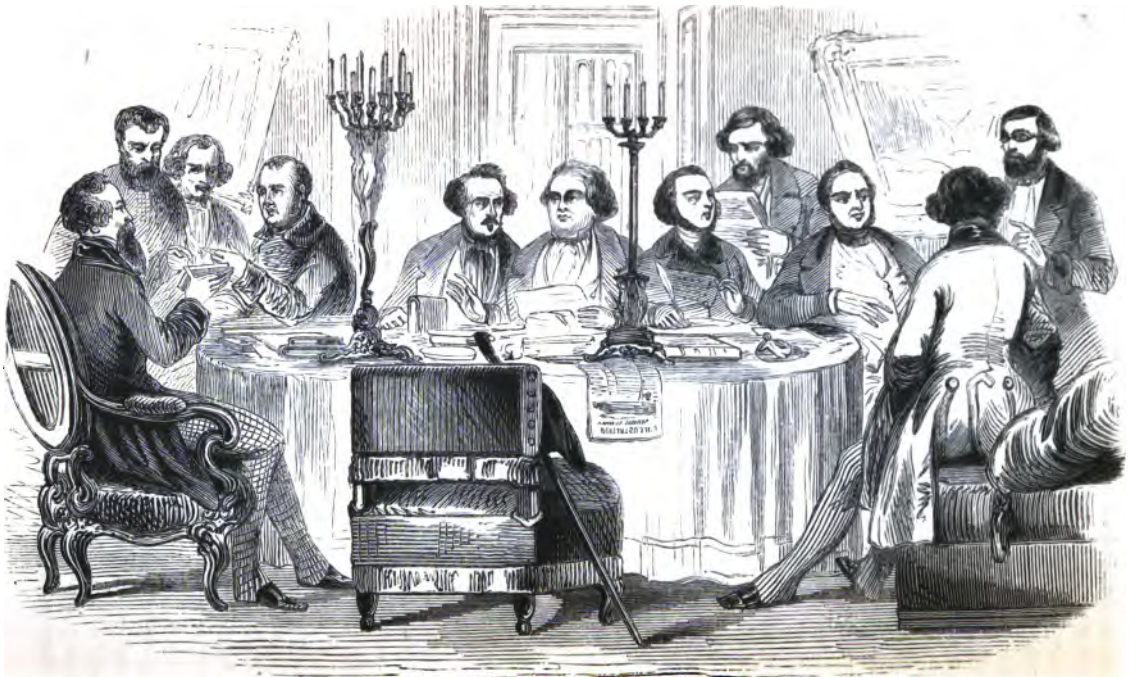
The *Pays* and *Patrie* continue, nevertheless, to stamp with enthusiasm at the masterly way in which Napoleon III. has cut this Gordian knot of Turko-Russian entanglement. The *Siècle* asks Gueronnière, if he goes into such extacies over an achievement like this, what he could find to say if Louis Napoleon were to win the battle of Austerlitz? The confidential editors do not understand the art of graduating their language, and reserving the acme of their frenzy for the apogee of their article. They begin at a pitch so high, that were it necessary to ascend still higher, they would have to scream. There is no such shading possible as a *crescendo* or a *rinforzando*, for all the brass, cat-gut, and sheep-skin were introduced at the out-set, rendering any more din at the *finale* quite out of the question.

I should like to contemplate Céséna or Gueronnière at work upon a Napoleonic editorial. A patriotic American engaged upon a fourth of July oration would not be an object half so tumultuously beset. The human brain constantly kept in this tense state cannot be expected to resist such wear and tear; and I should not be surprised to learn at any moment that Céséna had fallen a victim to spontaneous combustion, that Uranier de Cassagnac had exploded in his bed, and that Gueronnière

had melted into thin air, taking his lyre with him. It really is a dangerous trade, this business of a frenzied editor. Generally, men have to go through a gradual process of inflation, before attaining that state of mind which permits any inspired effort. Macbeth had to screw his courage to the sticking point, and the Fourth of July orator has to stir himself up very considerably, before rising to concert pitch. No matter what the incentive applied may be; whether a visit to Bunker Hill, or a glass of brandy and water. Some stirring medium is necessary. When the end is attained, this unusual tensity is suffered to relax.

But what would you American editors think, were you compelled to remain in the exceptional states of exaltation into which you are periodically thrown? How long would you survive, were you sentenced to maintain, perennially, the feverish pulse consequent upon a Presidential election? Were you condemned to bear with you to the grave the horror and dismay that you feel for twenty-fours after a draw-bridge accident, or a boiler's collapse? Were you doomed to know no rest from the indignation that seizes you when the *Prometheus* is fired into? And yet, our Parisian journalists never descend from their pinnacle. They get on the highest peg they can find, and hang there. Céséna, one would imagine, drinks nothing but highly-charged fluids, furnished by a government chemist. Granier, we should suppose, feeds on raw meat, and occasionally sharpens knives on rough boards, like Shylock, for his speciality is blood, and a pound of flesh from somebody, no matter who. Gueronnière, it would seem, keeps his nerves in an everlasting tingle by means of a voltaic pile, with which he is in communication; the legs of his stool being isolated by bits of glass, so that none of the precious influence escapes. He sometimes gets too highly impregnated, and then he produces articles which are ridiculed by the *Charivari*, and which cause people to say, "Here's that ass of a Gueronnière gone mad again!" In short, the leading articles of the three patented editors are a mixture of flummery, fudge, and frenzy, such as the press of no enlightened country ever exhibited before.

Jasmin, the barber-poet, having dined at St. Cloud, and having moved the audience to tears, profited by the impression he had created, to ask leave for M. Baze, ex-questor, and, like himself, a native of Agen, to return from exile. The chronicle says that Louis Napoleon immediately granted it without condition. The *Patrie* and *Pays* have profited by this piece of imperial clemency for another burst of rapture. To me, it is not an encouraging specimen of our Emperor's justice. If M. Baze's offence was so slight that a troubador may obtain his pardon between two stanzas, it ought not to have entailed upon him an eighteen months' proscription. If he deserved his exile, I cannot see the justice of the Emperor's putting an end to it, with no better proof of his inno-



Corps of Editors of a Daily Journal in Paris.

cence or of his reform than Jasmin's pathos. Such stories as these are suited to the middle ages, when barons, chieftains, and kings, were the only dispensers of justice and arbiters of fate. But it is a sorry spectacle to witness in France, in the nineteenth century—this granting of pardons after dinner, when a facile digestion disposes to bland concessions—this proclamation of amnesties on birthdays, not because the culprits have been found innocent, or have served out their term, but because of the recurrence of a hero's anniversary—this substitution of whim for justice, of chance or caprice for conviction and the right. M. Baze has been in exile for a year and a half, and more; his octogenarian mother, after a long hesitation, has painfully travelled the 900 miles that separated her from her son; his family have suffered much from absence, anxiety, and even privation. His offence, on the 2nd of December, was that he was not a friend to the usurper, and looked upon the *coup d'état* as an act of perjury. What must be his feelings on learning that, after having been exiled thus unjustly, he is summoned to return, for no better reason than because the Emperor had been soothed by a minnie-singer! I cannot find that his Majesty has done anything more than tardily recognise the wrong inflicted on M. Baze, by thus consenting to his enlargement because somebody had been chanting Gascon between the Charlotte Russe and the finger-bowls.

But I have been throwing away my indignation; for M. Baze refuses to accept the proffered grace. He writes to the *Indépendence Belge*, from Liege, to say that he has heard of the scene at St. Cloud with extreme pain; that he had often told Jasmin that his solicitude in his behalf, so far from pleasing him, wounded him; and that a disavowal of his officiousness becomes necessary. He will not accept the end of his proscription, when it comes in a way which even distantly resembles a favor, granted directly or indirectly to any one; it must be given as a right and as a reparation, not as a grace. Bravo, M. Baze! We expected nothing less from a man of heart and courage, such as you! Louis Napoleon has not had one single application for permission to return, since he issued proposals for contrition and promises of amendment; and now that he has granted an unasked boon, he finds that his sturdy exile refuses to accept it. Bravo, M. Baze!

The Minister of the Interior has been interfering with a certain branch of the profits of the fraternity of grocers. These gentlemen, although they do not possess a bookseller's license, have long been in the habit of purchasing almanacs,—by wholesale, and jobbing them out to pedlars, and even selling them by retail. The government has tolerated this violation of the laws upon colportage, as to almanacs. I mean "almanacs as is almanacs"—mere calendars of days and months, eclipses, and recurrences of comets. Of late, however, these unpretending columns

of figures have acquired a development and an extension which called for a display of energy on the part of the minister. They contain treatises upon astronomy, receipts for puddings and the relief of scalds, spelling-lessons, and even conundrums and jests. They have become positive books, and, of course, cannot be sold by grocers, who have no patent as publishers. Therefore grocers will no longer sell almanacs; people that wish to know when the sun sets will no longer apply for information at the counter which furnishes them their molasses. Ladies who desire to learn of the full moon, must ask elsewhere than at the shop where they get their green cheese. This action on the part of M. de Persigny has had a tendency to conciliate astronomers toward the government. I think M. Arago would take the oath of allegiance to Louis Napoleon now without a struggle. Grocers, on the other hand, feel hurt; but their unjustifiable assumption needed a rebuke. Starch and parallax are different things.

The first electric telegraph in Algeria was inaugurated a fortnight ago by the prefect of Oran, and General Daumas, the military head of the colony. The first message was sent by an Arab, who asked the price of a mare for sale at Mostagnem; the second was relative to the purchase of a basket of dates; and the third was about a missing pound of tobacco. The wary Bedouins supposed that the telegraph was a contrivance for surprising people's secrets, and purposely proposed questions of very little significance, in order to baffle the prefect. The *Echo d'Oran*, which reports these details, mentions the laughable fact, that the Sheiks and prominent Bedouins that graced the occasion wore the cross of the Legion of Honor.

CHAPTER CII.

THEIR MAJESTIES GO NORTH—TUBULAR FASHIONS—A GREAT FIRE IN PARIS, AND THE WAY IN WHICH IT WAS PUT OUT.

September 29th, 1853.

THEIR Majesties left St. Cloud, with the usual flourish, last Thursday, for the Northern Departments. The first day's journey revealed no new or striking fact, unless it be the existence of a lady of honor of whom we had not heard before, Madame Lezay Magnesia, I think, and a singular proceeding on the part of the engine. I quote the *Pays'* report of this incident:—"At exactly a quarter past one o'clock, the locomotive started from Clermont, dragging the train after it!" The *Pays* seems astonished that it did not leave the train behind. At Arras and several

other towns, deputations of young girls, dressed in white, presented their Majesties with flowers. One of their number, elected by vote, recited an original poem. I take it for granted that the young lady thus chosen by universal suffrage was a government candidate. Otherwise, we should feel compelled to deplore the imbecility of the prefect, and the inconceivable carelessness of the military authorities. A hurricane tore down the streamers, uprooted the flag-poles, and defaced the banners at Dunkirk. The crowd of this ill-fated town obtained no sight of their Majesties' faces; and in fact the annual storm of the 21st of September, or thereabouts, kept the august visitors within their carriage doors, at very many points of palpitating interest. At Arras, the guests at the ball were either few or careless of creature comforts, for seven baskets of sponge-cake, lobster-salad, ice-creams, lemonade, and sugar-plums, were taken off to the hospital to be divided among the sick and bed-ridden—unwholesome food, one would suppose, for individuals laboring under many descriptions of complaints. At another town, where the supper-table was neglected, the children of a ragged-school received 200 cups of chocolate. It was served between the alphabet and twice one are two. Many little boys, applying the multiplication table to passing circumstances, doubtless said to themselves, twice one cup of chocolate are two cups of chocolate. But I doubt whether this mathematical process succeeded in augmenting the supply. These are the only details of interest that I have been able to glean from five successive numbers of the *Pays*.

We had hoped for some stirring episodes in this monotonous tour at the station of Boulogne. It was there that Louis Napoleon, General Montholon, and Persigny, entered France, in 1840, with a view to carrying it by assault, and re-establishing the Bonaparte dynasty. A tame eagle, trained to the feat, descended upon the pretender's head, and it was said, and is still believed, that a slice of raw meat upon Louis Napoleon's skull was the bait that attracted him there. The eagle was taken to the slaughter-house, and the invader was temporally confined in the Chateau de Boulogne, from which he was transferred to Ham. Had the sub-prefect referred to this incident, he could not have failed to amuse immensely a nation of thirty-six million souls. But he was directed from Paris to keep clear of any such perilous allusion. Consequently there was very little talking. The mayor did hardly more than present the Emperor with the keys of the town; the sub-prefect bowed low, the British Consul handed in the adhesion of the English residents, and the Abbé Somebody invoked the Divine blessing. Louis Napoleon pointed out to the Empress the grated window of Persigny's cell, and quoted a remark that Persigny made as he looked out of it in 1840. The *Pays* says that this remark is now historical.

It is fortunate for posterity that the *Pays* does not make history, for I doubt whether our descendants would ever be able to traverse so agonized an epoch without having the brain fever.

I have often reproached myself with my neglect of what ought to be one of the prominent branches of a Paris correspondent's duties. I have never yet written a fashion article. I have never yet felt that I was fitted for that department of the service. It seems to me to demand a stock of information and acquirements that I do not possess. I notice that stately American journals have columns devoted to this subject, and I suppose they must be read, or that people would not print them. Not to be behind any enterprising New York establishment, and in order to distance competition, I have been looking about for materials, and gathering a fund of information, which in due time will be lavished on your readers. I commence my series of fashion articles with an account of two new garments, known as "Prevel's Umbrella Great-coat," and "Prevel's Self-expanding Petticoat."

In the prospectus announcing the umbrella great-coat, M. Prevel remarks with justice, that the umbrella is at best but a cumbrous utensil. It seems to a certain degree to protect the bearer from the rain, but it is apt to drip from the whalebones upon his feet, to get entangled with other umbrellas, to be borrowed and never returned. The umbrella great-coat is intended to serve as a great-coat and an umbrella at the same time. It is made of any impervious material, and has, running along the lower edge, an air-proof tube. Under the collar is a little blow-hole communicating with this tube. The wearer applies his mouth to this hole, and with a few vigorous exhalations, he inflates it with air. The tube acquires the consistency of a hoop, the great-coat assumes the form of a diving-bell, and the drops fall a long way outside of the wearer's feet. Such is Prevel's umbrella great-coat. It has one immense advantage—no one would be likely to borrow it.

The Self-expanding Petticoat consists in the application of a similar wind-pipe to the hem of a lady's principal under-garment. One, in this way, says the inventor, stands out and takes up the room of six ordinary petticoats, and thus saves wear and tear, and economises washing. It is true, that when a lady desires to get into a carriage, the hoop will be likely to stick at the door. To obviate this, she must, at the moment of embarking, turn a little screw, hidden in some fold of her dress, and let out the air. The swollen folds at once collapse, and shrink into an extremely small compass. As she alights from the vehicle, she again applies her lips to the mouth-piece, inflates the tube and distends her skirts. This perpetual letting in and out of air, one would think, would become monotonous, not to say tedious, in time. It is possible that a flageolet might in some way be adapted to the tube, so that the wind, in

escaping, might whistle an air. Or an arrangement of reeds might produce a melody like that of a barrel-organ, or perhaps of an Æolian harp. No lady could allege, as an objection, her inability to play upon the flute. Hamlet settled the question long ago. Any one can cause a recorder to discourse most eloquent music, by just placing the fingers upon certain vents, and raising them from certain others. Ask Herr Kœnig if the whole art of the cornet-à-piston does not lie in the way he manages his fingers. I anticipate an immediate success for the new petticoats. I need not say that the invention has been patented.

Such is my fashion article for this week. When I get another equally good chance, I will give you a second.

One of my colleagues has lately given an account, in an American paper, of the system upon which the Paris firemen are organised. I thought, as I read it, that he had altogether overrated their efficiency. They are rarely called upon to stay the progress of the devouring element anywhere but in the recesses and windings of a chimney; and in these cases their mode of procedure is prompt and effective. But if the fire once catches where there is any considerable quantity of inflammable material, all their efforts are powerless. The conflagration goes on till it burns itself out, or arrives at a stone wall. An instance in point occurred yesterday. A piano warehouse caught fire, just at daybreak, and the dried and seasoned woods that had been prepared for use, burned eagerly and propagated the disaster. It was such a fire as four American engines would have quenched in an hour's work, but the *sapeurs-pompiers*, to the number of some hundreds, worked away at it till sundown, when it was finally got under. The firemen were not enough by themselves, so the by-standers were pressed into the service. An English baronet was forced to stand in the chain and pass buckets. A gentleman walking with his wife was snatched away from her, and incorporated in another gang of the same sort. Little ragged boys were set to collect water from mud-puddles and hand it in small pails to the chief engineer.

It was really ludicrous to see these pompous pompiers, each one with a gun slung over his shoulder, and none of them with any better engine than a barrel mounted on wheels. There was no hose, and no means of forcing water through it if there had been. All the squirting power of Paris is used up at the water-works of Versailles and the cascades of St. Cloud. But then the pompiers have rifles, and very bright helmets, and they are good gymnasts, and scale a house-side easily by means of a knotted rope made fast round the chimney. They make an imposing appearance as they march, in groups of a dozen, to the theatres at nightfall. They are exceedingly efficient in chopping away the wood-work around a stove-pipe. when it has just begun to blister and turn brown.

They wield the brightest of axes, and stop in the middle of some perilous achievement to make love to the chambermaid. They enjoy great

Pompier.

favor with the people, who imagine them to be really the heroic and valuable public servants that the correspondent, my colleague, has described them. When one gets a smooched face, or comes otherwise in contact with smutty substances, he is accompanied back to his barracks by a crowd of boys and women, who deem that he has seen hard service, and feel an inward certainty that he will get a medal from the Minister of the Interior. The Paris firemen are very efficient as long as there are no fires; their duty consists, in fact, rather in preventing than checking conflagrations. Transported to New York with their present ideas and equipments, they would be of no more avail than a child who should attempt to quench the glow in a steamboat's furnace with the spray of a shattered soap-bubble.

CHAPTER CIII.

JEROME BONAPARTE IS UNWELL—THE EMPEROR GOES SHOOTING AT VERSAILLES—A RIVER CAPTAIN IS DECORATED—THEATRICALS FROM ZULU.

October 27th, 1853.

SOMETHING is the matter with Jerome Bonaparte. He is understood to be confined to his bed, and to be undergoing medical treatment. This indisposition of the Westphalian has been pressed into the service of imperial propagandism by the *Patrie*. Both the morning and evening editions of that journal publish little bulletins of the progress of the disease, with comments on the way in which the sufferer slept, data about his pulse, the opinion of the physician, and the temperature of the sick-room—all of which is intended to produce an effect at a distance. No one in Paris feels the least interest in the state of Jerome's health, but it is well that people in the country be led to suppose that we are deeply afflicted at his illness, and that we await the appearance of the *Patrie's* bulletins with agonized impatience. To feel an interest in Jerome is, indirectly, to sympathise with all the other Bonapartes; and the city that stands in tears around the bed of the uncle, must naturally be supposed to be deeply interested in the nephew. The influence of these bulletins, that nobody reads, may thus really be wide-spread and lasting; and in this way, too, Jerome may positively be of some use. It never was known before what end he was intended to serve. It is now clear that his department is to be sick, to pretend to be inquired for, to have extras issued about him, so that Paris may appear to be very much concerned for him, and that La Province may share the sorrows of Paris. Jerome is the sick member of the government, and in his way contributes to the solidity of the existing *régime*. He takes rhubarb in order to settle the Interior. The interest he feels in foreign affairs is his disinclination to swallow imported drugs. Jerome is unwell to order—he is bed-ridden by prescription, and will stay on his back just as long as this issuing of bulletins can be made to serve any possible purpose. Here is another paragraph, panting and piping-hot from the press:

"His Imperial Highness, the late King Jerome, is a little better this evening. He got up this morning, worked a little with his secretaries, and then went to bed again.

"His state requires the greatest care."

To-morrow we shall be told that the Emperor has sent an aide-de-camp to inquire after the health of the illustrious invalid. The next

day, the *Patrie* will say that a register has been opened at the Palais Royal for the reception of the names of such ladies and gentlemen as continually throng the access, to assure themselves that his Highness is no worse; then the same authority will assert that the neighbors have spread straw over the streets, by subscription, in order to deaden the racket; and then the *Patrie* will become maudlin, and its frenzy will be diluted with imbecility; and in the meantime, it is to be hoped, Jerome will really get well, if he really was sick.

After this ado over the father, it is natural there should be some excitement over the son. Napoleon Bonaparte left Paris yesterday, *incognito*, for Stuttgard. It may seem singular that he should quit his parent at a moment when periodical bulletins of his health are deemed necessary to tranquillize people who are utter strangers to him; but these imperial people manage to get along with a very dim sense of the congruities of life. The King of Wirtemberg is Napoleon Bonaparte's uncle, and lately expressed a desire to see his nephew. Hence his journey to Stuttgard. He goes *incognito*, to avoid the congratulations of the people, and the compliments of the small Grand Dukes of the German Principalities.

We learn, from the *Patrie*, that the Emperor went shooting in the Park of Versailles, the day before yesterday, with four gentlemen. The whole five brought down 252 head of game; the Emperor's share was 117! Every one that reads this story, and believes it, will be another head of game. It is true, indeed, that his Majesty has published a work on Artillery, and that he has devised a peculiar howitzer, for use upon the Boulevard Poissonnière; but all this does not make him such a tremendous marksman as the *Patrie* would have us suppose. Perhaps, however, Emperors shoot under unusually favorable auspices. Perhaps the partridges have taken the oath of fidelity, and did not try to get away. Perhaps the quails, who have handed in their adhesion, assembled in rows on branches, thus offering an admirable range for the imperial eye. Perhaps the blackbirds met in quantities of twenty-four at a time, in order to die together, and be baked in a pie. Under such circumstances, an Emperor would be inexcusable if he did not do as much execution as his whole suite put together. The real fact would seem to be, that men drive in the game with which the park is thickly stocked, and the sportsmen have nothing to do but to blaze away. Perhaps, too, the branches are spread with bird-lime—in which case, the quails may certainly be said to have given in their adhesion. If so, they will only resemble a large part of the nation who have been caught and bagged by Louis Napoleon.

The *Moniteur* publishes a list of individuals decorated by Louis Napoleon during his tour to the North. One mayor is made commander,

the third grade in the order; six prefects, etc., are made officers; and forty-two functionaries are made chevaliers. Two of these are gentlemen who assisted in capturing Louis Napoleon at Boulogne, in 1840. The Emperor said, in bestowing these ribbons, that he liked soldiers who obeyed their superiors. The superiors who gave the order which these soldiers executed were of course not decorated. There is only room in this world for one individual who takes a "courageous initiative."

The captain who brought the screw-steamer *Sole* up the Seine, to Paris, and anchored her off the Louvre, has also received a ribbon from the hands of his Majesty. One would suppose a sailor to be above such things, and that the mind that is used to the grand effects wrought by hurricanes, water-spouts, undertows, and white-squalls, and is wont to place its reliance on such agencies as mainsails, sheet-anchors, belaying-pins, and marling-spikes, would set but a very slight value on a gew-gaw so useless as this red ribbon. We cannot account for his eager acceptance of the decoration on the plea that he is a fresh-water sailor, and has rarely been out of sight of land, for the oldest salts in the navy are quite as susceptible of this sort of flattery as is this river "cap'n" from Bordeaux. Our Captain Ingraham I take to be a man who would not particularly care about tucking the Emperor's ribbon into his overcoat button-hole.

Twelve Caffres from Zulu have made their appearance in a play called "Scenes of Savage Life, in two tableaux." An introductory prologue was spoken by one of the actors attached to the theatre, and the curtain then rising revealed the Caffres, in battle array, ready to march upon the foot-lights. They abandon their hostile intentions, however, and divert the audience by their preparations for getting supper. Then there is an interlude in which an amorous gentleman asks the hand of a female Caffre belonging to the troupe, in marriage. He sings a Zulu ballad, which appears to be well received by the lady. They then deliberate on a scheme of invasion, and advance to combat. A frightful scene of warfare ensues, mingled with shouts, whistlings, exorcisms, rigadoons, grimaces, and shindies in couples. One of their fancies would appear to be to make faces at the private boxes. I suppose this is owing to the fact that these types of undisguised barbarism are bound to cherish a lively hatred for those who claim to be the exponents of the most advanced civilisation. If I understood the Zulu tongue, I would strive to undeceive the Caffres on this point. I would tell them that the private boxes are the resort of those who go to the theatre less for the characters that the artists represent, than for the artists themselves; they go to clap a danseuse, and to be seen to do it by the object of their applause; they go to wink at the low comedian, and to nod to the first and second murderer behind the scenes; they go to exhibit

white kid gloves, and to be noticed as having paid half a dollar more than any one else. All this I would tell the Caffres, if I knew how to talk Zulu. As the curtain fell, on the first night, a gentleman was heard to remark that he was now reconciled to the frock coat, to pantaloons, to suspenders, to shirts, and even to stove-pipe hats. He had of late nourished earnest prejudices against them, which, he was happy to say, had vanished at the sight of these African fashions, worn by native professors. He could now tolerate the *paletot*, and even the *coachmann*, since he had seen the embroidered blanket, the worsted turban, and the tattooed legs.

CHAPTER CIV.

ALL SOULS' DAY AT PERE LA CHAISE—THE EMPEROR'S FINGER-POSTS—AN AMERICAN SLAVE IN THE STREETS AT MIDNIGHT.

November 3rd, 1853.

YESTERDAY was All Souls' Day—*La Fête des Morts*—and it became every one's duty to visit Pere La Chaise. Having spent three hours there, under a warm Indian summer's sun, and having gathered one or two incidents worth a mention, let me briefly detail the appearance of the cemetery on the Holiday of the Dead.

It is the custom in Catholic countries on this day, if on no other in the year, to repair to the graves of departed friends, to remove the faded crowns and withered flowers—that were perhaps hung there a year before, and have done a twelvemonth's service—to light candles in the little chapels built over the tombs, to rub away the dust and cobwebs, and to read a fitting passage from the prayer-book. Between morning and night the scene undergoes a very noticeable change. The view becomes bright yellow with the crowns and garlands of artificial everlasting that are placed over the graves. The landscape is beautified with wreaths of dyed amaranth, and chaplets of flowers, and perhaps it is the only day in the year when the breeze is laden with a genuine odor of nature. It would certainly seem as if a beholder ought to be touched by the contemplation of such a scene. But the French are such incorrigible lovers of effect, that even in their burying-grounds they appear to be contriving shows and little two-penny sights. I know I am not the only one who is impressed by the idea that the ladies that ornament their family tombs, on All Souls' Day, are not purely influenced by affection for the dead. To mention an instance.

Not far from the grand entrance is a chapel-tomb made of sheet copper. It is perhaps four feet square, and the side upon the avenue is pure plate

glass, protected by a slight iron trellis-work. Quite a crowd was gathered before it. It was literally shrouded in bouquets of white and red flowers. In the interior, which was furnished with extreme luxury, was a chandelier and two candelabra, bearing perhaps forty lighted candles. On the mantel-piece was a huge and solid silver cross. The curtains were made of bright sheet iron, drawn aside by polished steel loops. The floor was marble, laid in mosaic. On the outside of this barbaric temple sat its owner, a lady of perhaps forty years, reading. She looked vastly more like a woman tending wax-work, than a mother sitting by the grave of her child. I could not get over the impression that there was something to pay. Every one stopped, looked, wondered, and went on. And all this was evidently *one* object of the "exposition."

Nine-tenths of the persons engaged in this way seemed to be actuated by a mingled sense of duty and a desire to attract a crowd. There seemed to be little pure emotion. If there had been, it would have been seen at the *fosse commune*,—the common trench,—where the poor are buried gratuitously and yet decently. It seemed to me that, as there is no possibility of display here, the bereft would be solely given up to quiet remembrance and silent regret, which exclude outward show. But I found very few mourners there; they had made haste to hang a crown or two, to imbed a plaster cast of little Samuel in the soil, and had gone up to the aristocratic quarter to see the spectacle. They had fled the humble valley, and ascended the marbled peak, to admire the sculptured monuments and the copper chapels. It was pretty certain that, in a country like France, the Living would take the holiday of the Dead, and make it into a holiday for themselves.

The grand chapel of the cemetery presented a scene of unostentatious prostration before God. The chairs were filled with women (I saw but one man, out of a hundred persons), silently praying, or as silently weeping. There, at least, there was no striving for effect. But it was marred by the extraordinary proceedings in what is called the Candle Corner. There was an iron framework, supporting, perhaps, two hundred spikes; and upon these spikes were burning as many long, thin tallow candles. The lower ends were made hollow, and fitted exactly on to the spikes. They were of various prices, according to the size—two sous, four sous, and six sous. You buy a candle proportionate to your means, you dedicate it to some lost relative, you spike it, you cross yourself, you pay your two sous, and you depart. You have, perhaps, redeemed a father from purgatory, or have, at any rate, hastened his release. As fast as a spike became free, it was capped with another and another candle. The amount of burnt-offerings that thus ascended to heaven was really quite suggestive. I knew there had been a good deal of sinning in France, but not so much as was indicated by so much expiation. During the

day two hundred thousand persons visited the three cemeteries of Paris. The avenues leading to them were filled with exhibitions not very likely to interest the dead: puppet-shows, revolving horses, skittles, Chinese billiards, cosmoramas, and one or two fat women. Whosever fête it might have been within the cemeteries, it was the *Fête des Vivans* outside, and of a very sorry class of vivans, at that.

The Emperor has just taken another ingenious initiative. His purpose was not to slaughter people on the Boulevard, but to prevent them from losing their way in the forest of Compiégne. All the finger-posts which stand at the corners of roads which lead to the town are to be painted red; so that when a man who cannot read meets with a guide-board of that hue, he is as well able to tell the way to Compiégne as though he could spell. I am astonished at the selection of color made by his Majesty. Red is supposed to be more inclined to get people into trouble than to extricate them from it. I can remember when the boats on the Rhone were ordered not to use red lanterns at night, as the prefect thought them suggestive of republicanism and gore. I am glad that the Emperor has recovered from his prejudices against the color of roses and sunset.

I was standing, late last evening, at the corner of a deserted street, the fog almost quenching the light of the lamps, when I was accosted by a voice that spoke English:—

"Are you an American, sir?"

My questioner was a negro boy, perhaps eighteen years of age, tall, somewhat emaciated, jet black, and dressed in a blouse or smock-frock.

"Yes, I am. What then?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I ran away from home, sir, and I don't know what I'm going to do, clear off here. I am a slave, sir, and some people told me that it was better to starve than be a slave, and I shipped for Marseilles, and I've come up here a-foot, and I haven't got a cent, and I don't know what I'm going to do, so far off, sir. I wish you'd give me a few coppers to get a night's lodging, sir."

"Well, that's a pretty account to give of yourself. So you ran away. Did your master ever beat you?"

"No, sir, he didn't never beat me."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"I am a-going to get down to Havre the best way I can, and work my passage back to the States, sir."

"You were better off there than you are here?"

"Lord gracious, I should think I was!"

"Well, here, take that, and be careful with it, and another time don't mind what 'some people' tell you. Good bye."

"Thank you, sir, I'm very much obliged to you, sir; if I ever get back, I'll stay back. Good bye, sir."

And he hurried off into the fog. In my musings as to the moral of this, I forgot to ask him how he knew that I was an American.

CHAPTER CV.

AN IMPERIAL VISIT TO HAM—THE MODERN MECÆNAS—THE FINE ARTS ARE CONVERTED.

November 6th, 1853.

A PAPER of a Northern Department gives a very funny account of a visit paid by their Majesties to the Fortress of Ham, where Louis Napoleon spent six years in durance vile. As they crossed the drawbridge, says this journal, the features of the Emperor appeared much changed. His emotion was great. He related to the Empress all the circumstances of his escape and flight. He afterwards ascended to his old apartment, and when they arrived there, the Empress threw herself into his arms, and embraced him with a tender emotion. The bystanders were much impressed by this scene. The Emperor went out upon the terrace, and showed the Empress some flowers he had formerly cultivated—perennials, evidently. The Empress plucked some, *and distributed them with a mournful smile.* A frugal repast was then served—bread and water probably—after the manner usually practised at Ham. Then came the mayor, and the civil authorities, and the bishop, and the ecclesiastical functionaries, and a crowd of little boys, at which their Majesties were much annoyed, as they were travelling *incogniti.*

The Italian Opera positively opens on the 15th of November, with "La Cenerentola." All the seats are disposed of for the first night, and it is supposed that there will be an imposing display of winter fashions and summer shoulders. It is to be a dressy season; none but the richest materials will be admissible for ball costumes, and certain unusual magnificences are to be required of persons invited to court. This government makes it a point to encourage indebtedness to tailors and mantua-makers; and by the time that Louis Napoleon is crowned, he will have become so exacting that no one will be received at the Tuileries who cannot show a fabulous balance against him at Dusautoy's. No lady will be considered fit company for the Empress whose gilt does not amount to positive crime. Everybody must be over head and ears in debt and velvet; overrun with bankruptcy and point-lace. There is to be a new fashion of wearing ladies' hair, too. The coiffeurs and perruquiers of Paris

held a *cour* the other night—or, as we should call it, a caucus—to decide upon the mode for the winter. They hit upon some style, I believe, and the approbation of the Empress is to be obtained, when it will be introduced to the public. There is one favor I have to ask of the barber who may be sent as envoy to the Empress—namely, that he will not ask for permission for M. Baze to return from exile, as the immortal Jasmin did. Once is enough; indeed, M. Baze says it was once too much.

I began to speak of the Italian opera. There are 100 painters, decorators, and upholsterers engaged upon the building inside and out. Their Majesties pay 10,000 francs a season for their box—to which they have a right, indeed, without paying, as a *quid pro quo* for the subvention of the state. But Louis Napoleon seeks opportunities to cajole the fine arts, for he has an inclination to be sung, to be painted, and to be "sculped." Fortunately for him, and to their discredit, the fine arts are very easily bought. They must be on the side of the authorities in monarchical countries, or they starve. The State has a score of gardens to ornament with marble groups, and this is more than enough to persuade all the sculptors over to the State's way of thinking. It has a dozen palaces, and a myriad of churches, all of which need allegorical figures, stained window-glasses, Descents from the Cross, Napoleon III.'s distributing the Eagles, and it is not the nature of paint or putty to resist such seductions. A refractory opera-singer, or an unconverted dramatic artist, would speedily be wrought upon, conclusively, by some of the means the State can bring to bear. I do not mean to be very severe upon the fine arts for succumbing so readily to the gentle influences exerted upon them. But it is certainly regrettable that the government disposes of such an amount of patronage as to render them dependent, time-serving, and supplicatory.

Louis Napoleon is nobody's Mecænas for the mere pleasure of the thing. He expects to get it all back again in rhyme, in song, in chisel, or on canvas. The original Mecænas could allow his protégé to sing of other arms than his own, of another man than himself. Mecænas II. must be the hero of all the Æneids that he pays for—thus. "Arms and the Man I sing," whose courageous initiative has filled two hemispheres with his renown—who is the glorious continuer of a dynasty founded by his immortal uncle—who has just graced his throne with the Pearl of Castile, Eugenie de Gusman—Eugenie! what a sweet name! If such is the wife, what will be the mother! Their Majesties attended the Grand Opera last night: they were everywhere received with marks of the most sympathetic respect. The Emperor, in his inexhaustible solicitude for everything and everybody, has just granted every Frenchman over age a pension of 200 francs out of his private purse. His Majesty yesterday received a deputation of the miners of the Commune of Fire-Damp, and listened

with intense benevolence to everything they said. As he was going back to St. Cloud, he saw a chiffonnier. He stopped and gazed with a lively interest at the basket of refuse he had collected during his tramp. As he left, he placed in the hand of the chiffonnier a parcel tied with pink string. The astounded recipient opened it, and found in it the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and a patent appointing him rag-picker to his Majesty. The Emperor worshipped yesterday in his private chapel; it was a touching sight to see him and the Empress joining in the anthem," and so forth and so on, out of sight and hearing.

In the mean time the real poets of France are either exiled or under a shade. Victor Hugo, who neither writes machine poetry, nor produces it to order, breathes a foreign air, and treads an island soil. Lamartine, of course, holds no intercourse with the present race of rulers, and prints no sonnets in their praise. Beranger lives in retirement and has hushed his muse. The great men refuse the oath, withdraw into obscurity, and deplore in silence the degradation of France. The little great men cluster round the inglorious conqueror, swear fealty and frenzy, receive title, place, ribbon, patent, and shout that the Golden Age has returned again, and announce a new Renaissance. Posterity will do them all equal justice—the great men that lived in isolation, and the little men that hurried into those great men's places, and thought, because they could fill their shoes, that they could fill the measure of their renown, and grasp the volume of their glory.

CHAPTER CVI.

HOW TO BE A MONITEUR—THE AVENGERS OF DEMOCRACY AT DIJON—A FRANTIC EDITOR WRITES A TRAGEDY—HORSE-FLESH TO BE EATEN AT VIENNA.

November 18th, 1853.

THE *Assemblée Nationale*, known to be the organ of the fusion as long as the fusion did not exist, seems to desire to be considered its *Moniteur*, now that the fusion is achieved. It has made manifest this desire by a judicious reserve, by remaining a long way behind the age, and by speaking, when it does speak, in the laconic style of an oracle. One week after the public was fully acquainted with the details of the meeting of the Count of Chambord and the Duke of Nemours, the *Assemblée* announced the fact and gave the date, in spaced type, and loftily abstained from remark. It prefaced this allusion with the observation that its peculiar position constrains it to adopt a system of unutterable

grandeur and distant brevity. The public at once says, What a quantity this paper must know, it says so little! So the *Assemblée* has become the *Moniteur de la fusion*, for the reason that it never speaks of it. If you want to be a *Moniteur* of anything, after the French fashion, you must take care and rarely compromise yourself about it. If you tell all you know, you may be very instructive and very interesting, but you will never be a *Moniteur*. It is said that Gueronnière, joint editor of the *Constitutionnel* and the *Pays*, is elaborating a killing article upon the fusion. Gueronniere's editorials are always announced beforehand, in order that the people may stand with their mouths open. When they appear, they fail to create a sensation, and the papers of the next morning say, maliciously, that it was a waste of time to wait for Arthur. Being altogether a lyric politician, he writes columns for the *Pays* as if he were inditing a libretto for a ballad opera—very harmonious, flowing, graceful, balmy, but deficient in common sense.

The trial at Dijon of a secret society, known as the True Avengers of Democracy, has resulted in some curious developments. The society consisted of ten members, whose duty it was to advance the interests of the Democracy by all means possible and impossible. The formula of initiation was at once sinister and grotesque. The candidate swore upon a poniard and upon a book called the People's Gospel; he then repeated an oath over a death's head, and drank red wine out of a skull. The object of the society, consisting, as I have said, of ten men, was to get possession of Dijon, sack it, and then march upon Paris, to overturn Louis Napoleon. To further this project, each member assumed a distinctive appellation—one was the Chevalier of Christ, another the Chevalier of Vengeance, another the Chevalier of Night, another the Chevalier of Humanity. The President, aged twenty, a stern Democrat, added the particle of nobility, *De*, to his name. He required his companions to address him as De Vernier. Inasmuch as this formidable society never accomplished anything, and as the greater portion of its members were under age, the court let them off with three and two years' imprisonment, and five years' deprivation of civil rights. Even had they never been arrested, nor tried, it is not likely that the simpletons would ever have done any harm; but it is a striking commentary on French ideas of Republicanism, that those who imagine themselves Republicans think it necessary to collect in grottos, mumble over death's heads and poniards, drink out of skulls, and behave generally as if they were going to evoke a devil or lay a somnambulist.

In the new play of "La Pierre de Touche," an insolent and cowardly editor is represented as *writing with his sword and fighting with his pen.* Amédée de Céséna, one of the Emperor's jobbers in the *Constitutionnel*, is said to be exactly fitted by the cap, though he has not seen fit to put

it on. Apropos of Amédée de Céséna: he has judged prudent to withdraw a tragedy of his make, entitled "Philippe Auguste," from the Porte St. Martin, where it was in rehearsal. He had been given to understand that the papers representing all the shades of opposition, whether Republican, Legitimist, Orleanist, or Fusionist, would vent upon M. Céséna's play all the pent up indignation of two years. M. Céséna has slandered, abused, insulted, mocked all the unconverted, in the columns of the imperial organs. He has tossed gibe and contumely right and left, and, with the generosity peculiar to his party, has trod the harder on people that were down, and railed the fiercer when their tongues were tied. If such a man finds the door shut upon him, he can but remember that he shut, latched, and locked it himself. Literature loses but little by the wise retirement of M. de Céséna from the dramatic arena. I have read the dream, recitative, and tirade of "Philippe Auguste." A man that writes machine editorials and agonizes to order, could hardly be expected to write other than crank tragedies. The form is blank verse. Very blank, indeed!

A man has been tried for abuse of the Emperor. I was astonished to find that what he said, upon his examination, was reported in full in the papers. He expressed supreme disgust at the manner in which France was governed, and gave a somewhat stern opinion upon the character of his Majesty. I was surprised at this freedom of narrative on the part of the editors. But I soon learned the secret. The criminal went on to declare that he had no sympathy with landlords, and called upon all tenants to refuse to pay their rent. The cunning journalists—those of the *Pays*, *Patrie*, etc.—thought this an excellent opportunity of exemplifying the fact that a man who thinks ill of Louis Napoleon must of necessity be either a brigand or a fool.

We get a singular piece of intelligence from Vienna. The municipal government there, on the recommendation of the Board of Health, has authorised the sale of horse-flesh in the butchers' stalls of the capital. A French paper says, that, in the present scarcity of provisions in Paris, a similar step might be advantageously taken here. A correspondent ought to know everything, or at least to pretend to know everything; but I am willing to acknowledge that this announcement has taken me by surprise. I was not prepared for it, and have never met with anything in the course of my reading which enables me to give an opinion, or venture a suggestion, on so novel a topic I know, indeed, that the police of this city take great care that no horse-flesh find its way into the consumption of the people; but this rather militates against the supposition that the meat in question is either healthy or nutritious. Such an initiative is, however, in keeping, coming from Austria. Francis Joseph can now take one more step in the same

direction, and authorise cannibalism. Hungarians and Lombardo-Venetians would, doubtless, be considered very good eating by the admirers of Haynau and Radetzki. In these hard times, the poor must be provided for. The introduction of these cheap articles of food into the people's bill of fare, is an act of enlightened Austrian benevolence. Slices of cold missionary have long figured in the larders of the Fejee Islanders, and, with a small advance in this kind of civilisation, hot haunches of horse and Hungarian may very soon smoke upon the board of the Austrian peasant.

CHAPTER CVII.

REVIEW:* CHARACTER AND PROSPECTS OF THE EMPIRE.

PARIS, January 5th, 1854.

IN entering upon a new year, I may be perhaps indulged in departing from my vocation as a chronicler of events, so far as to cast a rapid glance of retrospection, with a few indications which may shed a little light upon the future. Though I shall speak chiefly of France, it may be proper to make one or two preliminary remarks of a general nature.

The morning of the year 1853 presented a very different aspect from its evening. Then nearly the whole world was at peace, and seemed to be enjoying a condition of general repose, attended by a slow but visible march of improvement. There was hardly a country in either hemisphere which could not show on last new year's day, some amelioration of its condition, moral and material, over the opening anniversary of 1852.

The condition of Europe was especially marked with tranquillity and prosperity. With the single exception of Austrian and Papal Italy, which had not recovered from the scars of 1848-9, there was not a state, empire, or kingdom which was not in the enjoyment of peace, with a tendency, more or less active, to political and social improvement. Even beneath the rigors of despotism, and despite the wishes and pur-

* The preceding letters comprise the period from the first open movement for the Empire to its establishment, and include all that the writer originally intended to embrace in this volume. Important events, however, have recently taken place, and which may throw light upon the character and tendencies of the chief actors in the drama; the author is, therefore, induced to present a few glimpses of these, in a concluding chapter, written and published at the date above affixed to it.

poses of tyrannical governments, there was an irresistible drift of events, raising the standard of intelligence, increasing the rewards of labor, elevating the hopes of the depressed, and softening the hearts of the masters and ministers of power.

How different is the condition now! Nearly half the world is in a state of actual or threatened warfare. From the Yellow Sea to the Baltic—an extent of 5,000 miles—(and, curiously enough, occupying the space covered by the empire of Genghis Khan, some six hundred years ago)—all is shaken by local insurrection or international warfare. It is not less curious that these agitations involve the oldest dynasties of Asia and the most iron despotisms of Europe—China, Persia, Turkey, and Russia. Nor is the agitation confined to these countries. All Southern Europe sympathizes with its vibrations; and even your hemisphere is agitated, in its commerce, at least, by these remote undulations from the old world.

It is an inference too obvious to need enforcement—that despotism, hallowed by time, sanctified by religion, and administered with a crushing energy of will, can neither protect itself from the undermining influence of human progress, nor secure to its subjects the vaunted blessings of tranquillity. Agitation—the crime of republics—the horror of monarchies—seems not only to attack despotic governments, but its convulsions, when they come, are often of the most lasting and fatal nature. More blood is shed in one battle between kings and their puppets than all that has flowed, necessarily and directly, from the agitations of Socialists, Democrats, and Republicans, of every name and degree, in both hemispheres, during the present century. More property is destroyed, more happiness sacrificed, more misery inflicted, by one squabble between two aspirants for that bauble called a crown, than by all the Republican uprisings of 1848, throughout the whole of Europe. And yet, how do the Notabilities and Respectabilities glorify and sanctify the first! With what holy horror do they look upon the last!

The sources of these great movements which now shake and threaten the world are beyond our scrutiny. They often seem to begin in trifles, in the petty ambitions or the petty passions of individuals. These are, however, but instruments; the true causes lie beyond, in the unfathomable purposes of Providence. As the turning of a screw may light up a city with gas, or leave it in a state of darkness, so a slight incident —a mere change of the weather—the blunder, or confusion, or obstinacy of an individual—may change the fortune of a kingdom.

But I must descend from these generalities to particulars. The *War in the East* is marked with anomalies. France, England, and other parts of Christendom, take part with the Turks against their Christian brother, the Czar. This is an odd choice of partners for what will prove a "Dance

of Death." In other directions, the combinations are no less singular. England, the old ally of Russia, and the jealous rival of France, in the days of the first Napoleon, is now leagued with Napoleon III., and side-by-side, these two powers are marshalling their forces for hostilities against Russia.

It is not possible here to detail all the motives which enter into these great movements. On the surface we see that Russia, in obedience to tradition and a spirit which, in our country, is called *manifest destiny*, desires the annexation of Turkey. France and England foresee in this a disturbance of the balance of Europe, and a dangerous preponderance of the great northern despotism. Beneath these general views, there are a multiplicity of interests, some national and some personal, but all more or less local and selfish.

England, the great belligerent of former centuries, has given herself up to one idea—that of commerce. So thoroughly changed is her spirit, that she trembles at what would have been regarded as idle spectres in former times. The Preston strikes, the hereditary grumbling at taxation, the license of the press, the restiveness of colonies—these, and things like these, inspire a nervous dread of every thing like change, and especially one which opens a door of such wide possibilities as a European war. Thus she has played a weak and hesitating part in Eastern affairs, and even now, while seeming on the stage to be doubling up her fist to strike, is thought to be carrying on a by-play behind the curtain. It is a very common opinion here, that she is rather dragged into her present position by France.

In respect to France, I have only to speak of Louis Napoleon. He has, so far as regards the government, completely absorbed the country in his personality. Nobody asks what France wants. Nobody seems to imagine that France has such a thing as a people. Scarcely was the nation more engulfed in the deep, dark bosom of the great Napoleon, than it is now in the more selfish and sullen breast of his successor. The army is his—the church is his—the police is his—the sword and the purse are his—the legions of paid spies and parasites of all names and degrees—senators, ministers, judges, prefects, mayors, diplomats—each and all are his. Even fame is his. France is blotted out from the memory of man. All over the world, it is asked—not what France thinks—but what does Louis Napoleon think? His lips are watched like those of an oracle. His brief sentences are caught up and telegraphed over Europe like the decrees of fate. The London *Times*—the thunderer itself—is but too happy when it can announce to the world, by the grace of its Paris correspondent, something that the Jupiter of the Tuileries has spoken. The *Moniteur*—the awful *Moniteur*—Louis Napoleon in print—makes all Europe bow down before its well-leaded and oracular paragraphs.

This is all true—as a spectacle to the eye. But does it rest on a solid basis? Is Louis Napoleon's system one that can endure? Will it bide the day of trial? Will it stand through protracted peace and successfully resist the excitements and fluctuations of war?

No man here ventures to answer these questions affirmatively. Even the Napoleonists admit that his system must fall when Louis Napoleon dies. Jerome, the legal successor, is imbecile, and is despised. His son, Napoleon, is a man of very moderate capacity, whose chief merit lies in his striking personal resemblance to his famous uncle. None of the other Bonapartes have the slightest promise, or the slightest chance of filling the blank which is sure to come when Louis Napoleon yields the sceptre —whether it be tranquilly in the course of nature, or by violence in the course of revolution. All, then, rests upon a single life, and one not only liable to the common vicissitudes of humanity, but exposed every day and hour to the blade and the bullet of the assassin. The *coup d'état* not only shed the blood of some hundreds of innocent men upon the Boulevards; it imprisoned, without trial—and in many cases without pretence—some forty thousand persons in different parts of France. It sent other thousands to remote, hopeless, and deadly exile. It still excludes some of the ablest and best men of the kingdom from their country. It drove from France the master spirits of the nation—it carried poverty and destitution and blasted hopes into the homes of thousands and hundreds of thousands of families. It did still more—it annihilated the Republic, and disappointed the expectations of millions. It crushed institutions consecrated by the vote of the people—it scattered an assembly which had committed no crime, but to exercise powers—unwisely it may be, but not criminally—conferred upon it by the law; and finally it set before the world an example of perjury without parallel in the history of mankind.

And yet, thus far, Louis Napoleon has succeeded. The nation has submitted, and apparently—not really and understandingly—sanctioned his proceedings. He has gained strength and confidence with the advance of time, both at home and abroad. He has the reputation of being a man of extraordinary talent. He is often spoken of as possessing an *iron will*, and this is used as inviting reliance upon him. He has had the extraordinary skill and good fortune to obtain the confidence of England, and to bring about amicable relations with that country, thus opening a new era in history. The industrial interests of the country are flourishing. Its recent exigencies, owing to the failure of the crops, have been met, at least partially, by energetic means of supply and relief.

In respect to the pressing question of the day—the War in the East—he has pursued a course which has satisfied public opinion. He has the

credit of leading England, and thus stands at the head of the great anti-Russian sentiment in Europe. He has not only satisfied his immediate partisans, but has for the present silenced, if he has not contented, the opposite factions of Legitimacy and Republicanism.

All this is undeniable. Yet there are some shades to be added to the sunny picture. Louis Napoleon is not loved as a man; few persons speak of him with interest or affection. I have never, except from his officials and dependants, heard one word of what may be called *loyalty* expressed toward him. I have never heard any one impute to him other than selfish motives. He is considered a man to whom years of exile have imparted a ruminating habit of mind, and a practice of keeping his plans and purposes under the lock and key of his own heart. He is, or affects to be, impassible. "*The world*," says he, "*belongs to the lymphatics*"—a remark which shows more individuality of character than knowledge of history. He is supposed to imitate the great Napoleon only as a means of steadying his position. No idea of patriotism is conceived to animate him. Philanthropy, truth, virtue, would be objects of ridicule in his presence. "He gives us trade and commerce," say the shopkeepers. "He keeps up the dividends," say the stock-brokers. "He raises the rents," say the proprietors. "He pays us well," says the army. "He promotes the church," say the priests. "He gives us work," say the journeymen.

But is the whole life and history of a great nation written in these propositions? Is genius dead in France? Is the spirit of enlargement, of inquiry, of improvement, of progress, annihilated? Are great and generous minds content with thus living in a species of interment, without liberty to speak, to write, to breathe what is in them? Will France—not wanting in self-appreciation—submit to a government which is vindicated on the express grounds that the people are vain, frivolous, corrupt, and fit only to be slaves?

There are men here—thousands—I may almost say millions—who think these things. If they do not speak them, it is only that the time has not come. Occasionally in the ear of confidence they whisper their thoughts. With what humiliation do they look upon the submission of France to the present government! With what loathing and contempt do they speak of such doings as these at Compiégne, which call us back to the middle ages, and of the imperial farces at the Tuileries!

I am aware that the opinion is common that nothing but despotism can govern the French people. This idea is general, even in the United States. Very able men—the ablest in France, according to my opinion—think otherwise. They maintain that the principle of Monarchy is dead in France. This has been, say they, abundantly proved in 1793, in 1815, in 1830, in 1848. Every return of monarchy has been ere

long followed by revolution. With monarchy, if history teaches truth, periodical revolution is inevitable. Is it not better to give such a people a Republic which furnishes safety-valves to this spirit of change, and by permitting the perpetual revolution of the ballot-box, will prevent the necessity of revolutions of the barricades?

If all this be true, what a weight of responsibility rests upon him who destroyed a Republic successfully begun, only to build up a fabric destined ere long to fall and crush the nation again beneath the ruins of anarchy.

If Louis Napoleon had been a truly great man—great of soul as well as of intellect—his course would have been to have sustained the Republic to which he had sworn allegiance. What immortal glory would he have won, had he devoted himself, and with success, to this object! And what should have prevented success? I know the vulgar reply—that the *coup d'état* was forced upon him by the plots of the Assembly; that it had become only a question whether he or they should usurp the government. But where is the proof of this? It was at the dead of night, on the 1st and 2nd of December, that the police broke like burglars into the apartments of the leading members, seizing their papers, arresting their persons, and hurrying them to prison. If there were plots, surely their papers would prove it. It was most essential to Louis Napoleon's cause to make it appear that he acted in self-defence, and that his violence was justified by the treason of those against whom it was exercised. That he has never adduced the evidence, is an exculpation of the Assembly, which must for ever foreclose all pretence that the *coup d'état* was a measure of necessity, dictated or excused by the plots of that body.

But even supposing that despotism alone can govern France, is the present form that which is best suited to its condition? The idea prevails very extensively, that *Napoleonism* is the true system for this country; that the energy of its centralisation, its martial aptitudes, its gaudy pageantry, its pretentious nationality, are suited to the genius of the people; and that, moreover, it has the irresistible *prestige* of the great Napoleon's name and fame.

All this certainly proceeds from a very superficial view of events. Did Louis Napoleon obtain his present position by appealing to the name of Napoleon I.? Certainly not. He gained power first, by making the people believe that he was a Republican—a better Republican than Cavaignac or Lamartine. It was this that gave him over five millions of votes and made him President—and that, too, when assemblage, discussion, and the press were free. Every vote he has since received has been obtained when all these privileges had perished, and when the army, the priesthood, the magistracy, the police, and the ballot-box, were but his tools and instruments.

And then, let us look at the other steps by which he mounted to the empire. The *coup d'état*, be it remembered, *was struck in the name of the Republic and Universal Suffrage*. Not a word of the Empire was yet breathed. And how was this subject approached? The reader will find the story in the chronicles I have recorded. It was by prostituting the whole machinery of the government to the manufacture of a base and ignominious pretence—that the people spontaneously burst forth in a general acclamation for the Empire. With nearly the whole active press of the country bound to proclaim this as a solemn fact; with half-a-million of soldiers to echo it; with thousands of dependent prefects and mayors and hundreds of thousands of paid gendarmes, spies, and police to swear to it, and even to report or arrest those who denied it—it is still notorious that the declaration of the Empire, in all its stages, was received with chilling coldness, or at least with but a tolerating indifference.

Now, does this, or any part of this, go to prove that the Empire was cherished in the hearts of the French people? If such were the fact, why did Louis Napoleon choose to win his way by avowing Republicanism? Why did he, even so late as the *coup d'état*, keep the Republic before the people, and sedulously shield himself from all suspicion of imperial tendencies?

And again, the Napoleonic empire was associated with war; war and glory were its essential elements, yet Louis Napoleon was forced—before he dared to declare his intention of restoring it—to take out of the future empire this central spring, this vital element, by the pointed and epigrammatic declaration that *his Empire* was *Peace*.*

These brief hints seem sufficient to show that Louis Napoleon had no belief in the adaptation of the empire to the genius, condition, or taste of the French nation. It was a magnificent pedestal for his ambition, and that was its recommendation to him. The frauds, perjuries, and conjurations by which he evoked it, are sufficient proof of his conviction that the Republic was stronger in the opinions and feelings of France than the Empire; but as that did not offer perpetuity or palaces, he chose to strike a blow for the latter.

In this he has been thus far successful. For the present he is tolerated, and, to some extent, approved. If a fair vote were taken today, I cannot doubt that a large majority of the nation, choosing between

* And how has he kept his word? Within a little over a year after he gave this pledge of peace, we see him engaged in a war which spreads his armies and navies from the Black Sea to the Baltic. At the present moment, according to the declaration of a leading member of the British parliament, he has in his power four European capitals—Paris, Rome, Athens, and Constantinople! (June 1, 1854.)

the anarchy which would be certain to follow his removal, and the continuance of his power, would sanction the latter. Thousands—millions would do this—hating the man, and despising the means by which he acquired his dominion. Thousands who are at heart Republicans, and who will act agreeably to their principles when the time comes—in the absence of present preparation for a change—would vote for the endurance of one whom they consider a perjured usurper, but who, for the present, saves their country from the miseries of unprepared revolution.

There is, then, doing all justice to Louis Napoleon, a gulf beneath his feet, into which, sooner or later, he must plunge. His system will go with him. France will again have to struggle through the fiery ordeal of revolution. Will not then the Republicans, despoiled of the rights which the Republic gave them, seek revenge? As the *coup d'état* was achieved in the name of property and sanctioned by property, will not property have to pay a heavy reckoning to those whose hopes were destroyed, and whose fortunes were annihilated for its sake and in its name?

Nevertheless, all is now smooth on the surface. Louis Napoleon is perfectly aware that he stands upon the crater of a volcano. He has been only one year an Emperor. The crown is not yet upon his head. His life is one of constant restlessness. All his policy is directed to the establishment of his throne and the consecration of his person. No one can tell to what courses he may be led, either by the necessities of his position, or the vaultings of his ambition. The Eastern war, now threatening to involve all Europe, was of his beginning; for it must not be forgotten that it was his minister at Constantinople, Lavalette, who, in strict obedience to orders, sought to compel the Sultan to grant the Latin Christians certain privileges at the "Holy Places." This brought Menschikoff in a flurry to Constantinople, and produced the subsequent complications.* If France and England are successful in the war against Russia, what will Louis Napoleon do with his army and his

* Louis Napoleon has earnestly wished to get the Pope here, to pour the oil upon his head at his coronation. Hence he has kept his army at Rome to support his Holiness; hence he has, in every way, flattered the church. Hence he was desirous of getting the title of "Protector of the Holy Places"—and for this object sent instructions to the Marquis de Lavalette, at Constantinople. When the Emperor found that he had waked up the northern bear, the marquis was recalled, and, though he had fulfilled his mission to the letter, he was disgraced, as having showed an excess of zeal. To pacify him, however, he was elevated to the Senate. The war against Russia serves Louis Napoleon in several ways: it gratifies his army; it promises to punish Russia for the events of 1812, and Nicholas for not receiving Louis Napoleon into the brotherhood of sovereigns; and, finally, it flatters the Pope, and the Catholics generally, by a thrust at the great Head of the hated Greek Church, thus increasing his popularity with them.

fleet, flushed with victory, heated with ambition, intoxicated by success? What, indeed, in such a state of things may he not be tempted to do?

And besides, fair as the outside seems, there are great poverty and wretchedness all over the country, even in Paris, owing to the scarcity of food and the high price of provisions. The immense and inconsiderate demolition of Paris has made tenements scarce and dear, so that thousands find shelter with difficulty. There are probably hundreds of thousands in Paris living upon bread alone, and in miserable dwellings, absolutely without fuel, and that, too, during a winter of almost unexampled severity. It is obvious that, under such circumstances, a spark may readily kindle into a conflagration.

Still I must repeat that the great mass of the people see none of these things. The Government press here is like a coiffeur. As he dresses each morning the heads of the ladies according to the fashion, so the newspapers coiff the public mind to order. In all things the Parisians are epicureans. "Let us live while we live," say they. So New Year's day has passed off gaily. The usual quantity of sweetmeats has been given and eaten. The booths along the Boulevard have sold nearly their usual quantity of *étrennes*. The farce of court mantles and trains for one single reception at the Tuileries, wheedled three millions of francs out of the ladies, and paid them into the tills of the chuckling shopkeepers. The new play has succeeded. The theatres are full. *Vive l'Empereur!*

THE END.

10